THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. IV.

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SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

K. HENRY V.	3d. Part of K. HENRY VI.
1ſt. Part of K. HENRY VI.	K. RICHARD III.
2d. Part of K. HENRY VI.	

LONDON:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH, J. TONSON, F. CLAY, W. FEALES, and R. WELLINGTON.

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OF

May, 1873

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THE

LIFE

OF

K. *HENRY* V^th^.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fifth.*

Duke of Glouceſter,
Duke of Bedford,
Duke of Clarence, } *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of York,
Duke of Exeter, } *Uncles to the King.*

Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Weſtmorland.
Earl of Warwick.
Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury.
Biſhop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,
Lord Scroop,
Sir Thomas Grey, } *Conſpirators againſt the King.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham,
Gower,
Fluellen,
Mackmorris,
Jamy, } *Officers in King* Henry's *Army.*

Nym,
Bardolph,
Piſtol,
Boy, } *Formerly Servants to* Falſtaff, *now Soldiers in the King's Army.*

Bates,
Court,
Williams, } *Soldiers.*

Charles, *King of* France.
The Dauphin.

Duke

Duke of Burgundy.
Conſtable,
Orleans,
Rambures, } French *Lords.*
Bourbon,
Grandpree,
Governour of Harfleur.
Mountjoy, *a Herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the King of England.

Iſabel, *Queen of* France.
Catharine, *Daughter to the King of* France.
Alice, *a Lady attending on the Princeſs* Catharine.
Quickly, Piſtol's *Wife, an Hoſteſs.*
CHORUS.

Lords, Meſſengers, French *and* Engliſh *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

The Scene, *at the beginning of the Play, lies in* England; *but afterwards, wholly in* France.

PROLOGUE.

O For a Muſe of fire, that would aſcend (1)
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a ſtage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, *like himſelf,*
Aſſume the port of Mars; *and, at his heels,*
(Leaſht in, like hounds,) ſhould famine, ſword and fire
Crouch for employment. Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vaſty field of France? *or may we cram,*
Within this wooden O, the very caskes
That did affright the air, at Agincourt?
O, pardon; ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppoſe, within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whoſe high-up-reared, and abutting, fronts
The perillous narrow ocean parts aſunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puiſſance:
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i'th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here, and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning th' accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs: for the which ſupply,
Admit me Chorus *to this hiſtory;*
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.

(1) *O for a Muſe of Fire,*] MILTON, who was a zealous Admirer, and ſtudious Imitator of our Author, ſeems to have had the fine opening of this Prologue in his Eye, when he began the 4th Book of his *Paradiſe Loſt*.

O for that warning Voice, which he, who ſaw
Th' Apocalyps, *heard cry in Heav'n aloud,*
Then, when the Dragon, put to ſecond Rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on Men,
Woe to th' Inhabitants on Earth!

The

The LIFE of King *HENRY* V. (2)

ACT I.

SCENE, *An* Antechamber *in the* Engliſh *Court*, *at* Kenilworth.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Arch-Biſhop of CANTERBURY.

MY lord, I'll tell you; that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in th'eleventh year o'th' laſt King's reign,
Was like, and had, indeed, againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Ely. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

(2) *The* Life *of K.* Henry] The Tranſactions, compriz'd in this Hiſtorical Play, commence about the latter end of the firſt, and terminate in the 8th Year of this King's Reign; when he married *Catharine* Princeſs of *France*, and cloſed up the Differences betwixt *England* and that *Crown*.

Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the King, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th'year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup, and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not;
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration, like an angel, came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
Leaving his Body as a paradiſe,
T'invelope and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcow'ring faults:
Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this King.

Ely. We're bleſſed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire, the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battel render'd you in muſick.

Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The *Gordian* knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honied ſentences:
So that the Act, and practic part of life, (3)
Muſt be the miſtreſs to this theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude and ſhallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholſom berries thrive, and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.

Cant. It muſt be ſo; for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

(3) *So that the* Art *and* practic *part of Life*] All the Editions, if I am not deceiv'd, are guilty of a ſlight corruption in this Paſſage. The Archbiſhop has been ſhewing, what a Maſter the King was in the Theory of Divinity, War, and Policy: ſo that it muſt be expected (as I conceive, he would infer;) that the King ſhould now wed that Theory to Action, and the putting the ſeveral parts of his Knowledge into practice. If this be our Author's Meaning, I think, we can hardly doubt but he wrote,

So that the Act, *and practic* &c.

Thus we have a Conſonance in the Terms and Senſe. For Theory is the Art, and Study of the Rules of any Science; and Action, the Exemplification of thoſe Rules by Proof and Experiment.

Cant. He ſeems indifferent;
Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing th'exhibiters againſt us.
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Upon our ſpiritual Convocation,
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater ſum,
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have done)
The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages
Of his true titles to ſome certain Dukedoms,
And, generally, to the Crown of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th'impediment, that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *opens to the* Preſence.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmorland, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* WHERE is my gracious lord of *Canterbury?*

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. *Henry.* Send for him, good uncle.

Weſt. Shall we call in th'ambaſſador, my Liege?

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and *France.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. *Henry.* Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And, God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul
With opening titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth.
For, God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed, how you impawn our perſon;
How you awake our ſleeping ſword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrong gives edge unto the ſwords,
That make ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Soveraign, and you Peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and ſervices,
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make againſt your Highneſs' claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*;
In terram Salicam *Mulieres nè ſuccedant*;
No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salike *land:*
Which *Salike* land the *French* unjuſtly gloze

To

To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land *Salike* lies in *Germany*,
Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
Where *Charles* the great, having ſubdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and ſettled certain *French*:
Who, holding in diſdain the *German* women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſht then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in *Salike* land:
Which *Salike*, as I ſaid, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meiſen*.
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
Was not deviſed for the realm of *France*.
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salike* land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
(Idly ſuppos'd, the founder of this law;)
Who died within the Year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty ſix; and *Charles* the great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*
Beyond the river *Sala* in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerick*,
Did as heir general (being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*)
Make claim and title to the Crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp'd the Crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, ſole heir male
Of the true line and ſtock of *Charles* the great,
To fine his title with ſome ſhews of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)
Convey'd himſelf as heir to th'lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the ſon
To *Lewis* th'Emperor, which was the ſon
Of *Charles* the great. Alſo King *Lewis* the ninth,
Who was ſole heir to the uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the Crown of *France*, till ſatisfy'd

That

That fair Queen *Iſabel*, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain:*
By the which match the line of *Charles* the great
Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
So that, as clear as is the Summer's ſun,
King *Pepin*'s title, and *Hugh Capet*'s claim,
King *Lewis* his Satisfaction, all appear (4) [56]
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of *France* until this day:
Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chuſe to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles, (5)
Uſurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. *Henry*. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Soveraign!
For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag:
Look back into your mighty anceſtors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,

(4) *King* Lewis *his* Satisfaction,] Thus all the authentick Copies; Mr. *Pope* in the room of it, either out of a particular Delicacy of Ear, or religious Adherence to the *Chronicles*, has ſubſtituted, *Poſſeſſion*. But I believe the other to have been the Author's Word, of Choice: he ſeems to be briefly recapitulating his own Terms, and he had told us juſt above, that *Lewis* IX. could not wear the Crown with a quiet Conſcience,

——— ——— *till* ſatisfied
That fair Queen Iſabel, *his Grandmother*, &c.

(5) *Than* openly imbrace] This is Mr. *Pope*'s Reading, and not any ways authoriz'd that I can find. But where is the *Antitheſis* betwixt *hide* in the preceding Line, and *imbrace* in this? The two old *Folio*'s read, *Than amply to* imbarre —— But here is a ſlight Corruption in the Spelling, by the ſuperfluous Reduplication of a Letter. We certainly muſt either read (as Mr. *Warburton* advis'd me,)— *Than amply to* imbare— (or, as I had ſuſpected, *unbare*;) i. e. lay open, make naked, diſplay to View. I am ſurpriz'd, Mr. *Pope* did not ſtart this Conjecture, as Mr. *Rowe* has led the way to it in his Edition, who reads;

Than amply to make bare *their crooked Titles*.

From

From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince ;
Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France* :
While his moſt mighty father, on a hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
Forage in blood of *French* nobility.
O noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pow'r of *France* ;
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action !

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats !
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne ;
The blood, and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May*-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterpriſes.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouze your ſelf ;
As did the former Lions of your blood.

Weſt. They know, your Grace hath cauſe, and means,
Race had and might; (6)

W. So hath your Highneſs ; never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects ;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of *France*.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With blood, and ſword, and fire, to win your right :
In aid whereof, we of the Spiritualty
Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

K. *Henry.* We muſt not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our proportions to defend

(6) *They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means and might ;*
So hath your highneſs, never King of England
Had Nobles richer,—] Thus has this Speech hitherto been moſt ſtupidly pointed, without any regard to common Senſe. As I have regulated it, we ſee the Poet's Drift, and come at an eaſy and natural Reaſoning.

Againſt

Againſt the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. *Henry.* We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to us:
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurniſht kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot aſſays;
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles and towns;
That *England*, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook, and trembled, at th'ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege;
For hear her but exampled by her ſelf;
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelf not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray
The King of *Scots*; whom ſhe did ſend to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s fame with priſoner Kings;
And make his chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the ouzy bottom of the ſea
With ſunken wrack and ſumleſs treaſuries.

Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France *win, then with* Scotland *firſt begin.*
For once the Eagle *England* being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the Weazel, *Scot*,
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To taint, and havock, more than ſhe can eat. (7)

(7) *To* tear *and havock more than ſhe can eat.*] 'Tis not much the Quality of the Mouſe to tear the Food it comes at, but to run over and defile it. The old 4to reads, *ſpoile*; and the two firſt folio's, *tame*: from which laſt corrupted Word, I think, I have retriev'd the Poet's genuine Reading, *taint*.

Exe. It follows then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
d. Yet that is but a 'scus'd neceſſity ; (8)
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'adviſed head defends it ſelf at home :
For Government, though high, and low, and lower, (9)
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent ;
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſick.

Cant. Therefore heaven doth divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion :
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience ; for ſo work the honey Bees ;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a King, and officers of ſort ;
Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home :
38] Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad :
Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds :
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their Emperor :
Who, buſied in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold ;
36] The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate :

(8) *Yet that is but a* curs'd *Neceſſity* ;] So the old 4to. The *folio*'s read *cruſh'd :* Neither of the Words convey any tolerable Idea ; but give us a counter-reaſoning, and not at all pertinent. 'Tis *Exeter*'s buſineſs to ſhew, there is no real Neceſſity for ſtaying at home : he muſt therefore mean, that tho there be a ſeeming Neceſſity, yet it is one that may be well *excus'd,* and *got over.* Mr. *Warburton.*

(9) *For* Government, *though* high, *and* low, *and* lower,] The Foundation and Expreſſion of this Thought ſeem to be borrow'd from *Cicero,* de *Republica,* lib. 2. *Sic ex* ſummis, & mediis, & infimis *interjectis* Ordinibus, *ut* ſonis, *moderatam ratione Civitatem,* Conſenſu *diſſimiliorum* concinere ; & *quæ* Harmonia *à* Muſicis *dicitur in Cantu, eam eſſe in* Civitate Concordiam.

The

The ſad-ey'd juſtice with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly:
As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one town;
As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand actions, once a-foot, [2]
End in one purpoſe, and be all well born
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege.
Divide your happy *England* into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into *France*;
And you withal ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake:
If we, with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. *Henry*. Call in the meſſengers, ſent from the *Dauphin*.
Now are we well reſolv'd; and by God's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll ſit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er *France*, and all her almoſt kingly Dukedoms;
Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them.
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like *Turkiſh* mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth;
Not worſhipt with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin *Dauphin*; for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off

The *Dauphin*'s meaning, and our embaſſie?

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a chriſtian King,
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the *Dauphin*'s mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your Highneſs, lately ſending into *France*,
Did claim ſome certain Dukedoms in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which claim, the Prince our maſter
Says, that you ſavour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd: there's nought in *France*,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you (meeter for your ſpirit)
This tun of treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you, let the Dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* ſpeaks.

K. *Henry.* What treaſure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege. [us.

K. *Henry.* We're glad, the *Dauphin* is ſo pleaſant with
His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his father's Crown into the hazard.
Tell him, h'ath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* will be diſturb'd
With chaces. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days;
Not meaſuring, what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of *England*,
And therefore, living hence, did give our ſelf
To barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſail of Greatneſs;
When I do rowze me in my throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majeſty,
And plodded like a man for working days;

But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of *France*;
Yea, strike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant Prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance,
That shall fly with them: many thousand widows
Shall this his Mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down:
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the *Dauphin*'s scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on
To venge me as I may; and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the *Dauphin*,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare ye well.
[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. *Henry.* We hope to make the sender blush at it:
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now all the youth of *England* are on fire, (10)
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:

(10) *Now all the Youth of* England] I have replaced this *Chorus* here, by the Authority of the Old *Folio*'s; and ended the first *Act*, as the Poet certainly

Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the paſture now, to buy the horſe;
Following the mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heels, as *Engliſh Mercuries.*
For now ſits Expectation in the air,
And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
With Crowns imperial; Crowns, and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the *Engliſh* purpoſes.
O *England!* model to thy inward greatneſs,

certainly intended. Mr. *Pope* remov'd it, becauſe (ſays He) *This* Chorus *manifeſtly is intended to advertiſe the Spectators of the Change of the Scene to* Southampton; *and therefore ought to be placed juſt before that Change, and not here.* 'Tis true, the Spectators are to be inform'd, that, when they next ſee the King, they are to ſuppoſe him at *Southampton.* But This does not imply any Neceſſity of this *Chorus* being contiguous to that Change. On the contrary, the very concluding Lines vouch abſolutely againſt it.

But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton *do we ſhift our Scene.*

For how abſurd is ſuch a Notice, if the Scene is to change, ſo ſoon as ever the *Chorus* quits the Stage? Beſides, unleſs this Chorus be prefix'd to the Scene betwixt *Nim, Bardolfe*, &c, We ſhall draw the Poet into another Abſurdity. *Piſtol, Nim*, and *Bardolfe* are in this Scene talking of going to the Wars in *France:* but the King had but juſt, at his quitting the Stage, declar'd his Reſolutions of commencing this War: And without the *Interval* of an *Act*, betwixt that Scene and the Comic Characters entring, how could They with any Probability be inform'd of this intended Expedition? If Mr. *Pope* had ever read Monſieur *Hedelin*'s moſt curious Treatiſe, call'd, *La Pratique du Theatre*, he would have known, that one main uſe of the Intervals of Acts is, that ſuch a Pauſe ſhould *(facilite cette agreable illuſion qu'il faut faire aux Spectateurs;)* facilitate that agreeable Deception, which muſt be put upon the Spectators. Tho a Tune between the Acts takes up but a very little time, yet the Audiences are always willing to help their own Deception ſo far, to allow as much Time ſpent in it, as the Poet finds neceſſary ſhould be employ'd in the Conduct of his Fable. And therefore 'tis the Practice of all knowing Poets, where more Time is to be skip'd over than could be taken up in the Action upon the Stage, to ſuppoſe that intermediate Time ſpent during the *Intervals* of the Acts: by which Artifice the Spectators come into the Deceit, and are not ſhock'd by a too flagrant Improbability. *W. follows Pope.*

Like

Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out;
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the ſecond,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and the third,
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of *Northumberland*,
Have for the gilt of *France* (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful *France*:
And by their hands this grace of Kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere He take ſhip for *France*; and in *Southampton*.
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th'abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from *London*, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to *Southampton*:
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit;
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back; charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle paſs: for if we may, (11)
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

(11) ——— charming the narrow Seas
To give you gentle Paſs:] *Ben Jonſon*, in the Prologue to his *Every Man* in his *Humour*, ſeems to me to have flurted invidiouſly at this Play of our Author's.

He rather prays, you will be pleas'd to ſee
One ſuch to day, as other Plays ſhould be;
Where neither Chorus *wafts you o'er the Seas*, &c.

Now this Comedy of *Ben*'s was acted in the Year 1598, ſo that *Henry* 5th, conſequently, had made its Appearance on the Stage earlier than that Period.

ACT II.

SCENE, *before* Quickly's *Houſe in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter Corporal Nim, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

BARDOLPH.

WELL met, Corporal *Nim.* (12)

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph.*

Bard. What, are Antient *Piſtol* and you friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not: I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles; but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a ſimple one; but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold as another man's ſword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friends, and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to *France:* let it be ſo, good corporal *Nim.*

(12) Bard. *Well met, Corporal* Nim.] I have choſe to begin the 2d *Act* here, becauſe each Act may cloſe regularly with a *Chorus.* Not that I am perſwaded, this was the Poet's Intention to mark the *Intervals* of his *Acts:* as the Chorus did on the old *Grecian* Stage. He had no Occaſion of this ſort: ſince, in his Time, the Pauſes of Action were fill'd up, as now, with a Leſſon of Muſick. And therefore he might think himſelf at Liberty to introduce his *Chorus* where he pleas'd; and whenever any Gap was made in Hiſtory, which was neceſſary to be explain'd for the Connection betwixt Action and Action. In *Pericles,* Prince of *Tyre,* (a Play, which has been attributed to our Author; and, indeed, ſome Part of it is certainly of his Writing:) it is evident, that the *Chorus* ſometimes ſpeaks in the middle of the *Acts.* I'll make one Obſervation, that in the obſolete Plays, a little before our Author's time, theſe Stage-Diviſions were more preciſely aſcertain'd. For then a *Dumb Show,* repreſenting what was expected to follow, was prefix'd at the Head of every *Act.*

Nim.

Nim. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*; and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may; men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and ſome ſay, knives have edges: it muſt be as it may; tho patience be a tir'd Mare, (13) yet ſhe will plod; there muſt be concluſions; well, I cannot tell.——

Enter Piſtol *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes antient *Piſtol* and his wife; good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine hoſt *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Baſe tyke, call'ſt thou me hoſt? now by this hand, I ſwear, I ſcorn the term; nor ſhall my *Nel* keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday lady, if he be not drawn! (14) Now we ſhall ſee wilful adultery, and murther committed.

(13) *Tho Patience be a tir'd* name, *yet She will* plod.] A tir'd *Name plodding*, ſure, is a very ſingular Expreſſion. I make no Doubt, but it is a Corruption of the Preſs, and that I have reſtor'd the true Reading from the old *Quarto*.

(14) *O welliday Lady, if he be not* hewn *now*,] I cannot underſtand the Drift of this Expreſſion. If he be not *hewn*, muſt ſignify, if he be not *cut down*; and in that Caſe, the very Thing is ſuppos'd, which *Quickly* was apprehenſive of. But I rather think, her Fright ariſes upon ſeeing their Swords drawn: and I have ventur'd to make a ſlight Alteration accordingly. *If he be not drawn*, for, *if he has not his Sword drawn*, is an Expreſſion familiar with our Poet: So, in the *Tempeſt*.

Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you drawn?

And in *Romeo* and *Juliet*;

What, art thou drawn *among theſe heartleſs hinds?*

Bard. Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Piſh!——

Piſt. Piſh for thee, *Iſland* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Iſland.*

Quick. Good corporal *Nim*, ſhew thy valour and put up thy ſword.

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *ſolus.*

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face,
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs; yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth.
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and *Piſtol*'s cock is up,
And flaſhing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, *Piſtol*, I will ſcour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Piſt. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me, what I ſay: he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An Oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Piſt. Coupe a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee again.
O hound of *Creet*, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No, to the ſpittle go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar Kite of *Creſſid*'s kind,
Dol Tear-ſheet, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe.

I

I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly*
For th' only ſhe; and *pauca*, there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt *Piſtol*, you muſt come to my maſter, and your hoſteſs: he is very ſick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of theſe days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home preſently. [*Exit Quick.*

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? we muſt to *France* together: why the devil ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on!——

Nim. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings, I won of you at betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave, that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound, puſh home. [*Draw.*

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword, I will.

Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too; pr'ythee, put up.

Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou have and preſent pay;
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee;
And friendſhip ſhall combine and brotherhood.
I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* ſhall live by me.
Is not this juſt? for I ſhall Suttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nim. I ſhall have my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir *John:* ah, poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nim, thou haſt ſpoken the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours and carreers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Southampton.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmorland.

Bed. FORE God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſate,
Crowned with faith and conſtant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he ſhould for a foreign purſe ſo ſell
His Soveraign's life to death and treachery!

[*Trumpets ſound.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, *and Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of *Cambridge*, and my lord of *Maſham*,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the pow'rs, we bear with us,
Will cut their paſſage through the force of *France*;

Doing

Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them? *+aid. W*
Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each man do his best.
K. *Henry.* I doubt not that; since we are well per-
We carry not a heart with us from hence, [suaded,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your Majesty; there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True; those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steept their gauls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. *Henry.* We therefore have great cause of thankful-
And shall forget the office of our hand, [ness;
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh it self with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.
K. *Henry.* We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, Soveraign, lest example
Breed (by his suff'rance) more of such a kind.
K. *Henry.* O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. You shew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. *Henry.* Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper, [147]
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? we'll yet enlarge that man,

Though

Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Grey*, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. Now to our *French* cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?

Cam. I one, my lord.
Your Highneſs bad me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Grey. And I, my Soveraign.

K. *Henry.* Then *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*, there is [yours:
There yours, lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and Sir Knight,
Grey of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours;
Read them, and know, I know your worthineſs.
My lord of *Weſtmorland* and uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion? look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded, and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. *Henry.* The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy;
For your own reaſons turn upon your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
Theſe *Engliſh* monſters! my lord *Cambridge* here,
You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight, no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!

Thou

Thou, that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe:
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs
As black and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon and murder ever kept together,
As two yoak-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe:
Working ſo groſly in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſt'rouſly,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that ſuggeſt by-treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he, that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand up;
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty *Tartar* back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that *Engliſhman*'s.
Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſie infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou: or ſeem they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou: come they of noble family?
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou: or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſs paſſion or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, nor ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment,

Not

Not working with the ear, but with the eye, (15)
And but in purged judgment truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, (16)
To mark the full-fraught man, the beſt endu'd,
With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man——Their faults are open;
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Henry* (17)
Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*.

I

(15) *Not working with the* Eye without the Ear,] He is here giving the Character of a compleat Gentleman, and ſays, he did not *truſt his Eye without the Confirmation of his Ear*. But was ever any thing ſo preposterous? When Men have Eyeſight-proof, they think they have ſufficient Evidence, and don't ſtay for the Confirmation of an Hear-ſay. But prudent Men, on the contrary, won't truſt the Credit of the Ear, till it be confirmed by the Demonſtration of the Eye. And this is that Conduct for which the King would here commend him. So that we muſt aſſuredly read,

Not working with the Ear, but with the Eye. Mr. *Warburton*.

(16) *And thus thy Fall hath left a kind of Blot,*
To make *the full-fraught Man*, the beſt, endued
With ſome ſuſpicion.] Thus Mr. *Pope* has ſtop'd this Paſſage. If he underſtands the Senſe of it, as it ſtands here, it is more than I do; or if he believes, that, to *make a Man endued with Suſpicion*, was the Phraſe of our Author, I muſt beg to be excus'd if I have not ſo much Credulity. I am perſuaded, I have reſcued the Text from the Obſcurity and Corruption it lay under. Our Author has the ſame Thought again in his *Cymbeline*.

——*So thou*, Poſthumus,
Wilt lay the Leven *to all* proper *Men*;
Goodly, *and* gallant, *ſhall be* falſe *and perjur'd*,
From thy great Fail.

I had almoſt forgot to obſerve, that in *Timon* of *Athens*, we again meet with *mark*, employ'd as in this Paſſage.

——*For mine own part*,
I never taſted Timon *in my Life*;
Nor any of his Bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his Friend.——

(17) ——*by the name of* Thomas *Lord* Scroop *of* Maſham.] The Blunder of the Editors in the firſt *Folio*'s led Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* into an

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,* the gold of *France* did not ſeduce, (c)
Although I did admit it as a motive
The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſuff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beſeeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er my ſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Soveraign.

K. *Henry.* God quit you in his mercy! hear your ſen-
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon, [tence;
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
(Poor miſerable wretches) to your death;
The taſte whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure; and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now, lords, for *France*; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

an Error here: which they might have been aware of, had they either conſulted the *Chronicles*, or the Reading of the old 4to's in this Paſſage. Nay, had they but turn'd back to the *Chorus* at the End of the firſt Act, they might have found that Lord *Maſham*'s Chriſtian Name was *Henry*, and not *Thomas*.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treaſon lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not,
But every rub is ſmoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtrait in expedition.
Chearly to ſea; the ſigns of war advance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Quickly's *houſe in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter Piſtol, Nim, Bardolph, *Boy*, *and* Quickly.

Quick. PR'ythee, honey-ſweet husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Piſtol. No, for my manly heart doth yern.
Bardolph, be blith: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting veins:
Boy, briſtle thy courage up; for *Falſtaff* he is dead,
And we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him whereſome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, ſure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur*'s boſom, if ever man went to *Arthur*'s boſom. He made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any chriſtom child; a' parted even juſt between twelve and one, even at the turning o'th' tide: For after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for (18) his noſe was as ſharp as a pen, and a' babled of green fields. How now, Sir *John?* quoth I: what, man?

(18) *His Noſe was as ſharp as a Pen*, and a Table of green fields.] So the firſt *Folio*. Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd, that theſe Words, *and a Table of green fields*, are not in the old 4to's. *This Nonſenſe*, (continues He,) *got into all the following Editions by a pleaſant Miſtake of the Stage-Editors, who printed from the common peacemeal-written Parts in the Play-houſe. A Table was here directed to be brought in (it being a Scene in a Tavern where they drink at parting;) and this Direction crept into the Text from the Margin.* Greenfield *was the Name of the Property-man in that time who furniſh'd*

man? be of good cheer: ſo a' cried out God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' ſhou'd not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a' bad me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay, he cried out of ſack.

Quick. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

furniſh'd Implements, &c. for the Actors. A Table *of* Greenfield's.—— As to the Hiſtory of *Greenfield* being then Property-man, whether it was really ſo, or it be only a *gratis dictum*, is a Point which I ſhall not contend about. But were we to allow this marginal Direction, and ſuppoſe that a Table of *Greenfield*'s was wanting; yet it never was cuſtomary in the Promptor's Book, (much leſs, in the peacemeal Parts;) where any ſuch Directions are marginally inſerted for Properties or Implements wanted, to add the Property-man's Name, whoſe Buſineſs it was to provide them. Beſides, the furniſhing Chairs and Tables is not the Province of the Property-man, but of the Scene-keepers. But there is a ſtronger Objection yet againſt this Obſervation advanced by the Editor. He ſeems to imagine, that when Implements are wanted in any Scene, the Direction for them is mark'd in the middle of that Scene, though the Things are to be got ready againſt the Beginning of it. But the Directions for *Entrances* and *Properties* wanting, ('tis well known,) are always mark'd in the Book at about a Page in Quantity before the Actors quoted are to enter, or the Properties to be uſed; that the Stage may not ſtand ſtill. And therefore, *Greenfield*'s Table can be of no Uſe to us for this Scene. Nor, indeed, is any Table requiſite. The Scene, 'tis true, is in a Tavern; but the Company have no Buſineſs to ſit down. There is not the leaſt Intimation of any Drink going round: It is in *Piſtol*'s own Houſe, as he had married *Quickly*: he and his Comerades are on their Feet, and juſt ſetting out for *France*. The Deſcription of *Falſtaffe*'s Death, and what he talk'd of, is the only Thing that retards them for a few Minutes: after which they kiſs their Hoſteſs, and part. The Conjectural Emendation I have given, is ſo near to the Traces of the Letters in the corrupted Text; that I have ventur'd to inſert it as the genuine Reading. It has certainly been obſerv'd (in particular, by the Superſtition of Women;) of People near Death, when they are delirious by a Fever, that they talk of *removing*: as it has of Thoſe in a Calenture, that they have their heads run on *green Fields*.——To *bable*, or *babble*, is to mutter, or ſpeak indiſcriminately; like Children, that cannot yet talk; or like dying Perſons, when they are loſing the Uſe of Speech.

Boy. Yes, that he did; and ſaid, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He ſaid once, the deule would have him about women.

Quick. He did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon.*

Boy. Do you not remember, he ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph*'s noſe, and ſaid, it was a black ſoul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton.*

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let ſenſes rule; the word is, pitch and pay;
Truſt none, for oaths are ſtraws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my Duck,
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy cryſtals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to *France*; like Horſe-leeches, my boys;
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewel, hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Piſt. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the* French *King's Palace.*

Enter the French *King, the Dauphin, the Duke of* Burgundy, *and the Conſtable.*

Fr. King. THUS come the *Engliſh* with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry*, and of *Britain*,
Of *Brabant*, and of *Orleans*, ſhall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all ſwift diſpatch;
To line, and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For *England* his Approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As fear may teach us out of late examples;
Left by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh*
Upon our fields.

Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace it ſelf ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in queſtion)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France:*
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that *England*
Were buſied with a *Whitſon* morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically born,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin!*
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late ambaſſadors,

With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſie;
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and withal
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots,
That ſhall firſt ſpring and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my lord high conſtable.
But tho we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miſer, ſpoil his coat with ſcanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* ſtrong;
And, Princes, look, you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When *Creſſy*-battel fatally was ſtruck;
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* black Prince of *Wales:*
While that his mounting ſire, on mountain ſtanding, (19)

(19) *While that his* mountain *Sire, on mountain ſtanding,*] But why *mountain* Sire? The *French* King does not mean to ſay any thing derogatory, or ſcoffingly of King *Edward* the Third; as *Fluellin* afterwards, in this Play, as a *Welchman*, is ſtyl'd *Mountain-Squire:* nor is the Size, or Stature of King *Edward* alluded to, as if he had been *inſtar Montis.* I have no Doubt, but our Author intended *mounting Sire*, i. e. high-minded, aſpiring. In this Senſe, in the firſt Act, the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* ſeems to be ſpeaking of this Prince.

While his moſt mighty *Father on a* hill, *&c.*

And the Epithet, *mounting*, our Poet has more than once employ'd in theſe Significations.

So in *Love's Labour loſt*;

Who e'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting *Mind.*

And in King *John.*

But this is worſhipful Society;
And fits the mounting *Spirit like My ſelf.*

Up

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,
Saw his heroick ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of nature: and deface
The patterns, that by God and by *French* fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from *Harry*, King of *England*,
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them.
You ſee, this chaſe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when, what they ſeem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England?*

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majeſty:
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt your ſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the Crown;
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours, that pertain
By cuſtom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the Crown of *France*. That you may know,
'Tis no ſiniſter nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd;
He ſends you this moſt memorable Line,
In every branch truly demonſtrative,
[*Gives the* French *King a Paper.*
Willing you over-look this pedigree;

And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign
Your Crown and Kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the Crown
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Jove:*
That, if requiring fail, he may compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crown; and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws; upon your head
Turning the widows tears, the orphans cries,
The dead mens blood, the pining maidens groans, (20)
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſie.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the *Dauphin* be in preſence here,
To whom expreſly I bring Greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother *England.*

Dau. For the *Dauphin*,
I ſtand here for him; what to him from *England?*

Exe. Scorn and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.

(20) ——*The* pining *Maidens Groans,*] This is the Epithet Mr. *Pope* has eſpouſed from the old 4to's. Mr. *Rowe* read with the firſt folio's

The privy *Maidens groans,*

Which, according to poetical Uſage, might ſignify, the Groans of Maidens vented in private. From this Word, which he eſteems a Corruption, Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly would ſubſtitute;

——*The* prived *Maidens groans,*

i. e. the *deprived:* the Verſe, which immediately follows, neceſſarily requiring ſuch a Senſe. As all the Epithets make Senſe, I have contented my ſelf with giving the various Readings, together with my Friend's Conjecture.

Thus ſays my King; and if your father's Highneſs
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his Majeſty;
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your treſpaſs, and return your mock
In ſecond accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will; for I deſire
Nothing but odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty *Europe*:
And, be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we his ſubjects have in wonder found,)
Between the promiſe of his greener days,
And theſe he maſters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmoſt grain, which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in *France*.

Fr. King. To morrow you ſhall know our mind at full.

[*Flouriſh.*

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed King at *Hampton* Peer (21)
Embark

(21) *The well-appointed King at* Dover *peer Embark his Royalty.*] Thus all the Editions downwards, implicitly after the firſt *Folio*. But could the Poet poſſibly be ſo diſcordant from himſelf, (and the Chronicles, which he copied;) to make the King here embark at *Dover*; when he has before told us ſo preciſely, and that ſo often

Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſails,
Born with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge. O, do but think,
You ſtand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this Fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy,
And leave your *England*, as dead midnight ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies and old women;
Or paſt, or not arriv'd, to pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France?*
Work, work your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
Suppoſe, th' ambaſſador from *France* comes back;
Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lynſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

often over, that he embark'd at *Southampton?* I dare acquit the Poet from ſo flagrant a Variation. The Indolence of a Tranſcriber, or a Workman at Preſs, muſt give Riſe to ſuch an Error. They, ſeeing *Peer* at the End of the Verſe, unluckily thought of *Dover*-peer, as the beſt known to them: and ſo unawares corrupted the Text.

ACT III.

SCENE, *before* Harfleur.

[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter; *Soldiers, with ſcaling ladders.*

King HENRY.

O Nce more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with the *Engliſh* dead.
In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſtful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height. Now on, you nobleſt *Engliſh*,
Whoſe blood is fetcht from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.

Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in *England*, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture: let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;
I ſee you ſtand like Greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a-foot:
Follow your ſpirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, God for *Harry! England!* and St. *George!*

[*Exeunt* King, *and Train.*

[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, corporal, ſtay; the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain ſong of it. [bound:

Piſt. The plain ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do a-
Knocks go and come: God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an ale-houſe in *London*, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and ſafety.

Piſt. And I; if wiſhes would prevail,
I wou'd not ſtay, but thither would I hye.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions.

Piſt. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; uſe lenity, ſweet chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humours; your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three,

three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three ſuch Anticks do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For *Piſtol*, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nim*, he hath heard, that men of few words are the beſt men; and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt he ſhould be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head, but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a lute-caſe, bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they ſtole a fire-ſhovel. I knew, by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with mens pockets, as their gloves or their hand-kerchers; which makes much againſt my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice; their villany goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Gower, *and* Fluellen.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the Duke of *Glouceſter* would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines are not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for, look you, th' athverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the Duke, look you) is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines; by *Cheſhu*, I think, a' will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Glouceſter*, to whom the order of the ſiege is given, is altogether directed by an *Iriſh* man, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu.

Flu. It is captain *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think, it be.

Flu. By *Cheſhu*, he is an Aſs, as is in the world; I will verifie as much in his beard; he has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* diſciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, *and Capt.* Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the antient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheſhu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the diſciplines of the priſtine wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I ſay, gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your worſhip, good captain *James*.

Gower. How now, captain *Mackmorris*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By Chriſh law, tiſh ill done; the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand, I ſwear, and by my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over; I would have blowed up the town, ſo Chriſh ſave me law, in an hour. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand, tiſh ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I beſeech you now will you vouchſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to ſatisfy my opinion; and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military diſcipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

Mack. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to diſcourſe, the town

is beſeech'd: and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing, 'tis ſhame for us all; ſo God ſa' me, 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me law.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, aile do gud ſervice, or aile ligge i'th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mack. Of my nation? what iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? what iſh my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, captain *Mackmorrice*, peradventure, I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you; being as good a man as your ſelf, both in the diſciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you ſo good a man as my ſelf; ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Jamy. A, that's a foul fault. [*A Parley ſounded.*

Gower. The town ſounds a parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *before the Gates of* Harfleur.

Enter King Henry *and his train.*

K. *Henry.* HOW yet reſolves the Governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercy give your ſelves,
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defie us to our worſt; as I'm a ſoldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;
And the fleſh'd ſoldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell, mowing like graſs
Your freſh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
Do with his ſmircht complexion all fell feats,
Enlinkt to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you your ſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may, as bootleſs, ſpend our vain command
Upon th' enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend our precepts to th' *Leviathan*
To come a-ſhoar. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
While yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murther, ſpoil and villany.
If not; why, in a moment, look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand

Defile

Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt reverend heads daſht to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds; as did the wives of *Jewry*,
At *Herod*'s bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governor, upon the Walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The *Dauphin*, of whom ſuccours we entreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are yet not ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. *Henry.* Open your gates: come, uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the *French:*
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers, we'll retire to *Calais.*
To night in *Harfleur* we will be your gueſt,
To morrow for the march we are addreſt.

[*Flouriſh, and enter the town.*

SCENE, *the* French *Court.*

Enter Catharine, *and an old gentlewoman.*

Cath. ALICE, *tu as eſté en* Angleterre, *& tu parlois bien le language.* (22)

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Cath.

(22) Cath. Alice, *tu as êté*] I have regulated ſeveral Speeches in this *French* Scene: Some whereof were given to *Alice*, and yet evidently belong'd to *Catharine:* and ſo, *vice verſâ*. It is not material to diſtinguiſh the particular Tranſpoſitions I have made. Mr. *Gildon* has left no bad

Cath. *Je te prie de m' enſeigner ; il faut, que j' apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main en Anglois ?*

Alice. *La main, il eſt appellé, de hand.*

Cath. *De hand. Et le doyt ?*

Alice. *Le doyt ? ma foy, je oublie le doyt ; mais je me ſouviendra le doyt ; je penſe, qu'ils ont appellé des fingres ; ouy, de fingres.*

Cath. *La main, de hand ; le doit, le fingres. Je penſe, que je ſuis le bon eſcolier. J' ay gaigné deuz mots d' Anglois viſtement ; comment appellez vous les ongles ?*

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.*

Cath. *De nayles. Eſcoutez : dites moy, ſi je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, de nayles.*

Alice. *C' eſt bien dit, madame ; il eſt fort bon Anglois.*

Cath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arme, madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *D' elbow.*

Cath. *D' elbow : je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m' avez apprins dès a preſent.*

Alice. *Il eſt trop difficile, madame, comme je penſe.*

Cath. *Excuſe moy, Alice ; eſcoutez ; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, de bilbow.*

Alice. *D' elbow, madame.*

Cath. *O Signeur Dieu ! je m'en oublie d' elbow ; comment appellez vous le col ?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Cath. *De neck ; & le menton ?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Cath. *De ſin : le col, de neck : le menton, de ſin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur, en verité, vous prononciés les mots auſſi droict, que les natifs d' Angleterre.*

Cath. *Je ne doute point d' apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

bad Remark, I think, with Regard to our Poet's Conduct in the Character of this Princeſs : *for why He ſhould not allow her* (ſays He) *to ſpeak in* Engliſh *as well as all the other* French, *I can't imagine : ſince it adds no Beauty ; but gives a patch'd and pye-bald Dialogue of no Beauty or Force.*

Alice

Alice. *N' avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enſeigné?*

Cath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement; d' hand, de fingre, de mayles, de arme.*

Alice. *De nayles, madame.*

Cath. *De nayles, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf voſtre honneur, d' elbow.*

Cath. *Ainſi de-je d' elbow, de neck, de ſin: comment appellez vous les pieds & de robe.*

Alice. **Le foot, madame, & *le coun.* * de

Cath. **Le foot, & *le coun! O Seignieur Dieu! ces ſont des mots mauvais, corruptibles & impudiques, & non pour les dames d' honneur d' uſer: je ne voudrois prononcer cets mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde! il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je reciteray un autrefois ma leçon enſemble; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, d' elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame.*

Cath. *C' eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Preſence-Chamber in the* French *Court.*

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, *Duke of* Bourbon, *the Conſtable of* France, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'TIS certain, he hath paſs'd the river *Some.*

Con. And if he be not fought withal,
Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all, [my lord,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau. O dieu vivant! ſhall a few ſprays of us,
(The emptying of our fathers luxury,)
Our Syens, put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters? [tards.

Bour. Normans, but baſtard *Normans*; *Norman* baſ-

Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my Dukedom,

To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
[158] In that nook-ſhotten Iſle of *Albion.* (23) [mettle?
Con. Dieu de Batailles! why whence have they this
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-reyn'd jades, their barly-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen Iſicles
Upon our houſe-tops, while more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
Poor, we may call them, in their native Lords. (24)
Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly ſay,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give

(23) *In that* ſhort nooky *Iſle of Albion.*] If the Editor meant by this Reading *little Iſland*, it will be hard to reconcile it to the *largeſt Iſland* in the known World. If he means *ſhort* in regard to its Circumference, it is ſtill a greater Blunder, as every one knows. And if he means, that the *Nooks*, or Angles of it, are *ſhort*, that will crown the Abſurdity. Nothing, ſo ridiculous as this Reading, could have come from the pen of *Shakeſpeare*, who certainly wrote it, juſt as his Editor found it, *nook-ſhotten* Iſle. This on Examination will be proved to be as true and proper a Deſcription of *Great Britain*, as *Camden*, or the moſt exact Topographer, could have given. For *ſhotten* ſignifies any thing that is projected; or, as we ſay, *ſhot out*. So *nook-ſhotten* is a Place that ſhoots out into *Capes*, *Promontories*, and *Necks* of Land; the very Situation of our Iſland!
Anonymus.

(24) ——————— *while more frosty People,*
Sweat drops of gallant Blood in our rich Fields:
Poor, We may call them, in their native Lords.]
As the laſt Verſe here was a long time obſcure, and ſtuck with me, tho' now I clearly underſtand it; it may not be amiſs, leſt ſome Readers ſhould likewiſe be at a Loſs, to give a ſhort comment on it. The Lord *Conſtable* is wondering, how the *Engliſh* ſhould derive ſuch Spirit and Courage, as they ſhew'd, under the Diſadvantages of their Climature and Beverage; and that his own Countrymen ſhould ſeem cold and frosty, when their Blood was ſpirited up with generous Wine, and they had ſo warm a Sun, and ſo rich a Soil: But he has no ſooner ſaid This, than a Reflection on their cold Behaviour makes him correct himſelf; What talk I of a rich Soil? Surely, we may call it poor enough, if it may receive Diſparagement from the Quality of its Poſſeſſors.

Their

Their bodies to the luſt of *Engliſh* youth,
To new-ſtore *France* with baſtard warriors.
Bour. They bid us to the *Engliſh* dancing Schools,
And teach *Lavolta's* high, and ſwift *Curranto's*;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels;
And that we are moſt lofty run-aways. [hence;
Fr. King. Where is *Montjoy*, the herald? ſpeed him
Let him greet *England* with our ſharp defiance.
Up, Princes, and with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
Yet ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high conſtable of *France*;
You, Dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar* and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Rouſſie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtraile*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charaloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and Knights; (25)
For your great ſeats now quit you of great ſhames:
Bar *Harry England*, that ſweeps through our land
With penons painted in the blood of *Harfleur:*
Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow
Upon the vallies; whoſe low vaſſal ſeat
The *Alps* doth ſpit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, (you have pow'r enough,)
And in a captive chariot into *Roan*
Bring him our priſoner.
Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſht in their march:
For, I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ranſom. [joy;
Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Conſtable, haſte on *Mount-*
And let him ſay to *England*, that we ſend

(25) ——— *Barons, Lords,* and Kings;] Thus it ſtands in the Old *Folio*'s; but I corrected it to *Knights* in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has, in his laſt Edition, embrac'd the Correction.

To know what willing ranſom he will give.
Prince *Dauphin*, you ſhall ſtay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your Majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth, Lord Conſtable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of *England*'s fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. HOW now, captain *Fluellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervices committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, God be praiſed and pleſſed, any hurt in the world; he is maintain the pridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an Antient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think, in my very conſcience, he is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*, and he is a man of no eſtimation in the world, but I did ſee him do gallant ſervices.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Antient *Piſtol.*

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours:
The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe God, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. Bardolph, a ſoldier firm and ſound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,

That

That Goddeſs blind that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone ——

Flu. By your patience, Antient *Piſtol:* Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignifie to you that fortune is plind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel, to ſignifie to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath ſtoln a *Pix*, and hanged muſt a' be; damned death! (26)
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death,
For *Pix* of little price. Therefore go ſpeak,
The Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not *Bardolph*'s vital thread be cut

(26) *For he hath ſtoln a* Pax,] Thus all the Editions, from the very *firſt:* "And this is conformable to Hiſtory, (ſays Mr. *Pope*;) a Soldier "(as *Hall* tells us) being hang'd at this Time for ſuch a Fact."—But to ſee this Gentleman's Accuracy, and Inaccuracy, in one and the ſame Circumſtance! Both *Hall* and *Holingſhead* agree as to the point of the *Theft*; but as to the Thing *ſtoln*, there is not that Conformity betwixt them and Mr. *Pope*. But let us ſee, what is underſtood by a *Pax*. It was an antient Cuſtom, at the Celebration of Maſs, that when the Prieſt pronounc'd theſe Words, *Pax Domini ſit ſemper vobiſcum!* The *Peace* of the Lord be always with you! both Clergy and People kiſs'd one another. And This was call'd *Oſculum Pacis*, the Kiſs of *Peace*. But that Cuſtom being abrogated, a certain Image is now preſented to be kiſs'd, which, as moſt Catholicks know, is call'd a *Pax*. (Vid. *Du Freſne*'s Gloſſary *Mediæ & Infimæ Latinitatis*; and from Him, the Gloſſary ſubjoin'd to *Urrey*'s CHAUCER: for that Poet talks of kiſſing *Pax*, in his *Parſon*'s Tale.) But it was not this Image, which *Bardolfe* ſtole; it was a *Pix*; or little Cheſt, (from the *Latin* Word, *Pixis*, a Box;) in which the conſecrated *Hoſt* was uſed to be kept. "A fooliſh Soldier "(ſays *Hall* expreſsly, and *Holingſhead* after him;) ſtale a *Pix* out of a "Church; and unreverently did eat the *holy Hoſtes within the ſame con-* "*tained.*" Is there the leaſt Queſtion, but that our Poet's Text muſt be ſet right from theſe Chroniclers?

* *Vol: 3. p. 552*

With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Antient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Antient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his good pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip!

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The fig of *Spain*——. [*Exit* Piſt.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, he utt'red as prave words at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day: but it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf at his return into *London*, under the form of a ſoldier. Such fellows are perfect in the great commanders names, and they will learn you by rote where ſervices were done; at ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they trick up with new-turned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid ſute of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvelouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain *Gower*; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind; hear you, the King is coming, and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge. (27)

Drum

(27) *The King is coming, and I muſt* ſpeak with him from the pridge.] "*Speak with him from the Bridge*, Mr. *Pope* tells us, is added in the lat-
"ter

Drum and Colours. Enter the King, *and his poor ſoldiers.*

Flu. God pleſs your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* How now, *Fluellen*, cam'ſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages; marry, th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. *Henry.* What men have you loſt, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great; marry, for my part, I think, the Duke hath loſt never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majeſty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

K. *Henry.* We would have ſuch offenders ſo cut off;
And give expreſs charge, that in all our march
There ſhall be nothing taken from the villages,
But ſhall be paid for; and no *French* upbraided,
Or yet abuſed in diſdainful language;
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

" ter Editions; but that it is plain from the Sequel, that the Scene here " continues, and the affair of the Bridge is over." Tis plain, this is a moſt inaccurate Criticiſm, and worthy only of its Author. The Scene, 'tis true, continues, and the Affair of the Bridge is over; but theſe Words are to be continued for all That. Tho the Affair of the Bridge be over, is That a Reaſon, that the King muſt receive no Intelligence from thence? *Fluellen*, who comes from the Bridge, means no more than this, that he wants to acquaint the King with the Tranſactions that had happen'd there, and with the Duke of *Exeter*'s having repuls'd the *French* from thence. And this is what he calls *ſpeaking to the King from the Bridge.*

Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

K. *Henry.* Well then, I know thee; what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My master's mind.

K. *Henry.* Unfold it.

Mount. Thus says my King: say thou to *Harry England*, Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep:
Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him;
But that we thought not good to bruise an injury,
Till it were ripe. Now speak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: *England* shall repent
His folly, see his weakness, and admire
Our suff'rance. Bid him therefore to consider,
What must the ransom be, which must proportion
The losses we have born, the subjects we
Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested;
To answer which, his pettiness would bow under.
First for our loss, too poor is his Exchequer;
For the effusion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our disgrace,
Ev'n his own person kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthless satisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for conclusion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and master; and so much my office.

K. *Henry.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. *Henry.* Thou do'st thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many *French*;

Who

Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of *Engliſh* legs
Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am;
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army but a weak and ſickly guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy*.
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour; and ſo, *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this;
We would not ſeek a battle as we are,
Yet, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it:
So tell your maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: thanks to your highneſs.
[*Exit.*

Glou. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. *Henry.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs:
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night;
Beyond the river we'll encamp our ſelves;
And on to morrow, bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* French *Camp near* Agincourt.

Enter the Conſtable of France, *the Lord* Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, *with others.*

Con. TUT, I have the beſt armour of the world. Would, it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt horſe of *Europe*.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of *Orleans*, and my lord high Conſtable, you talk of horſe, and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns; *ça, ha! le Cheval volant*, the *Pegaſus*, *chez les Narines de feu!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; when I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a Hawk; he trots the air, the earth ſings when he touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for *Perſeus*; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient ſtilneſs while his rider mounts him; he is, indeed, a horſe; and all other jades you may call beaſts.

Con. Indeed, my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent horſe.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, couſin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the riſing of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my palfry; it is a theme as fluent as the ſea: turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all; 'tis a ſubject for a Soveraign to reaſon on, and for a Soveraign's Soveraign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, and began thus, *Wonder of nature.*——

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

Orl. Your miſtreſs bears well.

Dau. Me, well;—which is the preſcript praiſe, and perfection, of a good and particular miſtreſs.

Con.

Con. Methought, yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a *Kerne* of *Ireland*, your *French* hose off, and in your strait Trossers. (28)

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lieve have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my mistress.

Dau. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, & la truie lavée au bourbier; thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord Constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to night, are those stars, or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

(28) *Like a* Kerne *of* Ireland, *your* French *hose off, and in your strait* Strossers.] Thus all the Editions have mistaken this Word, which should be *Trossers*; and signifies, a pair of Breeches. So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Coxcomb*;

——*O you hobby-headed Rascal, I'll have you flea'd, and* Trossers *made of thy Skin to tumble in.*

The *French* call, to truss or pack up, *trosser*; whether our Word, *Trousers*, be deriv'd from thence, I am not certain: But, by *strait* Trossers, our Poet humourously means, *femoribus denudatis*: for the *Kernes* of *Ireland* wear no Breeches, any more than the *Scotch-Highlanders* do.

Dau.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with *English* faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I shou'd be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the *English*.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty *English* prisoners?

Con. You must first go your self to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis mid-night, I'll go arm my self. [*Exit.*

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *English*.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendship.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox of the devil.*

Orl.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *a fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.*

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the *Engliſh* lye within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The lord *Grandpree.*

Con. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor *Harry* of *England!* he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge?

Con. If the *Engliſh* had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That Iſland of *England* breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Fooliſh curs, that run winking into the mouth of a *Ruſſian* Bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples. You may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dares eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a Lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſymphathize with the maſtiffs in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay; but theſe *Engliſh* are ſhreudly out of beef.

Con. Then ſhall we find to morrow, they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two a clock; but (let me ſee) by ten,
We ſhall have each a hundred *Engliſhmen.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
[95] Fills the wide veſſel of the universe.
[162] From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fixt centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battel ſees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,
With buſie hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And (the third hour of drouſie morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty *French*
Do the low-rated *Engliſh* play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned *Engliſh*,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
h [72] Inveſting lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Preſented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and viſits all his hoſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:

But freſhly looks and over-bears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance and ſweet majeſty:
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle, all
Behold, (as may unworthineſs define) (29)
A little touch of *Harry* in the night.
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battel fly:
Where, O for pity! we ſhall much diſgrace,
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,
(Right ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
The name of *Agincourt*. Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be. [*Exit.*

(29) ——*Fear; that mean and gentle all Behold, (as may,* &c.] As this ſtood, it was a moſt perplex'd and nonſenſical Paſſage: and could not be intelligible, but as I have corrected it. The Poet, firſt, expatiates on the real Influence that *Harry*'s Eye had on his Camp: and then addreſſing himſelf to every Degree of his Audience, he tells them, he'll ſhew (as well as his unworthy Pen and Powers can deſcribe it) a little Touch, or Sketch of this Hero in the Night: a faint Reſemblance of that Chearfulneſs and Reſolution which this brave Prince expreſs'd in himſelf, and inſpired in his Followers. The Poet has in the like manner before, in the Prologue to this Play, addreſs'd himſelf to the Spectators.

——————*Pardon*, Gentles *all*,
The flat unraiſed Spirit, that hath dar'd
On this unworthy Scaffold to bring forth
So great an Object.

And likewiſe in one of the preceding Chorus's.

——————*and the Scene*
Is now tranſported, Gentles, *to* Southampton.

So we find him too, in the *Epilogue* to this Play, again modeſtly ſpeaking of his own Inability.

Thus far with rough and all-unable Pen
Our bending Author hath purſued the Story, &c.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the* Engliſh *Camp, at* Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford *and* Glouceſter.

King HENRY.

GLou'ſter, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore ſhou'd our courage be.
Good morrow, brother *Bedford:* God Almighty!
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers;
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of *France.*

Erping. Not ſo, my Liege; this lodging likes me better;
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.

K. *Henry.* 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pain
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſie grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas:* brothers both,

Commend

Commend me to the Princes in our camp:
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavillion.

Glou. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

K. *Henry.* No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of *England:*
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble *Harry!*
[*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* God-a-mercy, old heart, thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. *Henry.* I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. *Henry.* Even so: what are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. *Henry.* Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. *Henry. Harry le Roy.*

Pist. Le Roy! a *Cornish* name: art thou of *Cornish* crew?

K. *Henry.* No, I am a *Welshman.*

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen?*

K. *Henry.* Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. *David*'s day.

K. *Henry.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. *Henry.* And his kinſman too.

Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then!——

K. *Henry.* I thank you: God be with you.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen, *and* Gower, *ſeverally.*

Gow. Captain *Fluellen.*——

Flu. So; in the name of Jeſu Chriſt, ſpeak fewer; it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in *Pompey*'s camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobrieties of it, and the modeſty of it to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an Aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* Though it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this *Welſhman.*

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates,* is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Williams. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. *Henry.* Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham.* (30)

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. *Henry.* Even as men wrack'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. *Henry.* No; nor is it meet, he ſhou'd: for tho I ſpeak it to you, I think, the King is but a man as I am: the Violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and tho his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing; therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the *Thames* up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. *Henry.* By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King; I think, he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and many poor mens lives ſaved.

K. *Henry.* I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other mens minds. Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented as in the King's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

(30) K. *Henry. Under Sir* John Erpingham.] Thus all the Editions blunderingly, till I corrected it, in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, Sir *Thomas Erpingham*: Since which, Mr. *Pope* has vouchſaf'd to rectify the Name in his laſt Edition.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhou'd ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's ſubjects: if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battel, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at ſuch a place*; ſome, ſwearing; ſome, crying for a ſurgeon; ſome, upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome, upon the debts they owe; ſome, upon their children rawly left. I am afear'd there are few die well, that die in battel; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? now if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. *Henry.* So, if a ſon, that is ſent by his father about merchandize, do fall into ſome lewd action and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him; or if a ſervant under his maſter's command tranſporting a ſum of money, be aſſail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities; you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation; but this is not ſo: the King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no King, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers: ſome, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murther; ſome, of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if theſe
[155] men have defeated the law, and out-run native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance;

vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſhed, for before breach of the King's laws, in the King's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have born life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for which they are now viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the King's, but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every moth out of his conſcience: and dying ſo, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and, in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him out-live that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. *Henry.* I my ſelf heard the King ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight chearfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. *Henry.* If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous ſhot out of an Elder-gun, that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's feather: you'll never truſt his word after! come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

K. *Henry.* Your reproof is ſomething too round: I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. *Henry.* I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. *Henry.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. *Henry.* There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to morrow, this is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. *Henry.* If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. *Henry.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *Engliſh* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt ſoldiers.*

[*Manet King* Henry.

K. *Henry.* Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their ſhoulders; but it is no *Engliſh* treaſon to cut *French* crowns, and to morrow the King himſelf will be a clipper.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have Kings,
That privates have not too, ſave ceremony?
Save gen'ral ceremony?——
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers.
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? (31)

O

(31) *What are thy* Rents? *What are thy* Comings-in?
O Ceremony, ſhew me but thy Worth:
What! is thy Soul of *Adoration?*] Thus is the laſt Line given us, and the Nonſenſe of it made worſe by the ridiculous Pointing. Let us examine,

O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What is thy toll, O adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flatt'ry? O be ſick, great Greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe;
I am a King, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title running 'fore the King,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhoar of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell:
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of *Phœbus*; and all night
Sleeps in *Elyſium*; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help *Hyperion* to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,

amine, how the Context ſtands with my Emendation. What are thy *Rents?* What are thy *Comings-in?* What is thy *Worth?* What is thy *Toll?*——(i. e. the *Duties*, and *Impoſts*, thou receiveſt;) All here is conſonant, and agreeable to a ſenſible Exclamation. Mr. *Warburton.*

Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your Nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. *Henry.* Good old Knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* O God of battels! ſteel my ſoldiers hearts;
Poſſeſs them not with fear; take from them now (32)
The ſenſe of reck'ning; leſt th' oppoſed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.——Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown.
I *Richard*'s body have interred new,
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred Poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heaven to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chauntries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for *Richard*'s ſoul. More will I do;
Tho all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after call, (33)
Imploring pardon.

Enter

(32) ——————*take from them now*
The Senſe of reckning of th' oppoſed Numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them.] Thus the firſt *folio* reads and points this Paſſage. The Poet might intend, "Take from them the Senſe of "reckoning thoſe oppoſed Numbers; *which* might pluck their Courage "from them." But the *relative* not being expreſs'd, the Senſe is very obſcure; and the following Verb ſeems a Petition, in the Imperative Mood. The ſlight Correction I have given, makes it clear and eaſie.

(33) *Since that my Penitence comes after* all,
Imploring pardon.] We muſt obſerve, that *Henry* IV. had committed an Injuſtice, of which he and his *Son* reap'd the Fruits. But Juſtice and right

Enter Glouceſter.

Glou. My Liege.
K. *Henry.* My brother *Glo'ſter*'s voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures *and* Beaumont.

Orl. THE ſun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.
Dau. Montez Cheval: my horſe, *valet*, *lacquay:* ha!
Orl. O brave ſpirit!
Dau. Via!——les eaux & la terre.——
Orl. Rien puis! le air & feu.——
Dau. Ciel! Couſin *Orleans.——*

Enter Conſtable.

Now, my lord Conſtable!
Con. Hark, how our Steeds for preſent ſervice neigh.
Dau. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in *Engliſh* eyes,
And daunt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horſes blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The *Engliſh* are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.

right Reaſon tell us, that they, who ſhare the Profits of Iniquity, ſhall ſhare likewiſe in the Puniſhment. Scripture again tells us, that, when Men have ſinn'd, the Grace of God gives frequent Invitations to Repentance; which, in Scripture language, are ſtyled *Calls*. Theſe, if they have been careleſsly dallied with, and neglected, are at length irrevocably withdrawn; and then Repentance comes too late. This, I hope, will ſufficiently vouch for my Emendation, and explain what the Poet would make the King ſay. Mr. *Warburton.*

Con. To horſe! you gallant Princes, ſtrait to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls;
Leaving them but the ſhales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins
To give each naked curtle-ax a ſtain;
That our *French* gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exception, lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys and our peaſants,
Who in unneceſſary action ſwarm
About our ſquares of battel, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe;
Tho we, upon this mountain's baſis by,
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little, little, let us do;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
The tucket ſonuance, and the note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That *England* ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my lords of *France?*
Yon Iſland carrions, deſp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big *Mars* ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty bever peeps.
The horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
With torch-ſtaves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the jymold bitt
Lyes foul with chaw'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs;
And their executors, the knaviſh Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.

Deſcription

Deſcription cannot ſuit it ſelf in words,
To demonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle,
In life ſo liveleſs as it ſhews it ſelf.

Con. They've ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for death.

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners and freſh ſutes,
And give their faſting Horſes provender,
And, after, fight with them?

Con. I ſtay but for my guard: on, to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come, away!
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, *with all the Hoſt*; Salisbury *and* Weſtmorland.

Glou. WHERE is the King?

Bed. The King himſelf is rode to view their battle.

Weſt. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's five to one; beſides, they all are freſh.

Sal. God's arm ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearful odds!
God be wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heav'n,
Then joyfully, my noble lord of *Bedford*,
My dear lord *Glo'ſter*, and my good lord *Exeter*,
And my kind kinſman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with thee! (34)

(34) Bed. *Farewel, good* Salisbury, *and good Luck go with thee.*
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm Truth of Valour.
Exe. *Farewel, kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.*]
What! does he do *Salisbury* Wrong, to wiſh him good Luck? Can any Thing be more ridiculous than to ſay ſo? The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* preſcrib'd to me the Tranſpoſition of the Verſes, which I have made in the Text; and the old 4to's plainly lead to ſuch a Regulation.

Exe.

Exe. to *Sal.* Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* Sal.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindneſs;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

Weſt. O, that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in *England*,
That do no work to day!

K. *Henry.* What's he, that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin *Weſtmorland?* no, my fair couſin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wiſh not one man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, faith, my lord, wiſh not a man from *England:*
God's peace, I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it *(Weſtmorland)* through my hoſt,
That he, which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſsport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of *Criſpian:*
He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day, is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of *Criſpian:*
He that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, to morrow is Saint *Criſpian:*

Then

Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glo'ſter*,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And *Criſpin Criſpian* ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in *England*, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. *Criſpian*'s day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My ſov'reign lord, beſtow your ſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are bravely in their battels ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. *Henry*. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now!

K. *Henry*. Thou doſt not wiſh more help from *England*, couſin?

Weſt. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battle!

K. *Henry*. Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men:
Which likes me better than to wiſh us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

A Tucket ſounds. *Enter* Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured over-throw:

For, certainly, thou art ſo near the gulf,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Thus, in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire
From off theſe fields; where, wretches, their poor bodies
Muſt lye and feſter.

K. *Henry.* Who hath ſent thee now?

Mount. The Conſtable of *France.*

K. *Henry.* I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back.
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did ſell the Lion's skin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs of this day's work.
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghils,
They ſhall be fam'd; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n;
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in *France.*
Mark then a bounding valour in our *Engliſh*: (35)
That being dead, like to the bullets graſing,
Breaks out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the Conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working day;
Our gayneſs, and our gilt, are all be-ſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt;

(35) *Mark then* abounding *Valour in our* Engliſh:] Thus the Old *Folio's.* The 4to's, more erroneouſly ſtill,

Mark then aboundant ——

Mr. *Pope* degraded the Paſſage in both his Editions, becauſe, I preſume, he did not underſtand it. I corrected it ſometime ago in Print, as I have now reform'd the Text, and the Alluſion is exceedingly beautifull; comparing the Revival of the *Engliſh* Valour to the *rebounding* of a Cannon-ball.

(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly :)
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim :
And my poor ſoldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes ; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the *French* ſoldiers heads ;
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do,
(As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall) my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thy labour.
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald ;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints :
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.
Mount. I ſhall, King *Harry :* and ſo fare thee well.
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*
K. *Henry.* I fear, thou'lt once more come again for Ranſom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward. [away.
K. *Henry.* Take it, brave *York* ; now, ſoldiers, march
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Field of Battle.*

Alarm, Excurſions. Enter Piſtol, French *ſoldier, and boy.*

Piſt. YIELD, cur.
Fr. Sol. *Je penſe, que vous eſtes le gentlehomme de bonne qualité.*
Piſt. Quality, calmy, cuſture me, art thou a gentleman ? what is thy name ? diſcuſs.
Fr. Sol. *O Seignieur Dieu !*
Piſt. O, Signieur Dewe ſhould be a gentleman :
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark ;
O Signieur Dewe, thou dieſt on point of fox,
Except, O Signeur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſom.
Fr. Sol. *O, prennez miſericorde, ayez pitie de moy.*

Piſt.

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty moys; for I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat, in drops of crimſon blood.

Fr. Sol. *Eſt-il impoſſible d' eſchapper la force de ton bras?*

Piſt. Braſs, cur? [braſs?

Thou damned and luxurious mountain Goat, offer'ſt me

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, Boy; ask me this ſlave in *French*,

What is his name?

Boy. *Eſcoutez, comment eſtes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays, his name is Mr. *Fer.*

Piſt. Mr. *Fer!* I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: diſcuſs the ſame in *French* unto him. [*ferk.*

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout a cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.*

Piſt. Owy, cuppelle gorge, parmafoy, peſant, unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns: or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner; je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maiſon, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.*

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to ſave his life, he is a gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Piſt. Tell him, my fury ſhall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monſieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier: neantmoins pour les eſcus que vous l'avez promettes, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté, le franchiſement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne milles remerciemens, & je me eſtime heureux que je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier,*

Chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres eſtimé Signeur d' Angleterre.

Piſt. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſand thanks, and eſteems himſelf happy, that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of *England.*

Piſt. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.* [*Ex.* Piſt. *and Fr. Sol.* I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart; (36) but the ſaying is true, The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger: yet they are both hang'd; and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing advent'rouſly. I muſt ſtay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp; the *French* might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Another part of the Field of Battle.*

Enter Conſtable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin *and* Rambures.

Con. O *Diable!*

Orl. O Signeur! le jour eſt perdu, tout eſt perdu.

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes. [*A ſhort alarm.*
O meſchante fortune!——do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

(36) *I did never know ſo* wofull *a Voice iſſue from ſo* empty *a Heart;*] This corrupted Reading, which both Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* have eſpouſed, took its Riſe from a Blunder of the 2d Edition in *Folio.* But why, *wofull? Piſtol* was all Bounce and Noiſe. Beſides, where's the *Antitheſis?* We muſt certainly read with the firſt *Folio,—I did never know ſo* full *a Voice* — But then the arch Boy immediately corrects himſelf from the old Saying, *The* empty *Veſſel makes the* greateſt *Sound.*

Dau.

Dau. O perdurable ſhame! let's ſtab our ſelves:
Be theſe the wretches, that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the King we ſent to for his ranſom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
Let us dye, inſtant:—Once more back again; (37)
The man, that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baſe pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler than my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contaminated.
Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To ſmother up the *Engliſh* in our throngs;
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter the King *and his* train, *with priſoners.*

K. *Henry.* Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen;
But all's not done; the *French* yet keep the field.
Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majeſty.
K. *Henry.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the ſpur all bleeding o'er.
Exe. In which array, brave ſoldier, doth he lye,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* alſo lyes.
Suffolk firſt dy'd, and *York*, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteep'd,

(37) *Let us dye*, inſtant: *Once more back again*;] This Verſe, which is quite left out in Mr. *Pope*'s Editions, ſtands imperfect in the firſt *Folio*. By the Addition of a Syllable, I think, I have retriev'd the Poet's Senſe. It is thus in the Old Copy;

Let us dye in *once more back again.*

And

And takes him by the beard ; kiſſes the gaſhes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, " tarry, my couſin *Suffolk*,
" My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heav'n :
" Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt:
" As in this glorious and well-foughten field
" We kept together in our chivalry.
Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up ;
He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, ſays, " dear my lord,
" Commend my ſervice to my Soveraign ;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk*'s neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſt his lips ;
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd ;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. *Henry*. I blame you not ;
For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound (38)
With miſtful eyes, or they will iſſue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark, what new alarum is this ſame?
The *French* have re-inforc'd their ſcatter'd men :
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners.
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Alarms continued ; *after which*, *Enter* Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expreſly againſt the law of arms ; (39) 'tis as arraunt a piece of Knavery, mark you now, as can be deſir'd in your conſcience now, is it not ?

(38) *For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound*
With mixtfull *Eyes*,] What Monſter of a Word is this *mixtfull?* The Poet certainly wrote, *miſtfull:* i. e. juſt ready to over-run with Tears. The Word he took from his Obſervation of Nature: for juſt before Tears burſt out, it appears as if there was a Miſt before our Eyes.
Mr. *Warburton.*

(39) *Kill the Poyes and the luggage! 'tis expreſsly againſt the Law of Arms* ;] In the Old *Folio*'s, the 4th *Act* is made to begin here. But as the

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran away from the battle, ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd ev'ry soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower*; what call you the town's name, where *Alexander* the pig, was born?

Gow. *Alexander* the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

the Matter of the *Chorus*, which is to come betwixt the 4th and 5th Acts, will by no means sort with the *Scenary* that here follows; I have chose to fall in with the other Regulation. Mr. *Pope* gives a Reason, why this Scene should be connective to the preceding Scene; but his Reason, according to Custom, is a mistaken one. *The Words of* Fluellen, (he says,) *immediately follow those of the King just before.* The King's last Words, at his going off, were;

Then ev'ry Soldier kill his Prisoners:
Give the Word through.

Now Mr. *Pope* must very accurately suppose, that *Fluellen* overhears this: and that by replying, *Kill the Poyes and the Luggage! 'tis expressly against the Law of Arms*;—he is condemning the King's Order, as against martial Discipline. But this is a most absurd Supposition. *Fluellen* neither overhears, nor replys to, what the King had said: nor has *kill the Poyes and the Luggage* any reference to the Soldiers killing their Prisoners. Nay, on the contrary (as there is no *Interval* of an *Act* here,) there must be some little Pause betwixt the King's going off, and *Fluellen*'s Entring: (and therefore I have said, *Alarms continued*;) for we find by *Gower*'s first Speech, that the Soldiers had already cut their Prisoners Throats, which requir'd some Time to do. The Matter is this. The Baggage, during the Battle, (as K. *Henry* had no Men to spare,) was guarded only by Boys and Lacqueys; which some *French* Run-aways getting Notice of, they came down upon the *English* Camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plunder'd and burn'd the Baggage: in Resentment of which Villany it was, that the King, contrary to his wonted Lenity, order'd all Prisoners Throats to be cut. And to this Villany of the *French* Runaways *Fluellen* is alluding, when he says, *Kill the Poyes and the Luggage.* The Fact is set out, (as Mr. *Pope* might have observed) both by *Hall* and *Hollingshead.*

Gow.

Gow. I think, *Alexander* the great was born in *Macedon*; his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld: I warrant, that you fall find, in the compariſons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the ſituaſions, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is alſo moreover a river at *Monmouth*: it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander*'s life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth*'s life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations; and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his beſt friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſh'd. I ſpeak but in figures, and compariſons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus*, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth*, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly-doublet; he was full of jeſts and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majeſty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, *with* Bourbon *and other priſoners*; *Lords and Attendants. Flouriſh.*

K. *Henry.* I was not angry ſince I came to *France*,
Until this inſtant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,

Or void the field; they do offend our ſight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as Stones
Enforced from the old *Aſſyrian* ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have;
And not a man of them, that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Go, and tell them ſo.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my Liege.
Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. *Henry.* How now, what means their herald? know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?
Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our Princes (woe, the while!)
Lye drown'd, and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.
K. *Henry.* I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horſemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.
Mount. The day is yours.
K. *Henry.* Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength, for it!
What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?
Mount. They call it *Agincourt.*
K. *Henry.* Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus.*

Flu.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and your great uncle *Edward* the plack Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in *France*.

K. *Henry.* They did, *Fluellen.*

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true: if your Majeſties is remember'd of it, the *Welſhmen* did good ſervice in a garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majeſty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and I do believe, your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the Leek upon St. *Tavee*'s day.

K. *Henry.* I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am *Welſh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot waſh your Majeſty's *Welſh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleſs and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his grace and his majeſty too.

K. *Henry.* Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeſhu, I am your Majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it: I will confeſs it to all the orld; I need not to be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. *Henry.* God keep me ſo!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him:
[*Exeunt Heralds, with* Mountjoy.
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the King.

K. *Henry.* Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Wil. And't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. *Henry.* An *Engliſhman?*

Wil. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night; who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which

he ſwore as he was a ſoldier he would wear, (if alive) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. *Henry.* What think you, captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. *Henry.* It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackſawce, as ever his black ſhoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conſcience law.

K. *Henry.* Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Wil. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. *Henry.* Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Wil. Under captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. *Henry.* Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Wil. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Here, *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap; when *Alanſon* and my ſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanſon* and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf agriev'd at this glove; that is all: but I would fain ſee it once, an pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

K. *Henry.* Know'ſt thou *Gower?*

Flu. He is my dear friend, an pleaſe you.

K. *Henry.* Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* My lord of *Warwick* and my brother *Glo'ſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o'th' ear.
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it my ſelf. Follow, good couſin *Warwick*:
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder;
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow; and ſee, there be no harm between them.
Come you with me, uncle of *Exeter*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before K.* Henry's *Pavilion.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Wil. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleaſure, captain, I beſeech you now come apace to the King: there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Wil. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Wil. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the univerſal world, in *France* or in *England.*

Gower. How now, Sir? you villain!

Wil. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Wil. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majeſty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of *Alanſon*'s.

Enter Warwick *and* Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of *Warwick*, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his Majeſty——

Enter King Henry, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* Now now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has ſtruck the glove, which your Majeſty is take out of the helmet of *Alanſon.*

Wil. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, beggerly, lowſie knave it is; I hope, your Majeſty is pear me teſtimonies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanſon* that your Majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. *Henry.* Give me thy glove, ſoldier; look, here is the fellow of it: 'twas me, indeed, thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. *Henry.* How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Wil. All Offences, my lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* It was our ſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Wil. Your Majeſty came not like your ſelf; you appear'd to me, but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your Highneſs

neſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your Highneſs, pardon me.

K. *Henry.* Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly; hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Wil. I will none of your mony.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoes; come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful; your ſhoes is not ſo good; 'tis a good ſilling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. *Henry.* Now, *Herald*, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd *French.*

K. *Henry.* What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the King; *John* Duke of *Bourbon*, and lord *Bouchiquald*:
Of other Lords, and Barons, Knights, and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men. [*French*

K. *Henry.* This note doth tell me of ten thouſand
Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights;
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And

And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of thoſe their nobles, that lye dead,
Charles Delabreth, high conſtable of *France*;
Jaques of *Chatilion*, admiral of *France*;
The maſter of the croſs-bows, lord *Rambures*;
Great maſter of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*;
John Duke of *Alanſon*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*
The brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Bar*: Of luſty Earls,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!
Where is the number of our *Engliſh* dead?

Exe. *Edward* the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. *Henry*. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all. When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock and ev'n play of battel,
Was ever known ſo great, and little loſs,
On one part, and on th' other? take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. *Henry*. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. *Henry*. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

K. *Henry*. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te deum*:
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay;
And then to *Calais*; and to *England* then;
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe, to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them; and to ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things;
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Tow'rd *Calais:* grant him there; and there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the ſea: behold, the *Engliſh* beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea;
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way; ſo let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to *London.*
So ſwift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-heath:*
Where that his lords deſire him to have born
His bruiſed helmet, and his bended ſword,
Before him through the city; he forbids it;
Being free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride:
Giving full trophy, ſignal, and oſtent,
Quite from himſelf to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-houſe of thought,
How *London* doth pour out her citizens:
The Mayor and all his brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the ſenators of antique *Rome,*
With the *Plebeians* ſwarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cæſar* in.
As by a low, but loving likelihood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empreſs
(As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his ſword;
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more (and much more cauſe)
Did they this *Harry.* Now in *London* place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the *French*
Invites the King of *England*'s Stay at home:
The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France,*

To

To order peace between them ;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till *Harry*'s back return again to *France:*
There muſt we bring him ; and my ſelf have play'd
The int'rim, by remembring you, 'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, ſtrait back again to *France.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the* Engliſh *Camp, in* France.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

GOWER.

NAY, that's right: but why wear you your Leek to day? St. *David*'s day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, captain *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſie, pragging knave *Piſtol*, which you and your ſelf and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek. It was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap, till I ſee him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, ſwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you, aunchient *Piſtol:* you ſcurvy lowſie knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt.

Piſt. Ha! art thou bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe *Trojan*,
To have me fold up *Parca*'s fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie knave, at my deſires and my requeſts and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: becauſe, look you, you do not love it; and your affections, and your appetites, and your digeſtions, does not agree with it; I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you, [*Strikes him.*
Will you be ſo good, ſcald knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe *Trojan*, thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcald knave, when God's will is: I will deſire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is ſawce for it——— [*Strikes him*] You call'd me yeſterday mountain-Squire, but I will make you to day a Squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes, out of doubt, and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this leek, I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat and ſwear——

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have ſome more ſawce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy cudgel; thou doſt ſee, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your proken coxcomb: when you take occaſions to ſee leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that's all.

Piſt.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you ſhall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave: will you mock at an antient tradition, began upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceaſed valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak *Engliſh* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *Engliſh* cudgel; you find it otherwiſe; and henceforth let a *Welſh* correction teach you a good *Engliſh* condition: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Piſt. Doth fortune play the huſwife with me now?
News have I, that my *Dol* is dead of malady of *France*;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off:
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn;
And ſomething lean to cut-purſe of quick hand:
To *England* will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear, I got them in the *Gallia* wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, *the* French *Court, at* Trois *in* Champaigne.

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King, Queen* Iſabel, *Princeſs* Catharine, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French.

K. *Henry.* PEace to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother *France*, and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day; joy, and good wiſhes,
To our moſt fair and princely couſin *Catharine*;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,
We do ſalute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.
And, Princes *French*, and Peers, health to you all.
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face;
Moſt worthy brother *England*, fairly met!
So are you, Princes *Engliſh*, every one.
Q. *Iſa.* So happy be the iſſue, brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Againſt the *French*, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murthering baſilisks:
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,
Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels into love.
K. *Henry.* To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.
Q. *Iſa.* You *Engliſh* Princes all, I do ſalute you.
Burg. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of *France*, and *England*. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial Majeſties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your Mightineſſes on both parts can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,

You have congreeted: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from *France* too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lye on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart, (40)
Unpruned lyes; her hedges even pleach'd,
Like prisoners, wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the culter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their nurtures, grow to wildness. (41)
Even so our houses, and our selves and children
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences, that should become our country;
But grow like savages, (as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood)
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.

(40) *Her Vine*——————*Unpruned* dyes:] We must read, as Mr. *Warburton* intimated to me, *lies*: For neglect of Pruning does not kill the Vine, but causes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild; by which the requisite Nourishment is withdrawn from its Fruit.

(41) *Defective in their* Natures, *grow to Wildness.*] Quite contrary; they were not defective, but exuberant in their Natures, and crescive Faculty: only, wanting their due Cultivation, they degenerated. We must therefore read, *Nurtures*. Mr. *Warburton*.

Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are aſſembled ; and my ſpeech intreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniencies ;
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

K. *Henry.* If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited ; you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands :
Whoſe tenours and particular effects
You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them ; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. *Henry.* Well, then ; the peace,
Which you before ſo urg'd, lyes in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles ; pleaſeth your Grace
T' appoint ſome of your Council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them ; we will ſuddenly (42)
Paſs, or, accept, and peremptory anſwer.

K. *Henry.* Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and you, brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King ;
And take with you free Pow'r to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our Demands ;

(42) ——————— *we will ſuddenly*
Paſs our *accept, and peremptory anſwer.*] As the *French* King deſires more Time to conſider deliberately of the Articles, tis odd and abſurd for him to ſay abſolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly muſt mean, that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he diſlik'd, and conſign to ſuch as he approv'd of. Our Author uſes *paſs* in this manner, in other places. K. *John* ;

But if you fondly paſs *our proffer'd Love* ;

And *Othello* ;

Yet, ſurely, Caſſio, *I believe, receiv'd*
From him that fled ſome ſtrange Indignity,
Which Patience could not paſs.

Mr. Warburton.

And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. *Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. *Henry.* Yet leave our cousin *Catharine* here with us,
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. *Isa.* She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

Manent King Henry, Catharine, *and a Lady.*

K. *Henry.* Fair *Catharine*, most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak your *England.*

K. *Henry.* O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me soundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your *English* tongue. Do you like me, *Kate?*

Cath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is *like me.*

K. *Henry.* An angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il, que je suis semblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy, vrayement, (sauf voſtre grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. *Henry.* I said so, dear *Catharine*, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. *Henry.* What says she, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princes.

K. *Henry.* The Princess is the better *English* Woman. I'faith, *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy understanding; I am glad thou canst speak no better *English*, for if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain King, that thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my Crown.

Crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay, I love you; then if you urge me further than to ſay, do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i'faith, do; and ſo clap hands and a bargain; how ſay you, lady?

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me underſtand well.

K. *Henry*. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife: Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning; that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die, is true; but for thy love, by the lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, dear *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhime themſelves into ladies favours, they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhime is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, *Kate*, is the ſun and the moon; or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would'ſt have ſuch a one, take

me; take a ſoldier; take a King: and what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould love de enemy of *France?*

K. *Henry.* No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you ſhould love the friend of *France*; for I love *France* ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine; and *Kate*, when *France* is mine and I am yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vhat is dat.

K. *Henry.* No, *Kate?* I will tell thee in *French*, (which, I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off) *quand j' ay le poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous aves le poſſeſſion de moi* (let me ſee, what then? St. *Dennis* be my ſpeed!) *donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more *French:* I ſhall never move thee in *French*, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, eſt mellieur que l' Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. *Henry.* No, faith, is't not, *Kate*; but thy ſpeaking of my tongue and I thine, moſt truly falſly, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, doſt thou underſtand thus much *Engliſh?* canſt thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. *Henry.* Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate?* I'll ask them. Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, (as I have ſaving faith within me, tells me, thou ſhalt) I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: ſhall not thou and I between St. *Dennis* and St. *George*, compound a boy half *French*, half *Engliſh*, that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople*

tinople and take the *Turk* by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower-de-luce? (43)

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. *Henry.* No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe; do but now promiſe, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a boy; and for my *Engliſh* moiety, take the word of a King and a batchelor. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deeſſe.*

Cath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe Frenche enough to deceive de moſt ſage damoiſel dat is *en France.*

K. *Henry.* Now, fie upon my falſe *French*; by mine honour, in true *Engliſh* I love thee, *Kate*; by which honour I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them: but, in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Catharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs, take me by the hand and ſay, *Harry* of *England*, I am thine; which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, tho' I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſick; for thy voice is muſick, and thy *Engliſh*

(43) *That ſhall go to* Conſtantinople, *and take the* Turk *by the beard?*] The Poet is unwittingly guilty of an Anachroniſm in this paſſage; for the *Turks* were not Maſters of *Conſtantinople* till the Year 1453, (in the Beginning of *Mahomet* the II^d. his Reign,) when K. *Henry* V. had been dead 31 years.

broken: therefore Queen of all, *Catharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is, as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

K. *Henry.* Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. *Henry.* Upon that I kiſs your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. *Laiſſez, mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteure; excuſez moy, Je vous ſupplie, mon tres-puiſſant Seigneur.*

K. *Henry.* Then I will kiſs your lips, *Kate.*

Cath. *Les dames & damoiſels pour eſtre baiſées devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas le coutume de France.*

K. *Henry.* Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour les* ladies of *France*; I cannot tell, what is *baiſſer* en *Engliſh.*

K. *Henry.* To kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. *Henry.* Is it not a faſhion for the maids in *France* to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. *Ouy, vrayement.*

K. *Henry.* O *Kate*, nice cuſtoms curt'ſie to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion; we are the makers of manners, *Kate*; and the liberty, that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice faſhion of your country in denying me a kiſs; therefore patiently and yielding. [*Kiſſing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate*; there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the *French* Council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade *Harry* of *England*, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French *King and Queen, with* French *and* Engliſh *Lords.*

Burg. God ſave your Majeſty! my royal couſin, teach you our Princeſs *Engliſh?*

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *Engliſh.*

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

K. *Henry.* Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not ſmooth; ſo that having neither the voice nor the heart of Flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs. (44)

Burg. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimſon of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked ſeeing ſelf? it were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

K. *Henry.* Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they ſee not what they do.

K. *Henry.* Then, good my lord, teach your couſin to conſent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to conſent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids, well ſummer'd and warm kept, are like Flies at *Bartholomew*-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. *Henry.* This moral ties me over to time, and a hot ſummer; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flie your couſin in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

(44) *Our* Tongue *is* rough, *and my* Condition *not* ſmooth; *ſo that having neither the* Voice *nor the* Heart *of* Hatred *about me.*——] What Mock-reaſoning is here! Where the Tongue is rough and harſh, and the Diſpoſition rugged too, do not both the Voice and Heart give Suſpicion of Hatred, or, at leaſt, Diſlike? If the late Editor purpoſely departed from the Text here, he ſhould have given us his Reaſons for it: if he did not, the Deviation is no great Praiſe to his Diligence as a Collator. The Old *Folio*'s read, ——*Flattery* about me, ——which makes all eaſie and conſonant.

Burg. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. *Henry.* It is ſo; and you may ſome of you thank love for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you ſee them perſpectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. *Henry.* Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. *Henry.* I am content, ſo the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; ſo the maid, that ſtood in the way for my wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. *Henry.* Is't ſo, my lords of *England?*

Weſt. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France*, having occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your Highneſs in this form, and with this addition in *French: noſtre tres cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France:* and thus in *Latin*; *Præclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this I have not (brother) ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. *Henry.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your daughter. [raiſe up

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon, and from her blood
Iſſue to me; that theſe contending Kingdoms,
England and *France*, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet breaſts; that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt *England* and fair *France.*

Lords. Amen! [all,

K. *Henry.* Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witneſs
That here I kiſs her, as my Soveraign Queen. [*Flouriſh.*

Q. *Iſa.*

† *Frochariſſimus*

Q. *Iſa.* God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one:
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſie,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe kingdoms, (45)
To make divorce of their incorporate league:
That *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French Engliſhmen*,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen!

All. Amen.

K. *Henry.* Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept, and proſp'rous be!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough, and all-unable, pen
Our bending author hath purſu'd the ſtory; [19]
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This Star of *England.* Fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had i'th' managing,
That they loſt *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

(45) *Thruſt in between the* paſſion *of theſe Kingdoms*] The Old Folio's have it, *the pation*; which makes me believe, the Author's Word was *paction*; a Word, more proper on the occaſion of a Peace ſtruck up. A Paſſion of two Kingdoms for one another, is an odd Expreſſion. An Amity and political Harmony may be fix'd betwixt two Countries, and yet either People be far from having a Paſſion for the other.

THE

K. Henry V.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretaigne and was one of the Commissioners to receive K. Richard's abdication.

a 6 — and all at once — fall. Hammer

6. 75 K. Hen: Why now thou hast unwish'd
five thousand men.

I suppose there must be a mistake here by the negligence either of the Printer or transcriber for the Poet could hardly calculate so ill or forget the numbers so soon: Two pages before Westmorland reports the French to be 60,000 fighting men, upon which Exeter observes they are five to one of the English, Now this proportion makes the English army to be twelve thousand, we must therefore to make Shakespeare consistent with himself read here

—thou hast unwish'd twelve thousand men

or else in Exeter's speech p: 73 we must read twelve to one, but the former seems nearer the truth as it is a medium between the different accounts of Historians for Holinshead makes the English 15000 and the French 60000 Horse beside foot men &c, in all, 100,000 while Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9000, and some authors say the French army was 150,000.

c. 29. Cambr: "For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
"Although I did admit it as a motive
"The sooner to effect what I intended.
Holinshead p. 514 . from Hall observes that the Earl of Cambridge's plot to destroy the King was to the end that his Brother in Law Edmund Mortimer E. of March as heir to Lionel D. of Clarence might succede, after the death of which Earl, from diverse secret impediments not able to have issue, the E. of Cambridge was sure that the Crown should come to him by his Wife (Anne Mortimer) and to his children of her begotten, and therefore rather feigned himself to be corrupted by the French King than he would endanger the Earl of March, and perhaps his own children.

d 14 — but a'scus'd necessity
Hanmer reads
not o' course which comes nearer to the traces of the Quarto reading.

e 16 — living hence — here — Hanm:
hence is as if absent from it. W.

f 21 — though Patience be a tired Mare —
dame — Hanm:

g 37 shall hide your trespass — chide. Han:
W. gives this to Pope.

h. 60 Inverting lank lean cheeks —
Presented them —
Inwasted — Presenteth — Han:
W. reads Invest in. is invested in.

i 72 — Jymold bit ringed.

k 90 As yet the lamentation &c
Hanmer reads this passage thus
Pass o'er the lamentation of the French
In thought; the K. of Englands stay at home;
The Emp'ror's coming in behalf of France
To order peace between them; and omit
All &c.

l 94 News have I that my Doll is dead—
it should be Nell, for that is Dame
Quickly's name. see p: 21.

m 41 carry coals —
see Romeo and Juliet Vol VII. 127

n 55 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves
And on to morrow bid them march away
I think it should be pointed thus
And on to morrow; Bid them march away.
on towards Calais.

o 33 And more than carefully it us concerns &c
more than carefully is with extraordinary, or more than common care
but Mr W. changes it to more than carelessly.

W. Visor of Woncot & Barton 534. near Justice Shallow's in Gloucestershire Goodman Puff

Woodmancot and Barton (which perhaps are these places) are both in Berkeley Hundred

533 – do this, and fig me like the bragg[illegible] Spanio[illegible]

Agincourt

Engl Army. 15000 Holinsh: 9000 Walsingh: & Harding

Fr 60000 Horse beside footmen &c Dauphin not the[illegible]

in all 100000

Some say 150.000

Mortimer E of March served under H:5. in 1422 Rap: 529 and died in Ireland in 1424 542 not in Prison as Shakespear makes him His uncle Sr John was indeed Prisoner in the Tower & Executed

Winchester not made Cardinal till 1426 or after 545

Richd Nevil son in law of Rhode Mountacute E of Salisb: Alice Nevil E. Salisb: son E of Warwick by Marriage of Anne Beauchamp Da: of the E of Warwick

[illegible]

yerday yerlong

Friar Penker forced for no shame Hol 725

Vol 4 - P. 105

The powder to be all
taken to night going
to rest Thor

Mr. Edwards

p 56. — he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.
I think it should be —— and all other beasts you may call jades.

9 77 Quality, calmy, custure me ——
perhaps it should be read,
Quality call you me? construe me &c

THE

FIRST PART

OF

K. *HENRY* VIth.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Duke of Gloceſter, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of* France.
Cardinal Beaufort, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and Uncle likewiſe to the King.*
Duke of Exeter.
Duke of Somerſet.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, *his Son.*
Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards Duke of* York.
Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Sir John Faſtolfe.
Woodvile, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Sir William Glanſdale.
Sir William Lucy.
Vernon, *of the* White Roſe, *or* York *Faction.*
Baſſet, *of the* Red Roſe, *or* Lancaſter *Faction.*

Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and Titular King of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alanſon.
Baſtard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Maſter Gunner of Orleans.
Boy, his Son.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *Daughter to* Reignier, *and afterwards Queen to King* Henry.
Counteſs of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *a Maid pretending to be inſpir'd from Heaven, and ſetting up for the Championeſs of* France.
Fiends, attending her.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants both on the Engliſh *and* French.

The SCENE *is partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

The

The First Part of (1)

King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I.

SCENE, Weſtminſter-*Abbey*.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry *the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of* France; *the Duke of* Glouceſter, *Protector*; *the Duke of* Exeter, *and the Earl of* Warwick, *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and the Duke of* Somerſet.

Bedford.

HUNG be the heav'ns with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and ſtates,
Brandiſh your cryſtal treſſes in the sky;
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars,
That have conſented unto *Henry*'s death!

Henry

(1) *The* firſt *Part of K.* Henry VI.] The Hiſtorical Tranſactions, contain'd in this Play, take in the Compaſs of above 30 Years. I muſt obſerve, however, that our Author, in the three Parts of K. *Henry* VI. has

Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Glou. *England* ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deſerving to command.
His brandiſh'd ſword did blind men with its beams;
His arms ſpread wider than a Dragon's wings:
His ſparkling eyes, repleat with awful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day ſun fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He never lifted up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend:
And death's diſhonourable victory
We with our ſtately preſence glorifie,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or ſhall we think the ſubtle-witted *French*
Conj'rers and ſorc'rers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verſe have thus contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgment-day

has not been very preciſe to the Date and Diſpoſition of his Facts; but ſhuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of Time. For Inſtance; The Lord *Talbot* is kill'd at the End of the 4th Act of this Play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of *July* 1453: and the 2d Part of *Henry* VI. opens with the Marriage of the King, which was ſolemniz'd 8 Years before *Talbot*'s Death, in the Year 1445. Again, in the 2d Part, Dame *Eleanor Cobham* is introduc'd to inſult Q. *Margaret*; though her Penance and Baniſhment for Sorcery happen'd three Years before that Princeſs came over to *England*. I could point out many other Tranſgreſſions againſt Hiſtory, as far as the Order of Time is concern'd. Indeed, tho there are ſeveral Maſter-Strokes in theſe three Plays, which inconteſtibly betray the Workmanſhip of *Shakeſpeare*; yet I am almoſt doubtful, whether they were entirely of his Writing. And unleſs they were wrote by him very early, I ſhou'd rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a Director of the *Stage*; and ſo to have receiv'd ſome finiſhing Beauties at his hand, An accurate Obſerver will eaſily ſee, the *Diction* of them is more *obſolete*, and the *Numbers* more *mean* and *proſaical*, than in the Generality of his genuine Compoſitions. (C)

So

So dreadful will not be as was his ſight.
The battels of the Lord of hoſts he fought;
The church's pray'rs made him ſo proſperous.
Glou. The church? where is it? had not church-men pray'd,
His thread of life had not ſo ſoon decay'd.
None do you like but an effeminate Prince,
Whom, like a School-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Glo'ſter, whate'er we like, thou art Protector.
And lookeſt to command the Prince and realm;
Thy wife is proud; ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men, may.
Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'ſt the fleſh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.
Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe jars, and reſt your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us;
Inſtead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that *Henry*'s dead!
Poſterity await for wretched years,
When at their mothers moiſt eyes babes ſhall ſuck;
Our iſle be made a nourice of ſalt tears, (2)
And none but women left to 'wail the dead!
Henry the Fifth! thy ghoſt I invocate;
Proſper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverſe planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make, (3)
Than *Julius Cæſar*, or bright——

Enter

(2) *Our Iſle be made a* Mariſh *of ſalt Tears,*] Thus it is in both the Impreſſions by Mr. *Pope*: upon what Authority, I cannot ſay. All the old Copies read, a *Nouriſh*: and conſidering it is ſaid in the Line immediately preceding, that Babes ſhall ſuck at their Mothers moiſt Eyes, it ſeems very probable that our Author wrote, a *Nourice*: i. e. that the whole Iſle ſhould be one common *Nurſe*, or *Nouriſher*, of Tears: and thoſe be the Nouriſhment of its miſerable Iſſue. The Word, 'tis true, is purely *French*; but it had been adopted, long before our Author's Time, into our Tongue, and frequently uſed by *Chaucer*.

(3) *A far more glorious Star thy ſoul will make*
Than Julius Cæſar, *or bright*——] Whether this was a deſign'd Break of the Author's, occaſion'd by the ſudden and abrupt Entrance of the Meſſenger; or whether the latter End of the Verſe was loſt,

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all;
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,

lost, by its not being legible to the first Editors, is not very easy now to determine. Mr. *Pope* thinks (for Rhyme-sake, I suppose;) that the Poet might possibly have fill'd up the Hemistich thus;

——————*or bright Sir* Francis Drake.

But there are more Objections than one to be made to this Conjecture. In the first place, Sir *Francis Drake* did not die till the Year 1595; before which time, I believe, this Play had made its Appearance. Besides, the Poet, as he mentioned the Star of *Julius Cæsar*, must be supposed, to talk Sense in the Close of the Verse, to instance in some other deified Hero, and who had the Rule likewise of a Star. Mr. *Pope* has attempted to be smart upon me for restoring a genuine *Anachronism* to our Poet; and yet is here for foisting a fictitious one upon him, which, I dare say, the Poet never once conceiv'd in his Imagination. In all *Anachronisms*, as in other Licences of Poetry, this Rule ought certainly to be observ'd; that the Poet is to have Regard to *Verisimilitude*. But there is no *Verisimilitude*, when the *Anachronism* glares in the Face of the common People. For this Falshood is, like all other Falshoods in Poetry, to be only tolerated, where the Falshood is hid under Verisimilitude. No sober Critick ever blamed *Virgil*, for instance, for making *Dido* and *Æneas* contemporary. (Such a *Prolepsis* may be justified by the Examples of the greatest Poets of Antiquity.) But had he made *Æneas* mention *Hamilcar*, what Man in his Senses would have thought of an Excuse for him? For the Name of *Hamilcar*, tho a Foreigner, was too recent in the Acquaintance of the People; as he had for five Years together infested the Coast of *Italy*; and after that, begun the second *Punic* War upon them. The Case of our Author differs in his mentioning *Machiavel* in some of his Plays, the Action of which was earlier than that Statesman's Birth. For *Machiavel* was a Foreigner, whose Age, we may suppose, the common Audience not so well acquainted with; as being long before their time, and, indeed, very near the Time of the Action of those Plays. Besides, He having so establish'd a Reputation, in the time of our Author, amongst the Politicians; might well be suppos'd by those, who were not Chronologers, to be of much longer Standing than he was. This, therefore, was within the Rules of Licence; and if there was not Chronological Truth, there was at least Chronological Likelihood: without which a Poet goes out of his Jurisdiction, and comes under the Penalty of the Criticks Laws. I have only one further Remark to make upon the Topick in hand, and 'tis this: That where the Authority of all the Books makes the Poet commit a Blunder, (whose general Character it is, not to be very exact;) 'tis the Duty of an Editor to shew him as he is; and to detect all fraudulent tampering to make him better. But to fill up a Chasm by Conjecture, with an *Anachronism* that stares Sense out of Countenance; this, with Submission to Mr. *Pope*, *Nec homines, nec Dii, nec concessere Columnæ.*

Of loſs, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture;
Guienne, *Champaign*, and *Rheims*, and *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guyſors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite loſt.
Bed. What ſay'ſt thou, man, before dead *Henry*'s coarſe?
Speak ſoftly, or the loſs of thoſe great towns
Will make him burſt his lead, and riſe from death.
Glou. Is *Paris* loſt, and *Roan* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yield the ghoſt.
Exe. How were they loſt? what treachery was us'd?
Meſſ. No treachery, but want of men and mony.
Amongſt the ſoldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain ſev'ral factions;
And whilſt a field ſhould be diſpatch'd and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring wars with little coſt;
Another would fly ſwift, but wanteth wings:
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *Engliſh* nobility!
Let not ſloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the Flower-de-luces in your Arms,
Of *England*'s Coat one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
Theſe tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
Give me my ſteeled coat, I'll fight for *France*.
Away with theſe diſgraceful, wailing robes;
Wounds I will lend the *French*, inſtead of eyes,
To weep their intermiſſive miſeries.

Enter to them another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſſ.* Lords, view theſe letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is revolted from the *Engliſh* quite,
Except ſome petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*,
The baſtard *Orleans* with him is join'd:
Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth take his part,
The Duke of *Alanſon* flies to his ſide. [*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Glo'ster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I mustered in my thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

Enter a Third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry*'s hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown.
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *August* last, this dreadful lord
Retiring from the siege of *Orleans*,
Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the *French*
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluckt out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly;
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot* above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
The *French* exclaim'd, the devil was in arms!
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A *Talbot! Talbot!* cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battel.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir *John Fastolfe* had not play'd the coward; (4)*

He

* (4) *If Sir* John Falstaffe] Mr. *Pope* has taken Notice, in a Note upon the third Act of this Play, "That *Falstaffe* is here introduc'd again, "who

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroak.
Hence grew the gen'ral wrack and maſſacre;
Encloſed were they with their enemies.
A baſe *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a ſpear into the back;
Whom all *France* with her chief aſſembled ſtrength
Durſt not preſume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* ſlain then? I will ſlay my ſelf,
For living idly here in pomp and eaſe;
Whilſt ſuch a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Meſſ.* O no, he lives, but is took priſoner,
And lord *Scales* with him, and lord *Hungerford*;
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or took likewiſe.

Bed. His ranſom there is none but I ſhall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His Crown ſhall be the ranſom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my maſters, to my task will I;
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. *George*'s feaſt withal.
Ten thouſand ſoldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Meſſ.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is beſieg'd;
The *Engliſh* army is grown weak and faint:

" who was dead in *Henry* V; the Occaſion whereof is, that this Play " was written before *Henry* IV. or *Henry* V." This ſeems to me but an idle piece of Criticiſm. It is the Hiſtorical Sir *John Faſtolfe*, (for ſo he is call'd by both our Chroniclers) that is here mention'd; who was a Lieutenant-General in the Wars with *France*, Deputy Regent to the Duke of *Bedford* in *Normandy*, and a *Knight* of the *Garter*: and not the *Comic* Character afterwards introduced by our Author; and which was a Creature merely of his own Brain. Nor, when he nam'd him *Falſtaffe*, do I believe, he had any Intention of throwing a Slur on the Memory of this renowned old Warrior. Eſpecially, if the Tradition be true, that this humorous Character was at firſt call'd *Oldcaſtle* by our Author; and afterwards chang'd to *Falſtaffe*, upon a Repreſentation made to Queen *Elizabeth*; ſome of the *Oldcaſtles* ſurviving, who thought themſelves aggriev'd in that Character bearing the Name of their Family.

The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny;
Since they so few watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to *Henry* sworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoak.
Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit* Bedford.
Glou. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and amunition;
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.
Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his ſpecial governor;
And for his ſafety there I'll beſt deviſe. [*Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out: for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be thus out of office:
The King from *Eltam* I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of publick weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *before* Orleans *in* France.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reignier, *marching with a drum and Soldiers.*

Char. MARS his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns, (5)
So in the earth to this day is not known.
Late, did he ſhine upon the *Engliſh* ſide:
Now we are victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?

(5) Mars *his true moving,*] Our Poet, in an hundred Paſſages of his Works, has ſhewn us his Acquaintance with *judicial Aſtrology*; he here gives us a Glimpſe of his Knowledge in *Aſtronomy*. The Revolutions of the Planet *Mars* were not found out till the beginning of the 17th Century. *Kepler*, I think, was the Perſon, who firſt gave Light to Diſcovery upon this Subject, from the Obſervations of *Ticho-Brahe*, in his Treatiſe *De Motibus Stellæ* Martis: of which Treatiſe I have ſeen no earlier Edition than that from *Frankfort* publiſh'd in 1609; at leaſt 15 years, if not more, after the Appearance of this Play.

At

At pleaſure here we lye near *Orleans:*
Tho ſtill the famiſh'd *Engliſh*, like pale ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one hour in a month.
Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat Bull-beeves;
Either they muſt be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths;
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.
Reign. Let's raiſe the ſiege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall;
Nor men, nor mony, hath he to make war.
Char. Sound, ſound alarum: we will ruſh on them:
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French:*
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me;
When he ſees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here Alarm, they are beaten back by the* Engliſh *with great loſs.*

Re-Enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reignier.

Char. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, cowards, daſtards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a deſp'rate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.
Alan. Froyſard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,
During the time *Edward* the Third did reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Sampſons* and *Goliaſſes*
It ſendeth forth to skirmiſh; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd raſcals! who would e'er ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacity! [ſlaves,
Char. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forſake the ſiege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do:
By my consent we'll e'en let them alone.
Alan. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Dau. Bastard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision, sent to her from heav'n,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege;
And drive the *English* forth the bounds of *France*.
The spirit of deep prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibylls* of old *Rome*: (6)
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.
Dau. Go, call her in; but first to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?
Pucel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind,
I know thee well, tho never seen before.
Be not amaz'd: there's nothing hid from me:

(6) *Exceeding the nine* Sibylls *of old* Rome.] Either the Poet is forgetful here of Tradition, or purposely gives himself a Latitude of Expression. The *Cumæan Sibyll* is the only one supposed to have visited *Italy*; and she it was, according to some Authors, who brought the *nine* Volumes of *Sibylline* Oracles to *Tarquinius Superbus*. To this Fable, no doubt, our Author here alludes.

In

In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.
Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a ſhepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.
Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender lambs,
And to ſun's parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a viſion full of majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſs.
In compleat glory ſhe reveal'd her ſelf;
And, whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe clear rays which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſt with, which you ſee.
Ask me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
Dau. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In ſingle combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true;
Otherwiſe, I renounce all confidence.
Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd ſword,
Deck'd with fine Flow'r-de-luces on each ſide;
The which, at *Tourain* in St. *Catharine*'s church,
Out of a deal of old iron I choſe forth.
Dau. Then come o' God's name, for I fear no woman.
Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle *overcomes.*
Dau. Stay, ſtay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*;
And fighteſt with the ſword of *Debora.*
Pucel. Chriſt's mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Dau. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd;
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not Soveraign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.
Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alan. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans* or no?
Pucel. Why, no, I say; distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp, for I'll be your guard.
Dau. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint *Martin*'s summer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it self,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With *Henry*'s death the *English* circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bore at once.
Dau. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen the mother of great *Constantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip*'s daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of *Venus*, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee?

Alan.

Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the ſiege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honours;
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.
Dau. Preſently try: come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I truſt, if ſhe proves falſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Tower-*gates*, *in* London.

Enter Glouceſter, *with his Serving-men.*

Glou. I AM this day come to ſurvey the *Tower*;
Since *Henry*'s death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be theſe warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. 'Tis *Glouceſter*, that calls.
1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh ſo imperiouſly?
1 *Man.* It is the noble Duke of *Glouceſter*.
2 *Ward.* Who e'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Man.* Villains, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! ſo we anſwer him;
We do no otherwiſe than we are will'd.
Glou. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands, but mine?
There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghil grooms?

Glouceſter's *men ruſh at the* Tower-*gates*, *and* Woodvile *the Lieutenant ſpeaks within.*

Wood. What noiſe is this? what traitors have we here?
Glou. Lieutenant, is it you, whoſe voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's *Glo'ſter*, that would enter.
Wood. Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of *Wincheſter* forbids;
From him I have expreſs commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, ſhall be let in.
Glou. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Wincheſter*, that haughty prelate,
Whom *Henry*, our late Soveraign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the gate, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.

Serv.

Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector;
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower *gates,* Winchester *and his men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious *Humphrey*, what means this? (7)

[124] *Glou.* Piel'd Priest, dost thou command me be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the King or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'd'st to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgencies to sin; (8)
I'll canvass thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

(7) *How now, ambitious* umpire, *what means this?*] This Reading has obtain'd in all the Editions since the 2d *Folio*. The first *Folio* has it, *Umpheir*. It is observable that, in both, the Word is distinguish'd in *Italicks*. But why, *Umpire?* Or of What? *Glocester* was Protector of the Realm in the King's Minority, but not an Umpire in any particular Matter that we know of. The Traces of the Letters, and the Word being printed originally in *Italicks*, convince me, that the Duke's Christian Name lurk'd under this Corruption. I have therefore ventur'd to restore it in the Text: and *Glocester* is not so seldom as 50 times call'd *Humphrey* in this and the succeeding Play.

(8) *Thou, that giv'st Whores*] The Brothel-houses, or *Stews*, which were of old licens'd on the *Bankside* at *Southwark*, were within the District, and under the Jurisdiction, of the Bishop of *Winchester*. To this our Poet has again alluded in the last Speech of his *Troilus* and *Cressida*:

——— ——— *but that my Fear is this,*
Some galled Goose *of* Winchester *would hiss.*

For the Venereal Tumour, call'd a *Winchester-goose*, deriv'd its Name from that Bishop giving Dispensations to Strumpets. Nor were Harlots alone permitted to exercise their Function at the *Bankside*; but Male-Bauds were likewise indulg'd to keep publick Houses for the Reception of such Cattle. And these became so infamous, that in the 11th Year of *Henry* VI. we find, a Statute was made, That none, who dwelt at the Stews in *Southwark*, should be impannell'd in Juries, nor keep any Inn, or Tavern, but there. These Stews, in the 37th Year of King *Henry* VIII. (*Anno* 1546) were, by Proclamation and Sound of Trumpet, suppress'd; and the Houses let to People of Reputation, and honest Callings.

Win.

Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be *Damaſcus*, be thou curſed *Cain*, (9)
To ſlay thy brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
Glou. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy ſcarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll uſe to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do, what thou dar'ſt; I beard thee to thy face.
Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Prieſt, beware thy beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my feet I'll ſtamp thy Cardinal's hat:
In ſpight of Pope or dignities of Church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Glo'ſter, thou'lt anſwer this before the Pope.
Glou. Wincheſter Gooſe! I cry, a rope, a rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats; out, ſcarlet hypocrite!

Here Glouceſter's *men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of* London, *and his Officers.*

Mayor. Fy, Lords; that you, being ſupreme magiſtrates,
Thus contumelioufly ſhould break the peace!
Glou. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the *Tower* to his uſe.
Win. Here's *Glo'ceſter* too, a foe to citizens,
One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.

(9) *This be* Damaſcus,] About 4 Miles from *Damaſcus* is a high Hill, reported to be the ſame on which *Cain* kill'd his brother *Abel*. Maundr. *Trav.* p. 131.

Glou.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst.

All manner of men assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you in his Highness's name, to repair to your several dwelling places, and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger henceforward, upon pain of Death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and tell our minds at large.
Win. *Glo'ster*, we'll meet to thy dear cost, be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glou. Mayor, farewel: thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable *Glo'ster*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it, ere be long. [*Exeunt.*
Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I my self fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Orleans *in* France.

Enter the Master-gunner of Orleans, *and his Boy.*

M. Gun. SIRRA, thou know'st how *Orleans* is besieg'd,
And how the *English* have the suburbs won.
Boy. Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Master-gunner am I of this town,
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's 'spials have informed me,
The *English*, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Went thro' a secret grate of iron bars,

In

In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city;
And thence diſcover how, with moſt advantage,
They may vex us, with ſhot or with aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ord'nance 'gainſt it I have plac'd;
And fully ev'n theſe three days have I watch'd,
If I could ſee them. Now, Boy, do thou watch.
For I can ſtay no longer. ——
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word,
And thou ſhalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may ſpy them.

Enter Salisbury *and* Talbot *on the turrets, with others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being priſoner?
Or by what means got'ſt thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of *Bedford* had a priſoner,
Called the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile.*
For him was I exchang'd, and ranſomed.
But with a baſer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I diſdaining ſcorn'd, and craved death,
Rather than I would be ſo vilde eſteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was, as I deſir'd.
But O, the treach'rous *Faſtolfe* wounds my heart;
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my pow'r.

Sal. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With ſcoffs and ſcorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick ſpectacle to all.
Here, ſaid they, is the terror of the *French*;
The ſcare-crow, that affrights our children ſo.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others fly;
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden death.

In

In iron walls they deem'd me not ſecure:
So great a fear my name amongſt them ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd, I could rend bars of ſteel;
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choſen ſhot I had;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, *with a Linſtock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in *Orleans:*
Here thro' this grate I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortify:
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glanſdale*,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our batt'ry next?

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there ſtand lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For ought I ſee this city muſt be famiſh'd,
Or with light skirmiſhes enfeebled.

[*Here they ſhoot, and* Salisbury *falls down.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched ſinners.

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man.

Tal. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſt us?
Speak, *Salisbury*; at leaſt, if thou canſt ſpeak;
How far'ſt thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off!
Accurſed tow'r, accurſed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battels *Salisbury* o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he firſt train'd to the wars.
Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.
Yet liv'ſt thou, *Salisbury?* tho thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt to look to heav'n for grace.
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heav'n, be thou gracious to none alive,

If

If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto *Talbot*; nay, look up to him.
O *Salisb'ry*, chear thy ſpirit with this comfort,
Thou ſhalt not die, while——
——He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me,
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet, I will; and *Nero*-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched ſhall *France* be only in my name.
[*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*
What ſtir is this? what tumult's in the heav'ns?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noiſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, my lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin* with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy propheteſs new riſen up,
Is come with a great power to raiſe the ſiege.
[*Here* Salisbury *lifteth himſelf up, and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you.
Pucelle or *Puſſel*, *Dauphin* or *Dog-fiſh*,
Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my Horſes heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what daſtard *Frenchmen* dare.
[*Alarum. Exeunt, bearing* Salisbury *and Sir* Thomas Gargrave *out.*

Here an alarm again; and Talbot *purſueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving* Engliſhmen *before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our *Engliſh* troops retire, I cannot ſtay them:
A woman, clad in armour, chaſeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here, she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch;
And straitway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I, that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Pucel. Talbot, farewel, thy hour is not yet come,
I must go victual *Orleans* forthwith.

A short alarum. Then enter the town with soldiers.

O'ertake me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, chear up thy hunger-starved men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit* Pucelle.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.
So Bees with smoak, and Doves with noisom stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driv'n away.
They call'd us for our fierceness *English* dogs,
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lions out of *England*'s Coat;
Renounce your soil, give Sheep in Lions stead:
Sheep run not half so tim'rous from the Wolf,
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Here another Skirmish.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto *Salisbury*'s death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,
In spight of us, or ought that we could do,

O, would I were to die with *Salisbury!*
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit* Talbot.
[*Alarum, Retreat, Flouriſh.*

Enter on the Wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alanſon, *and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
Reſcu'd is *Orleans* from the *Engliſh* Wolves:
Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.
Dau. Divineſt creature, bright *Aſtrea*'s daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs!
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis*' Garden, (10)
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious propheteſs!

(10) *Thy Promiſes are like* Adonis' *Garden,*] This is a piece of poetical Hiſtory, which, I own, I have not been able to trace. *Alcinous*'s Garden, in the *Odyſſey,* has ſomething in it, I know, that might countenance this *Simile* of our Author. "*There a perpetual* Zephyr *blowing,* "*ſome Fruits bloſſom'd, others were ripen'd, by it.*"

——————ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ
Ζεφυρίη πνείουσα τὰ μὲν φύει, ἄλλα δὲ πέσσει.

But our Poet ſpeaks here *locally* of *Adonis*'s Garden, as *Homer* there does of *Alcinous*'s: for which I can find no Warrant in any antient Writer. We read, 'tis true, of Ἀδώνιδος κῆποι, but they were *moveable Gardens* in Machine, and not capable of ſuch Improvements. In the Feſtival celebrated to the Memory of *Adonis,* his Image was carried in Pomp; as were alſo certain *Shells,* or Veſſels, fill'd with Earth, in which ſeveral ſorts of Grain and Herbs were ſown, eſpecially Lettices: becauſe *Adonis* was thought to have been laid out by *Venus* upon a Bed of Lettices. This Plantation was made ſo long before the Feſtival, as to ſprout forth, and be green at that time. *Theocritus,* I remember, deſcribing *Arſinoe, Ptolemy*'s Queen, in her Celebration of this Feſtival, takes notice that ſhe had prepar'd theſe *Gardens* of *Adonis* in ſilver Flaskets:

Πὰρ δ' ἀπαλοὶ Κᾶποι πεφυλαγμένοι ἐν ταλαρίσκοις
Ἀργυρέοις.

This Species of *portable Gardens* in Honour of *Adonis* (a Superſtition, that has been variouſly explain'd;) is mentioned by *Theophraſtus, Ariſtotle, Plato, Pauſanias, Athenæus, Euſtathius,* and a Croud of Authors more, who are quoted by *Caſtellanus,* and *Meurſius* in his *Græcia Feriata.* To any other Garden belonging to *Adonis,* I am utterly a ſtranger. What Author our *Shakeſpeare* traded with for this Hint, I cannot pretend to ſay: nor dare I, on the other hand, aſſert, that his Mind was on *Alcinous,* tho his Copies all exhibit *Adonis.* *See page the laſt of this Volume.*

Recover'd is the town of *Orleans*;
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befal our ſtate.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets;
To celebrate the joy, that God hath giv'n us.
Alan. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.
Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my Crown with her;
And all the prieſts and friers in my realm
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſs praiſe.
A ſtatelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope*'s or *Memphis* ever was!
In memory of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her aſhes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of *Darius*, (11)
Tranſported ſhall be at high feſtivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on St. *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* ſhall be *France*'s Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

(11) ——*Coffer of* Darius] When *Alexander* the Great took the City *Gaza*, the Metropolis of *Syria*, amidſt the other Spoils and Wealth of *Darius* treaſur'd up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little Cheſt, or Casket. Having ſurvey'd the ſingular Rarity of it, and ask'd thoſe about him what they thought fitteſt to be laid up in it; when they had ſeverally deliver'd their Opinions, he told them, He eſteem'd nothing ſo worthy to be preſerv'd in it as *Homer*'s *Iliads*. Vide *Plutarchum* in Vitâ *Alexand. Magni*.

ACT II.

SCENE, *before* Orleans.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

SERJEANT.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noiſe or ſoldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by ſome apparent ſign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you ſhall. Thus are poor ſervitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy, *with ſcaling ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach the regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy* are friends to us;
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful ſorcery.

Bed. Coward of *France*; how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own arms fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Pucelle*, whom they term ſo pure?

Tal. A maid, they ſay.

Bed. A maid? and be ſo martial?

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the *French*
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conqu'ring name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. I to this.
Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now, *Salisbury!* for thee and for the right
Of *English Henry*, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Cent. [*within.*] Arm, arm; the enemy doth make assault.
[*The* English, *scaling the Walls, Cry, St.* George! *A* Talbot!

The French *leap o'er the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard,* Alanson, Reignier, *half ready and half unready.*

Alan. How now, my lords? what all unready so?
Bast. Unready? I, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds;
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alan. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.
Bast. I think, this *Talbot* is a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heav'ns, sure, favour him.
Alan. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles *and* Joan.

Bast. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defensive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make

Make us partakers of a little gain;
That now our loſs might be ten times as much?
Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my pow'r alike?
Sleeping, or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident ſoldiers, had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fal'n.
Char. Duke of *Alanſon*, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alan. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.
Baſt. Mine was ſecure.
Reig. And ſo was mine, my lord.
Char. And for my ſelf, moſt part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels.
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?
Pucel. Queſtion, my lords, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure, they found ſome part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,
To gather our ſoldiers, ſcatter'd and diſperſt,
And lay new platforms to endamage them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *within the Walls of* Orleans.

Alarum. *Enter a Soldier crying, a* Talbot! *a* Talbot! *they fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sol. I'LL be ſo bold to take what they have left:
The cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a ſword,
For I have loaden me with many ſpoils,
Uſing no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the market place,
The middle centre of this curs'd town.
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul:
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at least five *Frenchmen* dy'd to night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corps shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the Sack of *Orleans*;
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to *France*.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Arc*,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. My self, as far as I could well discern
For smoak and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure, I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull:
When, arm in arm, they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords; which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of *France?*

Tal.

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would ſpeak with him?
Meſſ. The virtuous lady, Counteſs of *Auvergne*,
With modeſty, admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great lord, thou would'ſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor Caſtle where ſhe lyes;
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the man,
Whoſe glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it ev'n ſo? nay, then, I ſee, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comick ſport;
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my lord, deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.
Tal. Ne'er truſt me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindneſs over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly, that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it ſaid, unbidden gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, ſince there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courteſy.
Come hither, captain; you perceive my mind. [*Whiſpers.*
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Counteſs of* Auvergne's *Caſtle.*

Enter the Counteſs, and her Porter.

Count. PORTER, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you've done ſo, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus'* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his atchievements of no leſs account:
Fain would mine eyes be witneſs with mine ears,
To give their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship
By message crav'd, so is lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome; what! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of *France?*
Is this the *Talbot* so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes? (12)
I see, report is fabulous and false.
I thought, I should have seen some *Hercules*;
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should strike such terror in his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [goes.
Count. What means he now? Go ask him, whither he
Mess. Stay, my lord *Talbot*; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certifie her, *Talbot*'s here.

Enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Pris'ner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord:
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

(12) *That with his* Name *the* Mothers still their Babes?] This Description of the Terror, which *Talbot* struck into the *French*, seems to me to be ridicul'd by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *Burning Pestle*, in which several other passages of our Author are sneer'd at:

We'll fear *our* Children *with* him;
If they be never so unruly, do but cry,
Ralph *comes!* Ralph *comes!* to them;
And they'll be as quiet as Lambs.

For

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chain theſe legs and arms of thine,
That haſt by tyranny theſe many years
Waſted our country, ſlain our citizens,
And ſent our ſons and husbands captivate.
Tal. Ha, ha, ha. [moan.
Count. Laugheſt thou, wretch? thy mirth ſhall turn to
Tal. I laugh to ſee your ladyſhip ſo fond,
To think, that you have aught but *Talbot*'s ſhadow
Whereon to practiſe your ſeverity.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Tal. I am, indeed.
Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his horn; drums ſtrike up; a peal of Ordnance. Enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, Madam? are you now perſuaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns;
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe;
I find, thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath;
For, I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only with your patience that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* London, *in the* Temple *garden.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, *and others.*

Plan. GReat lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th' error?
Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of *Warwick*, then between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any pur-blind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparell'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me.
Sum. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white roſe with *Plantagenet.*
Suf. I pluck this red roſe with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withal, I think, he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good maſter *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red;
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt;
And keep me on the ſide, where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, come on; who elſe?
Lawyer. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument, you held, was wrong in you;
[*To* Somerſet.
In ſign whereof I pluck a white roſe too.
Plan. Now, *Somerſet*, where is your argument?

Som.

Som. Here in my ſcabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white roſe to a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No, *Plantagenet*,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame to counterfeit our Roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy Roſe a canker, *Somerſet?*
Som. Hath not thy Roſe a thorn, *Plantagenet?*
Plan. Ay, ſharp and piercing to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſhood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding Roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeen.
Plan. Now by this maiden bloſſom in my hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy Faction, peeviſh boy. (13)
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, *Plantagenet.*
Plan. Proud *Pool*, I will; and ſcorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool!*
We grace the Yeoman by converſing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet.*
His grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*,
Third ſon to the third *Edward* King of *England:*
Spring creſtleſs Yeomen from ſo deep a root?

(13) *I ſcorn thee and thy* paſſion, *peeviſh boy.*] The old Copies read, *Faſhion:* which the Epithet *peeviſh*, I preſume, induc'd Mr. *Pope* to change into *Paſſion*. But I dare ſay, I have reſtor'd the true Word, *Faction:* i. e. I ſcorn thee, and thoſe that uphold thee. *Somerſet* had ſaid but juſt before,

Well, I'll find Friends *to wear my bleeding Roſes.*

And *Plantagenet* ſays a little after;

——— *this pale and angry Roſe*
Will I for ever and my Faction *wear;*

Beſides, if *Faction* were not the true Reading, why ſhould *Suffolk* immediately reply,

Turn not thy Scorns this way, Plantagenet?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom.
Was not thy father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For treaſon headed in our late King's days?
And by his treaſon ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from antient gentry?
His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker *Pool*, and you your ſelf,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To ſcourge you for this reprehenſion; (14)
Look to it well, and ſay, you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill,
And know us by theſe colours for thy foes:
For theſe my friends, in ſpight of thee, ſhall wear.
Plan. And by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farewel, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, *Pool:* farewel, ambitious *Richard.* [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object againſt your houſe,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,

(14) *To ſcourge you for this* Apprehenſion.] Tho' this Word poſſeſſes all the Copies, I am perſwaded, it did not come from the Author. I have ventur'd to read, *Reprehenſion:* and *Plantagenet* means, that *Somerſet* had *reprehended* or reproach'd him with his Father the Earl of *Cambridge*'s Treaſon. * *i.e. Opinion. Warb:*

Call'd

Call'd for the truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud *Somerset* and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesie; this brawl to day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good master *Vernon*, I am bound to you;
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Lawyer. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Prison.*

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a chair, and jailors.*

Mor. KIND keepers of my weak decaying age, (15)
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:

(15) This *Edmund Mortimer*, when K. *Richard* II. set out upon his fatal *Irish* Expedition, was declared by that Prince Heir Apparent to the Crown: for which Reason K. *Henry* IV. and V. took Care to keep him in Prison during their whole Reigns. *Mortimer*'s Pretensions to the Crown, by Descent, in Right of his Mother, stood thus.

King *Edward* III.
|
Lionel, Duke of *Clarence*.
|
Philippa, (who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.)
|
Roger, Earl of *March*.
|
Edmund Mortimer.

And

And theſe grey locks, the purſuivants of death,
Neſtor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
Theſe eyes, like lamps whoſe waſting oil is ſpent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
Weak ſhoulders over-born with burthening grief,
And pithleſs arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his ſapleſs branches to the ground:
Yet are theſe feet, whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is numb,
(Unable to ſupport this lump of clay)
Swift-winged with deſire to get a grave;
As witting, I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

Keep. *Richard Plantagenet*, my lord, will come;
We ſent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my ſoul then ſhall be ſatisfy'd.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reign,
(Before whoſe glory I was great in arms,)
This loathſom ſequeſtration have I had;
And, ev'n ſince then, hath *Richard* been obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of deſpairs,
Juſt death, kind umpire of men's miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence.
I would, his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt!

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

Plan. I, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his boſom ſpend my lateſt gaſp.
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks;
That I may kindly give one fainting kiſs.
And now declare, ſweet ſtem from *York*'s great ſtock,
Why didſt thou ſay, of late thou wert deſpis'd?

Plan.

Plan. First, lean thine aged back againſt mine arm,
And in that eaſe I'll tell thee my Diſeaſe.
This day, in argument upon a caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Amongſt which terms he us'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy ſet bars before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's ſake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance ſake, declare the cauſe
My father Earl of *Cambridge* loſt his head.

Mor. This cauſe, fair nephew, that impriſon'd me;
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathſome dungeon there to pine,
Was curſed inſtrument of his deceaſe.

Plant Diſcover more at large what cauſe that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot gueſs.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit;
And death approach not, ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his couſin *Richard*, *Edward*'s ſon;
The firſt-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that deſcent.
During whoſe reign the *Percies* of the north,
Finding his uſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reaſon mov'd theſe warlike lords to this,
Was, for that young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third ſon
To the Third *Edward*; whereas *Bolingbroke*
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroick Line.
But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir;
I loſt my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth

After his father *Bolingbroke* did reign,
Thy father, Earl of *Cambridge*, (then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my ſiſter, that thy mother was ;)
Again in pity of my hard diſtreſs
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And re-inſtal me in the Diadem :
But as the reſt, ſo fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the title reſted, were ſuppreſt.
Plan. Of which, my lord, your Honour is the laſt.
Mor. True ; and thou ſeeſt, that I no iſſue have ;
And that my fainting words do warrant death :
Thou art my heir ; the reſt I wiſh thee gather :
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.
Plan. Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with me :
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing leſs than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With ſilence, nephew, be thou politick :
Strong-fixed is the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence ;
As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſettled place.
Plan. O uncle, would ſome part of my young years
Might but redeem the paſſage of your age ! [doth,
Mor. Thou doſt then wrong me, as that ſlaught'rer
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good ;
Only give order for my funeral.
And ſo farewel ; and fair befall thy hopes, (16)
And proſp'rous be thy life, in peace and war ! [*Dies.*

(16) ——— *and fair* be all *thy Hopes,*] *Mortimer* knew *Plantagenet*'s Hopes were fair, but that the Eſtabliſhment of the *Lancaſtrian* Line diſappointed them : ſure, he would wiſh, that his Nephew's fair Hopes might have a fair Iſſue ; and this the Reſtitution of a ſingle Letter, which might eaſily have dropt out at Preſs, will give us ; as, I am perſwaded, the Poet wrote ;

——— *and*

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And, like a hermit, over-past thy days.
Well; I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence; and I my self
Will see his burial better than his life.
Here dies the dusky torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak'd with ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not but with honour to redress.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my Ill th' advantage of my Good. (17) [*Exit.*

——*and fair* befall *thy Hopes!*

So, in *Love's Labour's lost*;

Bir. *Now fair* befall *your Mask!*

Rosa. *Fair* fall *the Face, it covers!*

And so *Falconbridge* in K. *John*;

Fair fall *the Bones, that took the Pains for me!*

Besides, the first Line of *Plantagenet*'s Reply to *Mortimer* confirms my Emendation:

And Peace, no War, befall *thy parting Soul!*

(17) *Or make my* Will *th' Advantage of my Good.*] So all the printed Copies: but with very little regard to the Poet's Meaning. What was *Plantagenet*'s *Will*, but to be restor'd to his Blood? The Conjunction disjunctive therefore here is absurd and ungrammatical. Besides, I dare say, a *Contrast* was design'd in the Terms, which is lost by the Corruption of the Text. I restore, only throwing out a single Letter,

Or make my Ill *th' Advantage of my* Good.

Thus we recover the *Antithesis* of the Expression; and the disjunctive becomes proper and necessary to the Meaning. "Either I will pro-" cure the Honours of my Blood to be restor'd; or my *Misfortune*, my " Hardship in being refused this, shall at least gain me Friends, and " turn to my Advantage."

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Parliament.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and* Richard Plantagenet; Glouceſter *offers to put up a Bill:* Wincheſter *ſnatches it, and tears it.*

WINCHESTER.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly devis'd?
Humphrey of *Glo'ſter*, if thou can'ſt accuſe,
Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention ſuddenly;
As I with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object.

Glou. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place commands my patience;
Or thou ſhould'ſt find, thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
Think not, altho in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outragious crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen.
No, Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy leud, peſtif'rous, and diſſentious pranks,
The very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious uſurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy profeſſion and degree.
And for thy treach'ry, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a trap to take my life,
As well at *London-Bridge*, as at the *Tower*.

Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The King thy Soveraign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.
Win. Glo'ſter, I do defie thee. Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, perverſe, ambitious,
As he will have me; how am I ſo poor?
How haps it then, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe my ſelf? but keep my wonted Calling.
And for diſſention, who preferreth peace
More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good lords, it is not That offends;
It is not That, which hath incens'd the Duke:
It is, becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he;
No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
And That engenders thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know, I am as good——
Glou. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am not I then Protector, ſawcy prieſt?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?
Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a caſtle keeps,
And uſeth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unrev'rend *Glo'ſter!*
Glou. Thou art reverend
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This *Rome* ſhall remedy.
War. Roam thither then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, ſee, the Biſhop be not over-born:
Som. Methinks, my lord ſhould be religious;
And know the office that belongs to ſuch.
War. Methinks, his lordſhip ſhould be humbler then,
It fitteth not a prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.
War. State, holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich.

Rich. Plantagenet, I ſee, muſt hold his tongue;
Leaſt it be ſaid, 'Speak, ſirrah, when you ſhould;
'Muſt your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Elſe would I have a fling at *Wincheſter*.

K. *Henry*. Uncles of *Glo'ſter*, and of *Wincheſter*,
The ſpecial watchmen of our *Engliſh* weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a ſcandal is it to our Crown,
That two ſuch noble peers, as ye, ſhould jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diſſention is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the Common-wealth.

[*A noiſe within*; Down with the tawny coats.

K. *Henry*. What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun thro' malice of the Biſhop's men.

[*A noiſe again*, Stones, Stones.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh, my good lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the city *London*, pity us;
The Biſhop and the Duke of *Glo'ſter*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble ſtones;
And, banding themſelves in contrary parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry ſtreet,
And we for fear compell'd to ſhut our ſhops.

Enter, in Skirmiſh, with bloody pates.

K. *Henry*. We charge you on allegiance to our ſelves,
To hold your ſlaught'ring hands, and keep the peace:
Pray, uncle *Glo'ſter*, mitigate this ſtrife.

1 *Serv*. Nay, if we be forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv*. Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.

[*Skirmiſh again.*

Glou. You of my houſhold, leave this peeviſh broil ;
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.
3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Juſt and upright ; and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but to his Majeſty :
And ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kind a father of the Common-weal,
To be diſgraced by an Inkhorn mate ;
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight :
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.
1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Begin again.*
Glou. Stay, ſtay, I ſay ;
And if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear awhile.
K. *Henry.* O, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!
Can you, my lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent ?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not ?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?
War. My lord Protector, yield : yield, *Wincheſter* ;
Except you mean with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your Soveraign, and deſtroy the Realm.
You ſee, what miſchief, and what murther too,
Hath been enacted thro' your enmity :
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.
Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.
Glou. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoop ;
Or I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that priviledge of me.
War. Behold, my lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern and tragical ?
Glou. Here, *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my hand.
K. *Henry.* Fie, uncle *Beauford :* I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous ſin :

And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the ſame?
War. Sweet King! the Biſhop hath a kindly gird:
For ſhame, my lord of *Wincheſter*, relent;
What, ſhall a child inſtruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of *Glo'ſter*, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
Glou. Ay, but I fear me with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token ſerveth for a flag of truce.
Betwixt our ſelves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I diſſemble not!
Win. [*Aſide.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
K. *Henry.* O loving uncle, gentle Duke of *Glo'ſter*,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my maſters, trouble us no more;
But join in friendſhip, as your lords have done.
1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the ſurgeon's.
2 *Serv.* So will I.
3 *Serv.* And I'll ſee what phyſick the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt.*
War. Accept this ſcrowl, moſt gracious Soveraign,
Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your Majeſty.
Glou. Well urg'd, my lord of *Warwick*; For, ſweet Prince,
An if your Grace mark ev'ry circumſtance,
You have great reaſon to do *Richard* right:
Eſpecially, for thoſe occaſions
At *Eltham* place I told your Majeſty.
K. *Henry.* And thoſe occaſions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his blood.
War. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his blood,
So ſhall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Wincheſter*.
K. *Henry.* If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the houſe of *York*;
From whence you ſpring by lineal deſcent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And faithful service, till the point of death. [foot.
K. *Henry.* Stoop then, and set your knee against my
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant Sword of *York.*
Rise, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *York.*
Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy Foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Majesty!
All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York!*
Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York!*
[*Aside.*
Glou. Now will it best avail your Majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in *France:*
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies. [goes;
K. *Henry.* When *Glo'ster* says the word, King *Henry*
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glou. Your ships already are in readiness. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love;
And will at last break out into a flame.
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away;
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of ev'ry sucking babe;
That *Henry*, born at *Monmouth*, should win all;
And *Henry*, born at *Windsor*, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Roan *in* France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *disguis'd, and four Soldiers with Sacks upon their backs.*

Pucel. THESE are the city-gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Thro' which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary, how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather mony for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall;)
And that we find the slothful Watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends;
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.
Sol. Our Sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over *Roan*;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*
Watch. *Qui va là?*
Pucel. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France.*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.
Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.
Pucel. Now, *Roan*, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alanson.

Dau. St. *Dennis* bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan.*
Bast. Here enter'd *Pucelle*, and her practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tow'r,
Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakness) which she enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.*

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the *Talbotites.*

Bast. See, noble *Charles*, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Dau. Now shines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.
Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter and cry, *The Dauphin!* presently,
And then do execution on the Watch.
[*An alarm*; Talbot *in an excursion.*
Tal. *France*, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If *Talbot* but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares;
That hardly we escap'd the prize of *France.* (18) [*Exit.*

An alarm: Excursions. Bedford *brought in, sick, in a chair.*
Enter Talbot *and* Burgundy, *without*; *within*, Joan la Pucelle, *Dauphin*, *Bastard*, *and* Reignier, *on the walls.*

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think, the Duke of *Burgundy* will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless curtizan!
I trust, ere long to choak thee with thine own;
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Dau. Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. Oh, let not words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

(18) *That hardly we escap'd the* Pride *of* France.] All the Copies concur in this Reading: but it seems to be an absurd and unmeaning one. The best Construction, that can arise from *escaping the Pride of* France, is, *escaping the proud* French: which would come very improperly from *Talbot*'s Mouth. I have ventur'd to suppose, our Author wrote, the *Prize*: i. e. We hardly escap'd being *seiz'd* by, becoming the Prize of the *French*. So in *Richard* the IIId.

A beauty-waining, and distressed Widow,
Ev'n in the Afternoon of her best days,
Made prize *and purchase of his wanton Eye.*

So likewise in the *French* Tongue, *la Prise* signifies the *seizure*, or *apprehending* of any thing, as well as the Thing *seized.*

× Pride, haughty power. W. see p 175.

Pucel.

Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of *France*, and hag of all deſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſtful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damſel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with his ſhame.
Pucel. Are you ſo hot? yet, *Pucelle*, hold thy peace;
If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*They whiſper together in counſel.*
God ſpeed the parliament! who ſhall be the ſpeaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Pucel. Belike, your lordſhip takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I ſpeak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alanſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like ſoldiers, come and fight it out?
Alan. Seignior, no.
Tal. Seignior, hang:——baſe muleteers of *France!*
Like peaſant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodneſs by his looks.
God be wi'you, my lord: we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too ere it be long,
Or elſe Reproach be *Talbot*'s greateſt fame!
Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy Houſe,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs ſuſtain'd in *France*,
Either to get the town again, or die.
And I, as ſure as *Engliſh Henry* lives,
And as his father here was Conqueror,
As ſure as in this late-betrayed town
Great *Cœurdelion*'s heart was buried;
So ſure I ſwear, to get the town, or die.
Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford:* come, my lord,

We

We will beſtow you in ſome better place;
Fitter for ſickneſs, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not ſo diſhonour me:
Here I will ſit before the walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his litter ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes.
Methinks, I ſhould revive the ſoldiers hearts;
Becauſe I ever found them as my ſelf.
Tal. Undaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt!
Then be it ſo: heav'ns keep old *Bedford* ſafe!
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting enemy. [*Exit.*

An alarum: excurſions: Enter Sir John Faſtolfe, *and a captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Faſtolfe*, in ſuch haſte?
Faſt. Whither away? to ſave my ſelf by flight.
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord *Talbot?*
Faſt. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the world to ſave my life.
[*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excurſions. Pucelle, Alanſon, *and Dauphin fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet ſoul, depart when heav'n ſhall pleaſe;
For I have ſeen our enemies overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They, that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies; and is carried off in his chair.*

SCENE

SCENE, *within the Walls of* Roan.

An alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and the reſt.*

Tal. LOST and recover'd in a day again?
This is a double honour, *Burgundy*;
Yet heav'ns have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inſhrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as Valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?
I think, her old Familiar is aſleep.
Now where's the Baſtard's braves, and *Charles* his glikes?
What, all a-mort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief;
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take ſome order in the town,
Placing therein ſome expert officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King;
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lyes.
Burg. What wills lord *Talbot*, pleaſeth *Burgundy*.
Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd;
But ſee his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.
A braver ſoldier never couched launce,
A gentler heart did never ſway in Court.
But Kings and mightieſt potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of human miſery. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, Alanſon, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Diſmay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is ſo recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for awhile;
And, like a Peacock, ſweep along his tail:
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.

Dau.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alan. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Pucel. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joan* devise:
By fair persuasions, mixt with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.
Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do That,
France were no place for *Henry*'s warriors;
Nor shall that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.
Alan. For ever should they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have title of an Earldom here.
Pucel. Your Honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drum beats afar off.*
Hark, by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.
[*Here beat an* English *March.*
There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours spread,
And all the troops of *English* after him. [French *March.*
Now, in the rereward, comes the Duke and his:
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Enter the Duke of Burgundy *marching.*

Dau. A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy.*——
Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy?*
Pucel. The princely *Charles* of *France*, thy countryman.
Burg. What say'st thou, *Charles?* for I am marching hence.
Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France!*
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid ſpeak to thee.
Bur. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.
Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*;
And ſee the cities, and the towns, defac'd
By waſting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth cloſe his tender dying eyes;
See, ſee the pining malady of *France.*
Behold the wounds, the moſt unnat'ral wounds,
Which thou thy ſelf haſt giv'n her woful breaſt.
Oh, turn thy edged ſword another way;
Strike thoſe, that hurt; and hurt not thoſe, that help:
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's boſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of common gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And waſh away thy country's ſtained ſpots.
Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me ſuddenly relent.
Pucel. Beſides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee;
Doubting thy birth, and lawful progeny.
Whom join'ſt thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not truſt thee but for profit's ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in *France*,
And faſhion'd thee that inſtrument of Ill;
Who then but *Engliſh Henry* will be lord,
And thou be thruſt out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy foe?
And was not he in *England* priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They ſet him free without his ranſom paid;
In ſpight of *Burgundy*, and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen;
And join'ſt with them, will be thy ſlaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the reſt will take thee in their arms.
Burg. I'm vanquiſhed. Theſe haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.

Forgive

Forgive me, country, and ſweet countrymen;
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
So farewel *Talbot*, I'll no longer truſt thee.

Pucel. Done, like a *Frenchman:* turn, and turn again!—— (19)

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke! thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

Baſt. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.

Alan. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a Coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Paris.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Exeter, *&c. To them* Talbot, *with his ſoldiers.*

Tal. MY gracious Prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my Soveraign.
In ſign whereof, this arm (that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſev'n walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem;)
Lets fall the ſword before your Highneſs' feet:

(19) *Done like a* Frenchman; *turn, and turn again.*] I make no doubt but this was a ſecret Wipe on *Henry* IVth of *France*, who ſo oft turn'd his Religion, as the Exigencies of State requir'd: and whoſe laſt Turn, which was in the Year 1593, when he reconciled himſelf to the Church of *Rome*, was ſo ungrateful to his old faſt friend Queen *Elizabeth*, that it threw her into a kind of Melancholy: in the Pomp and Parade of which, ſhe is ſaid to have paſs'd ſome of her time in tranſlating *Boetius* de *Conſolatione Philoſophiæ*. Our Author could not have paid his Court with more Addreſs to his Royal Miſtreſs's Reſentment, than by the Sacrifice of this Piece of Satire on *Henry* of *Navarre* for his Apoſtacy from the reform'd Church. Mr. *Warburton.*

And

And with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart
Aſcribes the glory of his Conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your Grace.
K. *Henry.* Is this the fam'd lord *Talbot*, uncle *Glo'ſter*,
That hath ſo long been reſident in *France?*
Glou. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty, my Liege.
K. *Henry.* Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father ſaid, (20)
A ſtouter champion never handled ſword.
Long ſince we were reſolved of your truth,
Your faithful ſervice and your toil in war;
Yet never have you taſted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with ſo much as thanks,
Becauſe 'till now we never ſaw your face:
Therefore ſtand up, and for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our Coronation take your place. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vernon *and* Baſſet.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were ſo hot at ſea,
Diſgracing of theſe colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of *York*;
Dar'ſt thou maintain the former words thou ſpak'ſt?
Baſ. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſawcy tongue
Againſt my lord, the Duke of *Somerſet*.

(20) *I do remember how my Father ſaid,*] But *Henry* VI. was but nine Months old, when his Father dy'd: We have this twice from his own Mouth, in the two ſubſequent Parts of this Hiſtory.

2 *Henry* VI. Act 4.

No ſooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King at nine Months old.

3 *Henry* VI. Act 3.

I was anointed King at nine Months old.

A Forgetfulneſs, therefore, of this Pitch, (careleſs as our Author was in ſome reſpects,) could hardly come from him, had theſe Plays been his in the firſt Concoction: however he might paſs ſuch an abſurd Circumſtance inadvertently, while he was only putting the finiſhing Hand to them. Contradictions of ſo groſs a Stamp put me in Mind of Sir *Martin Marr-all*, (in *Dryden*,) who ſays, "he was born at *Cambridge*, and he remembers "it as perfectly as if it were but yeſterday."

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Baſ. Why, what is he? as good a man as *York*.
Ver. Hark ye; not ſo: in witneſs, take you that.
[*Strikes him.*

Baſ. Villain, thou know'ſt, the law of arms is ſuch,
That, whoſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death; (21)
Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his Majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy coſt.
Ver. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you;
And, after, meet you ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

(21) ——————*the Law of Arms is ſuch,*
That, whoſo draws a Sword, 'tis preſent Death.] We are not to underſtand this, with regard to any Penalty for drawing a Sword in the Preſence, or within the Verge of the Royal Palace: neither can the Poet mean, that by the Law of Arms in general it was Death to draw a Sword. Why then does *Baſſet* ſay, he'll crave Liberty of the King to revenge his Wrongs? Let us hear what the King ſays afterwards, when both Parties come to ask his Leave for the Combat.

——————*remember, where we are;*
In France, *amongſt a fickle wav'ring Nation:*
If they perceive Diſſention in our Looks,
And that within ourſelves we diſagree,
How will their grudging Stomachs be provok'd
To wilful Diſobedience, and Rebell?

'Tis probable therefore, that the King, conſidering himſelf, as it were, in an Enemy's Country, and fearful of ill Conſequences from any of his own Subjects bandying and quarrelling *there* with one another, had made it a Capital Offence by the Martial Law for any of his People to draw a Weapon upon one another: And, this granted, there's ſome Reaſon, why theſe Combatants could not carve for their own Revenge, without firſt obtaining a Diſpenſation from this ſtrict Order: and why they could no more draw their Swords in another Place, than in the *Preſence*, without Licence granted them.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Paris.*

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, *and Governor of* Paris.

GLOUCESTER.

LORD Biſhop, ſet the Crown upon his head.

Win. God ſave King *Henry*, of that name the Sixth!

Glou. Now, Governor of *Paris*, take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none friends, but ſuch as are his friends;
And none your foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate.
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!

Enter Faſtolfe.

Faſt. My gracious Soveraign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haſte unto your Coronation;
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of *Burgundy*.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee!
I vow'd, baſe Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done; becauſe unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This daſtard, at the battle of *Poictiers*,
When but in all I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,

And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty 'ſquire, did run away.
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men;
My ſelf and divers gentlemen beſide
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiſs;
Or whether that ſuch cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glou. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage;
Such as were grown to Credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor ſhrinking for diſtreſs,
But always reſolute in moſt extremes.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the ſacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this moſt honourable Order;
And ſhould, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born ſwain
That doth preſume to boaſt of gentle blood.

K. *Henry.* Stain to thy countymen! thou hear'ſt thou doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a Knight;
Henceforth we baniſh thee on pain of death.

[*Exit* Faſtolfe.

And now, my lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of *Burgundy*.

Glou. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtile?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King.* [*Reading.*
Hath he forgot, he is his Soveraign?
Or doth this churliſh ſuperſcription
Portend ſome alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon eſpecial cauſe,* [Reads.
Mov'd with compaſſion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious factions,
And join'd with Charles, *the rightful King of* France.
O monstrous treachery! can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
K. Henry. What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?
Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.
K. *Henry.* Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. *Henry.* Why then lord *Talbot* there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
My lord, how say you, are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. *Henry.* Then gather strength, and march unto him strait:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit* Talbot.

Enter Vernon, *and* Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Soveraign.
Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too.
York. This is my servant; hear him, noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine; sweet *Henry*, favour him.
K. *Henry.* Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
K. *Henry.* What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord;
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, *Somerset*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. *Henry.* Good lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men!
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both of *York* and *Somerset*,
Quiet your selves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, *Somerset*.

Ver. Nay, let it rest, where it began at first.

Baf. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it so? confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate;
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King, and us?
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths

To raiſe a mutiny betwixt your ſelves:
Let me perſuade you take a better courſe.
Exe. It grieves his Highneſs: good my lords, be friends.
K. *Henry.* Come hither you, that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cauſe.
And you, my lords; remember where we are;
In *France*, amongſt a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive diſſention in our looks,
And that within our ſelves we diſagree,
How will their grudging ſtomachs be provok'd
To wilful Diſobedience, and Rebell?
Beſide, what infamy will there ariſe,
When foreign Princes ſhall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry*'s Peers and chief Nobility
Deſtroy'd themſelves, and loſt the realm of *France*?
O, think upon the Conqueſt of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
Let me be Umpire in this doubtful ſtrife:
I ſee no reaſon, if I wear this roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
I more encline to *Somerſet*, than *York*.
Both are my kinſmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Becauſe, forſooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſwade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.
Couſin of *York*, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of *France*:
And, good my lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your troops of horſemen with his bands of foot;
And like true ſubjects, ſons of your progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your enemies.

Our self, my lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to *Calais*;
From thence to *England*; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanson*, and that trait'rous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, *and* Vernon.

War. My lord of *York*, I promise you, the King
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of *Somerset*.
War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought no harm.
York. An if I wis, he did.——But let it rest; (22)
Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didst thou, *Richard*, to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there
More ranc'rous spight, mre furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of Nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when scepters are in childrens hands;

(22) *And if I* wish *he did.*] Thus the Editions have slightly corrupted this Passage. By the Pointing reform'd, and a single Letter expung'd, I have restor'd the Text to its Purity. *And if I wis, he did.*——The Sense is this. *Warwick* had said, the King meant no harm in wearing *Somerset*'s Rose: to which *York* testily replies; "Nay, if I think right, "or know any thing of the Matter, he did think harm." To *wis* and *wist*, (from the *Saxon* word *wistan*, *cognoscere*;) is a word frequent in this Sense, both with *Chaucer* and *Spenser*. Nor is this the only place, in which it occurs in our Author.

Richard III. Act 1.

I wis, *your Grandam had a worser Match.*

Mr. *Pope*, in his last Edition, has embraced my Correction.

But

But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion :
There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *with trumpets, and drum.*

Tal. GO to the gates of *Bourdeaux*, trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter General, aloft.

Engliſh John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to *Harry* King of *England*;
And thus he would.——Open your city-gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Soveraign yours,
And do him homage as obedient ſubjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forſake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terrour, and their bloody ſcourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canſt not enter, but by death:
For, I proteſt, we are well fortify'd;
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canſt thou turn thee for redreſs:
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil;
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thouſand *French* have ta'en the ſacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no chriſtian ſoul but *Engliſh Talbot.*
Lo! there thou ſtand'ſt, a breathing valiant man,

Of an invincible, unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt glory of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy due thee withal;
For ere the glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of his ſandy hour,
Theſe eyes, that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy muſick to thy tim'rous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit from the Walls.*

Tal. He fables not. I hear the enemy:
Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of *England*'s tim'rous Deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
If we be *Engliſh* Deer, be then in blood;
Not raſcal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and deſperate Stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel,
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear Deer of us, my friends.
God and St. *George*, *Talbot*, and *England*'s right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Part of* France.

Enter a Meſſenger, that meets York. *Enter* York, *with trumpet, and many ſoldiers.*

York. ARE not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Meſſ. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his pow'r,
To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
By your eſpyals were diſcovered

Two

Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux*.

York. A plague upon that villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France*.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot*;
Who now is girdled with a waſte of iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke; to *Bourdeaux*, *York!*
Elſe farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s honour.

York. O God! that *Somerſet*, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd lord.

York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* ſmiles: we loſe, they daily get:
All long of this vile traitor *Somerſet*.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s ſoul,
And on his ſon young *John!* who, two hours ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike father;
This ſev'n years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave!
Away! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewel; no more my fortune can,

But

But curse the cause; I cannot aid the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poictiers*, and *Tours* are won away,
Long all of *Somerset*, and his delay. [*Exit.*
Lucy. Thus while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The Conquests of our scarce-cold Conqueror;
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth!—While they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *another Part of* France.

Enter Somerset, *with his army.*

Som. IT is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too rashly plotted. All our gen'ral force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desp'rate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.
Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord *Talbot*:
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerset*,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue;
You, his false hopes, the trust of *England*'s honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away

The

The levied ſuccours, that ſhould lend him aid;
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the *Baſtard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alanſon, *Reignier*, compaſs him about;
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.

Som. *York* ſet him on, *York* ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as faſt upon your Grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you with-hold his levied hoſt,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lies: he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
I owe him little duty, and leſs love,
And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to *England* ſhall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.

Som. Come, go; I will diſpatch the horſemen ſtrait:
Within ſix hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes reſcue: he is ta'en, or ſlain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot*, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Field of Battle near* Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, *and his ſon.*

Tal. O Young *John Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of war;
That *Talbot*'s name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boading ſtars!
Now art thou come unto a feaſt of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe;

And

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not; be gone.
John. Is my name *Talbot?* and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me.
The world will say, he is not *Talbot*'s blood,
That basely fled, when noble *Talbot* stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the *French* can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won:
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will swear:
But if I bow, they'll say, it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lye in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can your self your self in twain divide:

Stay,

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not; if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair ſon,
Born to eclipſe thy life this afternoon:
Come, ſide by ſide, together live and die;
And ſoul with ſoul from *France* to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum: excurſions, wherein Talbot's *ſon his hemm'd about, and* Talbot *reſcues him.*

Tal. St. *George*, and victory! fight, ſoldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France*'s ſword.
Where is *John Talbot?* pauſe, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and reſcu'd thee from death.
John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy ſon:
The life, thou gav'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done;
Till with thy warlike ſword, deſpight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'ſt new date. [fire,
Tal. When from the Dauphin's creſt thy ſword ſtruck
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud deſire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful ſpleen and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alanſon*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* reſcu'd thee.
The ireful baſtard *Orleans*, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy firſt Fight, I ſoon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his baſtard blood; and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: Contaminated, baſe,
And miſ-begotten blood I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my brave boy—
Here, purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John?* how doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battel, boy, and fly,
Now thou art ſeal'd the ſon of Chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.

Oh,

Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to day die not with *Frenchmen's* rage,
To morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my life one day.
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England*'s fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
Out on that vantage bought with such a shame, (23)
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of *France*,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not *Talbot*'s son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot*'s foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Sire of *Creet*,
Thou *Icarus!* thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot, *led.*

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone,
O! where's young *Talbot?* where is valiant *John?*

(23) *On that advantage, bought with such a Shame,*
To save a paltry life, and slay bright Fame!
Before young Talbot *from old* Talbot *fly,*
The Coward horse, that bears me, fall and dye.]
This passage seems to lie obscure, and disjointed. Neither the Grammar is to be justified; nor is the Sentiment better. I have ventur'd at a slight Alteration, which departs so little from the Reading which has obtain'd, but so much raises the Sense, as well as takes away the Obscurity, that I am willing to think it restores the Author's Meaning.

Triumphant

Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with captivity!
Young *Talbot*'s valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my knee,
His bloody ſword he brandiſh'd over me;
And, like a hungry Lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and ſtern impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my ruin, and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart,
Into the cluſtring battel of the *French:*
And, in that ſea of blood, my boy did drench
His over-mounting ſpirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus!* my bloſſom in his pride!

Enter John Talbot, *borne.*

Serv. O my dear lord! lo! where your ſon is borne.
Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon, from thy inſulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither ſky,
In thy deſpight, ſhall ſcape mortality.
O thou, whoſe wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath.
Brave death by ſpeaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.
Poor boy! he ſmiles, methinks, as who ſhould ſay,
"Had death been *French*, then death had died to day."
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.
Soldiers, adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot*'s Grave. [*Dies.*

ACT V.

SCENE *continues near* Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Burgundy, *Baſtard and* Pucelle.

CHARLES.

HAD *York* and *Somerſet* brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.
Baſt. How the young whelp of *Talbot*'s raging brood
Did fleſh his puny ſword in *Frenchmen's* blood!
Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I ſaid:
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid."
But with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn
He anſwer'd thus: "Young *Talbot* was not born
"To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
So, ruſhing in the Bowels of the *French*,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtleſs, he would have made a noble Knight:
See, where he lies inherſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody nurſer of his harms.
Baſt. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder;
Whoſe life was *England*'s glory, *Gallia*'s wonder.
Char. Oh, no: forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?
Lucy. Submiſſion, Dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word:
We *Engliſh* warriors wot not, what it means.

I come to know what priſoners thou haſt ta'en,
And to ſurvey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For priſoners ask'ſt thou? hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?
Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury?*
Created, for his rare ſucceſs in arms,
Great Earl of *Waſhford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, lord *Furnival* of *Sheffeild*,
The thrice victorious lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the noble Order of St. *George*,
Worthy St. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marſhal to our King *Henry* the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.
Pucel. Here is a ſilly, ſtately, ſtile, indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty Kingdoms hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a ſtile as this.
Him that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* ſlain, the *Frenchmen*'s only ſcourge,
Your kingdom's terrour and black *Nemeſis?*
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might ſhoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call theſe dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of *France!*
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial, as beſeems their worth.
Pucel. I think, this Upſtart is old *Talbot*'s ghoſt;
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit:
For God's ſake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but ſtink, and putrifie the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their aſhes, Dauphin, ſhall be rear'd
A Phœnix, that ſhall make all *France* afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt:
And now to *Paris*, in this conqu'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s slain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* England.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* HAVE you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac?*
Glou. I have, my lord; and their intent is this;
They humbly ſue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly Peace concluded of,
Between the realms of *England* and of *France.*
K. *Henry.* How doth your Grace affect this motion?
Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſs on ev'ry ſide.
K. *Henry.* Ay, marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among profeſſors of one Faith.
Glou. Beſide, my lord, the ſooner to effect
And ſurer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near kin to *Charles*,
A man of great authority in *France*,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous dowry.
K. *Henry.* Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young:
And fitter is my ſtudy and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' Ambaſſadors; and, as you pleaſe,
So let them have their anſwers ev'ry one.
I ſhall be well content with any Choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my Country's weal.

Enter Wincheſter, *and three Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. What, is my lord of *Wincheſter* inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?

Then I perceive That will be verify'd,
Henry the Fifth did ſometime propheſie:
" If once he come to be a Cardinal,
" He'll make his Cap coequal with the Crown."

K. *Henry.* My lords ambaſſadors, your ſev'ral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on;
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And therefore are we certainly reſolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly Peace,
Which by my lord of *Wincheſter* we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently to *France.*

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your maſter,
I have inform'd his Highneſs ſo at large;
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend She ſhall be *England*'s Queen.

K. *Henry.* In argument and proof of which Contract,
Bear her this Jewel, pledge of my affection.
And ſo, my Lord Protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to *Dover*; where, inſhipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea.

[*Exeunt* King *and Train.*

Win. Stay, my lord *Legate*, you ſhall firſt receive
The ſum of money, which I promiſed
Should be deliver'd to his Holineſs,
For cloathing me in theſe grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordſhip's leiſure.

Win. Now *Wincheſter* will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudeſt Peer.
Humphrey of *Glo'ſter*, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That nor in birth, or for authority,
The Biſhop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
Or ſack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* France.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanson, *Bastard*, Reignier, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. THESE news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout *Parisians* do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike *French*.
Alan. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your Pow'rs in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us,
Else Ruin combat with their Palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant General,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.
Scout. The *English* army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battel presently.
Dau. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Burg. I trust, the ghost of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Pucel. Of all base passions fear is most accurst.
Command the Conquest, *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Dau. Then on, my lords; and *France* be fortunate.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarm: excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help, ye charming Spells and Periapts;
And ye choice Spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents; [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Under

Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This ſpeedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar ſpirits, that are cull'd
Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.
[*They walk, and ſpeak not.*
Oh, hold me not with ſilence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earneſt of a further benefit:
So you do condeſcend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redreſs? my body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*They ſhake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then, take my ſoul; my body, ſoul and all;
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil. [*They depart.*
See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* muſt vail her lofty plumed creſt,
And let her head fall into *England*'s lap.
My antient incantations are too weak,
And Hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:
Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. [*Exit.*

Excurſions. Pucelle *and* York *fight hand to hand.*
Pucelle *is taken.* *The* French *fly.*

York. Damſel of *France*, I think, I have you faſt.
Unchain your Spirits now with ſpelling Charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's Grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with *Circe*, ſhe would change my ſhape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be.

York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape, but his, can please your dainty eye.
Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag! inchantress, hold thy tongue.
Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a-while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarm. *Enter* Suffolk, *with Lady* Margaret *in his hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh, fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands:
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.
Mar. *Margaret*, my name; and daughter to a King;
The King of *Naples*; whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, Nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the Swan her downy cignets save,
Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as *Suffolk*'s friend. [*She is going.*
Oh, stay! I have no pow'r to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says, no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, *De la Pole*, disable not thy self:
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; Beauty's princely Majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar.

Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be ſo,
What ranſom muſt I pay before I paſs?
For, I perceive, I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell, ſhe will deny thy ſuit, (24)
Before thou make a tryal of her love? [*Aſide.*
Mar. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? what ranſom muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou haſt a wife;
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour? [*Aſide.*
Mar. 'Twere beſt to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; ſure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a Diſpenſation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would, that you would anſwer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why, for my King: Tuſh, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is ſome carpenter.
Suff. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfy'd,
And Peace eſtabliſhed between theſe realms.
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Main*, yet he is poor;
And our Nobility will ſcorn the match. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Hear ye me, Captain? are ye not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.
Mar. What tho' I be inthrall'd, he ſeems a Knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps, I ſhall be reſcu'd by the *French*;
And then I need not crave his courteſie. [*Aſide.*

(24) *How can'ſt thou tell*, &c.] This Inattention of *Suffolk* to *Margaret*, while he is ruminating to himſelf, is practis'd before by our Author, (and with infinitely more Maſtery, and Humour;) in his Second part of K. *Henry* the IVth, in a Scene betwixt the Lord *Chief Juſtice* and Sir *John Falſtaffe*.

Suf.

Suf. Sweet madam, give Me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women have been captivate ere now.
[*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle Princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a ſlave in baſe ſervility;
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy *England*'s Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry*'s Queen,
To put a golden Scepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious Crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condeſcend to be my——
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry*'s wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a dame to be his wife;
And have no portion in the choice my ſelf.
How ſay you, Madam, are you ſo content?
Mar. An if my father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captains and our Colours forth,
And, Madam, at your father's caſtle-walls,
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

Sound. *Enter* Reignier *on the walls.*

Suf. See, *Reignier*, ſee thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy?
I am a ſoldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleneſs.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Conſent, and for thy honour give conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;

And

And this her eaſie-held impriſonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?
Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.
Reig. Upon thy Princely Warrant I deſcend;
To give thee anſwer of thy juſt demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy Coming.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories;
Command in *Anjou* what your Honour pleaſes.
Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in ſo ſweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace unto my ſuit?
Reig. Since thou doſt deign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely bride of ſuch a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppreſſion or the ſtroke of war,
My daughter ſhall be *Henry*'s, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſom, I deliver her;
And thoſe two Counties, I will undertake,
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in *Henry*'s Royal name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for ſign of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Becauſe this is in traffick of a King.
And yet, methinks, I could be well content (25)
To be mine own Attorney in this caſe. [*Aſide.*

(25) ——————*I could be well content*
To be mine own Attorney *in this Caſe.*] i. e. I could like to act in my own Behalf in this Affair, to negotiate for myſelf. So, before, in King *John*;

In us, that are our own *great* Deputy;

i. e. in me, who act for myſelf, in my own Right. Tho this kind of Expreſſion, in ſtrictneſs of Senſe, or Language, may not be ſo juſtifiable; yet they are Either of them very intelligible by *Implication:* and there are many Authorities in our Author, and other Poets, to keep them in Countenance, where there is ſuch a Contradiction in the Terms, that they

they cannot be reconcil'd but by being explain'd into a Meaning. To instance in a few Passages;

Two Gentlemen *of* Verona;

Is it mine Eye, or Valentino's *Praise,*
Her true Perfection, or my false Transgression,
That makes me reasonless, *to* reason *thus?*

So likewise in *Hamlet*;

——————*Try what* Repentance *can*;
Yet what can it, *when One* cannot repent?

Nor are Examples of this sort wanting in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

Queen *of* Corinth:

Come, we must do these mutual Offices;
We must be our own Seconds.

King *and* no King:

Think, how this Want of Grief discredits you,
And you will weep, *because you* cannot weep.

And in *Bonduca:*

Those Men, beside themselves, *allow no* Neighbours.

I have produced these Authorities, in Reply to a Criticism of Mr. *Pope*'s; because, in the Gaiety of his *Wit* and *good Humour*, he was pleas'd to be very smart upon me, as he thought, for a Line, in a *posthumous* Play of our Author's which I brought upon the Stage.

Double Falshood:

Nought, but itself, *can be its* Parallel.

It is spoken of an Action so enormous, that the Poet meant, it had no Equal upon Record. I have shewn from Examples, that such a Licence in Expression was practis'd in our *English* Writers: I'll subjoin a few Instances of the same Liberty, taken by the best *Roman* Classics.

——————*tàm* consimil' *est atque* ego.
Plaut. *in* Amphitr.

——————*modò formosissimus Infans,*
Jàm juvenis, jàm vir, jàm se formosior ipso.
Ovid. *Metam.*

——————*quær*. Alcidæ parem?
Nemo *est, nisi* ipse.
Senec. *Herc. fur.*

Proximus *sum* Egomet mihi.
Terent. *Andriâ.*

——————*Gnata, quid genubus meis*
Fles advoluta, quid prece indomitum domas?
Senec. *Thebaid.*

Patriam petendo perdis? ut fiat tua,
Vis esse nullam?
Idem *ibid.*

Sed vetuêre *Patres, quod* non potuere vetare.
Ovid. *Metam.*

I know, some learned Men have suspected the Pointing of this last Passage, and clapp'd the latter Part of the Hemistich to agree with a subsequent Line there. But, I think, the Verse is perfectly *Ovidian* as it is, and means this; *But the Parents* forbad *what they could not* hinder.—For *vetare* signifies, *prohibere dictis & factis*, as *Martinius* tells us.

I'll

I'll over then to *England* with this News,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewel, *Reignier*; ſet this diamond ſafe
In golden Palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my lord: good wiſhes, praiſe and pray'rs
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret.* [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet Madam; hark you, *Margaret*;
No princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, Madam, I muſt trouble you again,
No loving token to his Majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelf——I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens to a King.
Suf. O, wert thou for my ſelf!—but, *Suffolk*, ſtay;
Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wond'rous praiſe,
Bethink thee on her virtues that ſurmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguiſh art;
Repeat their ſemblance often on the ſeas;
That, when thou com'ſt to kneel at *Henry*'s feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter York, Warwick, *a Shepherd, and* Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that ſorcereſs, condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah, *Joan!* this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I ſought ev'ry Country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs, cruel, death!
Ah, *Joan*, ſweet daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel.

Pucel. Decrepit miſer! baſe ignoble wretch!
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—my lords, an pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo;
I did beget her, all the pariſh knows:
Her mother, living yet, can teſtify,
She was the firſt fruit of my batch'lorſhip.
War. Graceleſs, wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues, what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and ſo her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, *Joan*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knows, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.
Pucel. Peaſant, avaunt! You have ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe to obſcure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the prieſt,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my bleſſing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not ſtoop? now curſed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk,
Thy mother gave thee when thou ſuck'dſt her breaſt,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy ſake:
Or elſe, when thou didſt keep my lambs a-field,
I wiſh, ſome rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Doſt thou deny thy father, curſed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
York. Take her away, for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vitious qualities.
Pucel. Firſt, let me tell you, whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a ſhepherd ſwain,
But iſſu'd from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, choſen from above,
By inſpiration of celeſtial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth:
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your luſts,
Stain'd with the guiltleſs blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand vices,

Becauſe you want the grace, that others have,
You judge it ſtreight a thing impoſſible
To compaſs wonders, but by help of devils.
No, miſconceived *Joan* of *Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaſte and immaculate in very thought;
Whoſe maiden blood, thus rig'rouſly effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.
York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.
War. And heark ye, Sirs; becauſe ſhe is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortened.
Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, *Joan*, diſcover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now, heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child?
War. The greateſt miracle that ere you wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine, what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no baſtards live;
Eſpecially, ſince *Charles* muſt father it.
Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his;
It was *Alanſon*, that enjoy'd my love.
York. *Alanſon*! that notorious *Machiavel!*
It dies, an if it had a thouſand lives.
Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier*, King of *Naples*, that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that's moſt intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl; I think, ſhe knows not well,
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's ſign, ſhe hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forſooth, ſhe is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Uſe no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel.

Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curſe.
May never glorious ſun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inviron you, till miſchief and deſpair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your ſelves!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

Enter Cardinal of Wincheſter.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know, my lords, the ſtates of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a gen'ral Peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aſpiring *French*;
And ſee at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approaching to confer about ſome matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peers,
So many Captains, gentlemen and ſoldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate Peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the towns,
By treaſon, falſhood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
Oh, *Warwick*, *Warwick!* I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the realm of *France.*

War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a Peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere covenants,
As little ſhall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *Baſtard, and* Reignier.

Char. Since, lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce ſhall be proclaim'd in *France*;
We come to be informed by your ſelves,
What the conditions of that league muſt be.

York.

York. Speak, *Winchester*; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.
Win. Charles and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful Peace;
You shall become true liegemen to his Crown.
And, *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him Tribute and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him;
And still enjoy thy regal Dignity.
Alan. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possest
Of more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I, for lucre of the rest un-vanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
Us'd interception to obtain a League;
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your Subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility.
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you break it, when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside, to the Dauphin.*
War. How say'st thou, *Charles?* shall our Condition
Char. It shall: [stand?
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty.
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the Crown of *England:*
Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England.*
So now dismiss your army, when you please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn Peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* England.

Enter Suffolk, *in conference with King* Henry; Gloucester, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* YOUR wond'rous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart.
And, like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.

And,

And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her lord.

K. *Henry*. And otherwise will *Henry* ne'er presume:
Therefore, my lord Protector, give consent,
That *Marg'ret* may be *England*'s Royal Queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we then dispense with that Contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a Triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds;
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is *Marg'ret* more than that?
Her father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious titles he excell.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jerusalem*;
And of such great authority in *France*,
That his Alliance will confirm our Peace;
And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto *Charles*.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral Dow'r,
While *Reignier* sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A Dow'r, my lords! disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen;
And not to seek a Queen, to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for Oxen, Sheep or Horse.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,

Than to be dealt in by Attorneyſhip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be prefer'd;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth Bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial Peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More than in woman commonly is ſeen,)
Anſwer our hope in Iſſue of a King:
For *Henry*, ſon unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors;
If with a lady of ſo high reſolve,
As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Marg'ret* ſhall be Queen, and none but ſhe.

K. *Henry*. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of *Suffolk*; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore Shipping; poſt, my lord, to *France*;
Agree to any Covenants; and procure,
That lady *Marg'ret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the ſeas to *England*; and be crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay; for till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thouſand cares.

And

And you, good Uncle, baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know, it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glou. Ay; grief, I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in love;
But proſper better than the *Trojan* did:
Marg'ret ſhall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit.*

I. Part of K. Henry VI

Dramatis Personæ

180. Exeter. What, is my Lord of Winches-
ter installd
And calld unto a Cardinals degree?
This is a great forgitfulness in the Poet
for in the first Act, p 122. Gloucester
says I'll canvass thee in thy broad
Cardinals hat —
and it is strange the D. of Exeter
should not know of his
preferment.

b. 142. Enter Mortimer &c

I suppose Shakespeare varied from the truth of History here to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet for Edm: Mortimer Earl of March served under Henry V. in the year 1422. and died in Ireland in 1424 not in Prison as Shakespeare makes him.

Rap: Vol I. 529. 542

His uncle Sir John Mortimer was indeed prisoner in the Tower and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. Rap. I 529. Note b.

Holinshead says that Edmund Mortimer was one of the Mourners at Henry the V. funeral.

c 110.

In support of this opinion of Mr Theobald's it may be observed, that Shakespear in his genuine Plays always makes his Clowns talk in prose, though the rest of the dialogue be in blank verse; but here p. 189. 190. the Shepherd, Joan of Arc's father, talks in verse though the language be mean enough for his condition.

THE

SECOND PART

OF

K. *HENRY* VIth.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Humphry *Duke of* Glouceſter,
Cardinal Beauford, *Bp. of* Wincheſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
Duke of York, *pretending to the Crown.*
Duke of Buckingham,
Duke of Somerſet, } *Of the King's Party.*
Duke of Suffolk,
Earl of Salisbury,
Earl of Warwick, } *Of the* York *Faction.*
Lord Clifford, *of the King's Party.*
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, *Governor of the* Tower.
Sir Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, *his Brother.*
Alexander Iden, *a* Kentiſh *Gentleman.*
Young Clifford, *Son to the Lord* Clifford.
Edward Plantagenet,
Richard Plantagenet, } *Sons to the Duke of* York.
Vaux, *A Sea Captain, and* Walter Whitmore—*Pirates.*
A Herald.
Hume *and* Southwel, 2 *Prieſts.*
Bolingbrook, *an Aſtrologer.*
A Spirit, attending on Jordan *the Witch.*
Thomas Horner, *an Armourer.*
Peter, *his Man.*
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, *an Impoſtor.*
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick *the Butcher*, Smith *the Weaver, and ſeveral others, Rebels.*

Margaret, *Queen to King* Henry VI. *ſecretly in Love with the Duke of* Suffolk.
Dame Eleanor, *Wife to the Duke of* Glouceſter.
Mother Jordan, *a Witch employ'd by the Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.
Wife to Simpcox.
Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE *is laid very diſperſedly in ſeveral Parts of* England.

The SECOND PART of (1)

King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the* Palace.

Flouriſh of trumpets: then, hautboys. Enter King Henry, *Duke* Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, *and* Beauford *on the one ſide: The Queen,* Suffolk, York, Somerſet, *and* Buckingham *on the other.*

SUFFOLK.

AS by your high imperial Majeſty,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As Procurator for your Excellence,
To marry Princeſs *Marg'ret* for your Grace;
Sò in the famous antient city, *Tours*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicil*,

The

(1) *The ſecond Part of K.* Henry VI.] This and the third part of K. *Henry* VI. contain that troubleſom Period of this Prince's Reign, which took in the whole *Contention* betwixt the two Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*:

The Dukes of *Orleans*, *Calaber*, *Bretaigne*, *Alanſon*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Biſhops,
I have perform'd my task, and was eſpous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In ſight of *England* and her lordly Peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen
[*Preſenting the Queen to the King.*
To your moſt gracious hand; that are the ſubſtance
Of that great ſhadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt gift that ever Marquiſs gave,
The faireſt Queen that ever King receiv'd.
K. *Henry*. *Suffolk*, ariſe. Welcome, Queen *Margaret*;
I can expreſs no kinder ſign of love,
Than this kind kiſs. O Lord, that lend'ſt me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulneſs!
For thou haſt giv'n me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoul;
If ſympathy of love unite our thoughts. [lord,
Q. *Mar*. Great King of *England*, and my gracious
The mutual conf'rence that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-liefeſt Sovereign;
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King
With ruder terms; ſuch as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.
K. *Henry*. Her ſight did raviſh, but her grace in ſpeech,
Her words y-clad with wiſdom's majeſty,
Make me from wondring fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulneſs of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ter: And under that Title were theſe Two Plays firſt acted and publiſh'd. The preſent Scene opens with K. *Henry*'s Marriage, which was in the 23d Year of his Reign; and cloſes with the firſt Battle fought at St. *Albans*, and won by the *York* Faction, in the 33d Year of his Reign. So that it comprizes the Hiſtory and Tranſactions of 10 Years. There are beſides, as I have above hinted, ſome intermediate *Incidents* crowded in; which tranſgreſs upon the Order of Time. For *Eleanor* Dutcheſs of *Glouceſter*'s Conviction and Baniſhment for Sorcery, (which are here introduc'd) happen'd in the 20th Year of K. *Henry* VI. in the 3d Year before his Marriage with Queen *Margaret*.

All

All kneel. Long live Queen *Marg'ret*, *England*'s happineſs!

Q. *Mar.* We thank you all. [*Flouriſh.*

Suff. My lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted Peace,
Between our Soveraign and the *French* King *Charles*,
For eighteen months concluded by conſent.

Glo. reads.] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the* French *King*, Charles, *and* William de-la Pole *Marquiſs of* Suffolk, *ambaſſador for* Henry *King of* England, *that the ſaid* Henry *ſhall eſpouſe the lady* Margaret, *daughter unto* Reignier *King of* Naples, Sicilia, *and* Jeruſalem, *and crown her Queen of* England, *ere the thirtieth of* May *next enſuing.* (2)

Item. *That the Dutchy of* Anjou, *and the County of* Maine, *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her father.*

[*Lets fall the paper.*

K. *Henry.* Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. *Henry.* Uncle of *Winchester*, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, *That the Dutchies of* Anjou *and* Maine *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her father, and ſhe ſent over of the King of* England's *own proper coſt and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. *Henry.* They pleaſe us well. Lord Marquiſs, kneel you down;
We here create thee the firſt Duke of *Suffolk*,
And gird thee with the ſword. Couſin of *York*,
We here diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th' parts of *France*, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle *Winchester*,
Glo'ſter, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerſet*,
Salisbury and *Warwick*;

(2) *Ere the* thirteenth *of* May *next enſuing.*] This is an Error only of our modern Impreſſions. I have ſet the Text right from the joint Authorities of the firſt old *Quarto*, the firſt and ſecond *Folio*'s, and the Chronicles both of *Hall* and *Hollingſhead*.

We

We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and* Suffolk.

Manent the reſt.

Glo. Brave Peers of *England*, pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humphry* muſt unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits
To keep by policy what *Henry* got?
Have you your ſelves, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *York*, and *Salisbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep Scars in *France* and *Normandy?*
Or hath mine uncle *Beauford*, and my ſelf, (3)
With all the learned Council of the Realm,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the Council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe,
And was his Highneſs in his infancy
Crowned in *Paris*, in deſpight of foes?
And ſhall theſe labours and theſe honours die?
Shall *Henry*'s Conqueſt, *Bedford*'s vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counſel die!
O peers of *England*, ſhameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd *France*,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

(3) *Or hath mine Uncle* Bedford—] Here again the Indolence of our modern Editors is very ſignal; for within ſix Lines *Glouceſter* is made to call *Bedford* both his *Brother* and *Uncle*. I have the Warrant of the older Books for reſtoring the true Reading here.

Car.

Car. Nephew, what means this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This Peroration with ſuch circumſtances?
For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it ſtill.
Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.
Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roaſt,
Hath giv'n the dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whoſe large ſtyle
Agrees not with the leanneſs of his purſe.
Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
Theſe counties were the Keys of *Normandy*:
But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant ſon?
War. For grief that they are paſt recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and *Maine!* my ſelf did win them both:
Thoſe provinces theſe arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
York. For *Suffolk*'s Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike Iſle!
France ſhould have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read, but *England*'s Kings have had
Large ſums of gold, and dowries with their wives:
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* ſhould demand a whole fifteenth,
For coſt and charges in tranſporting her:
She ſhould have ſtaid in *France*, and ſtarv'd in *France*,
Before——
Car. My lord of *Glo'ſter*, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleaſure of my lord the King.
Glo. My lord of *Wincheſter*, I know your mind.
'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike,
But 'tis my Preſence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud Prelate; in thy face,
I ſee thy fury: if I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient Bickerings.

Lordings,

Lordings, farewel; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd, *France* will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy;
Nay more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the *English* Crown.
Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,
. 18] And all the wealthy Kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him *Humphry*, *the good Duke of* Glo'ster,
Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,
Jesu *maintain your royal excellence!*
With, *God preserve the good Duke* Humphry!
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.
Buck. Why should he then protect our Sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of *Somerset*, join you with me,
And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
We'll quickly hoist Duke *Humphry* from his seat.
Car. This weighty business will not brook delay.
I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* presently. [*Exit.*
Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry*'s pride
And Greatness of his Place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
His Insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If *Glo'ster* be displac'd, he'll be Protector.
Buck. Or *Somerset*, or I, will be Protector,
Despight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.
[*Ex.* Buckingham *and* Somerset.
Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw, but *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ster*

Did bear him like a noble gentleman:
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal
More like a soldier, than a man o'th' Church;
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke *Humphry*.
And brother *York*, thy Acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil Discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
When thou wert Regent for our Sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
Join we together for the publick Good,
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal,
With *Somerset*'s and *Buckingham*'s Ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke *Humphry*'s deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Country!

York. And so says *York*, for he hath greatest cause.
[*Aside.*

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? Oh father, *Maine* is lost;
That *Maine*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main-chance, father, you meant; but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slain.
[*Ex.* Warwick *and* Salisbury.

Manet York.

York. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the *French*;
Paris is lost; the State of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd

To

To change two dukedoms for a Duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
And purchaſe friends, and give to curtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the ſilly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs hands,
And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloof,
While all is ſhar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to ſtarve, and dares not touch his own.
So *York* muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and ſold.
Methinks, the Realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of *Calydon*.
Anjou and *Maine*, both giv'n unto the *French!*
Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,
Ev'n as I have of fertile *England*'s ſoil.
A day will come, when *York* ſhall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the *Nevills* parts,
And make a ſhew of love to proud Duke *Humphry*;
And when I ſpy advantage, claim the Crown;
For that's the golden mark I ſeek to hit.
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* uſurp my right,
Nor hold the ſcepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whoſe church-like humour fits not for a Crown.
Then, *York*, be ſtill a while, till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleep,
To pry into the ſecrets of the State;
Till *Henry*, ſurfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and *England*'s dear-bought Queen,
And *Humphry* with the Peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raiſe aloft the milk-white Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the air ſhall be perfum'd;
And in my Standard bear the Arms of *York*,
To grapple with the houſe of *Lancaſter*;

And,

And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the Crown,
Whose bookish Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.

[*Exit* York.

SCENE *changes to the Duke of* Glouceſter's *Houſe.*

Enter Duke Humphry, *and his Wife* Eleanor.

Elean. WHY droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head with *Ceres'* plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the ſullen earth,
Gazing at That which ſeems to dim thy ſight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henry*'s Diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If ſo, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold:
What! is't too ſhort? I'll lengthen it with mine.
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt love thy lord,
Baniſh the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine Ill
Againſt my King and nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt Breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night do make me ſad.

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With ſweet rehearſal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this Staff, mine office-badge in Court,
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot;
But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
And, on the pieces of the broken wand,
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerſet*,

And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of *Suffolk*.
This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a ſtick of *Glo'ſter*'s grove,
Shall loſe his head for his preſumption.
But liſt to me, my *Humphry*, my ſweet Duke:
Methought, I ſat in ſeat of Majeſty,
In the Cathedral church of *Weſtminſter*,
And in that Chair where Kings and Queens were crown'd;
Where *Henry* and *Marg'ret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did ſet the Diadem.
Glo. Nay, *Eleanor*, then muſt I chide outright:
Preſumptuous Dame, ill-nurtur'd *Eleanor*,
Art thou not ſecond woman in the Realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly pleaſure at command,
Above the reach or compaſs of thy thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thy ſelf,
From top of honour to diſgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Elean. What, what, my lord! are you ſo cholerick
With *Eleanor*, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto my ſelf,
And not be check'd.
Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord Protector, 'tis his Highneſs' pleaſure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. *Albans*,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go: come, *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us?
[*Exit* Glouceſter.
Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow preſently.
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While *Glo'ſter* bears this baſe and humble mind.
Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove theſe tedious ſtumbling-blocks;
And ſmooth my way upon their headleſs necks.

And

And being a woman, I will not be ſlack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jeſus preſerve your Royal Majeſty!
Elean. What ſay'ſt thou? Majeſty? I am but Grace.
Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Hume*'s advice,
Your Grace's title ſhall be multiply'd.
Elean. What ſay'ſt thou, man? haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margery Jordan*, the cunning witch;
And *Roger Bolingbroke* the conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promiſed, to ſhew your Highneſs
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That ſhall make anſwer to ſuch queſtions,
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.
Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the queſtions:
When from St. *Albans* we do make return,
We'll ſee thoſe things effected to the full.
Here, *Hume*, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cauſe.
[*Exit* Eleanor.
Hume. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Dutcheſs' gold:
Marry, and ſhall; but how now, Sir *John Hume?*
Seal up your lips, and give no words, but *mum!*
The buſineſs asketh ſilent ſecrecy.
Dame *Eleanor* gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coaſt:
I dare not ſay from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;
Yet I do find it ſo: for to be plain,
They (knowing Dame *Eleanor*'s aſpiring humour)
Have hired me to undermine the Dutcheſs;
And buz theſe conjurations in her brain.
They ſay, a crafty knave does need no broker;

Yet am I *Suffolk*'s, and the Cardinal's, broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, ſo it ſtands; and thus I fear at laſt,
Hume's knavery will be the Dutcheſs' wrack,
And her Attainture will be *Humphry*'s Fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter *the Armorer's man being one.*

1 *Pet.* MY maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our ſupplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Jeſu bleſs him!

Enter Suffolk, *and Queen.*

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the Queen with him: I'll be the firſt, ſure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*, and not my lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow, would'ſt any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord Protector.

Q. *Mar. To my lord Protector?* [*reading*] Are your ſupplications to his lordſhip? let me ſee them; what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *John Goodman*, my lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my houſe and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that's ſome wrong, indeed. What's yours? what's here? [*Reads.*] *Againſt the Duke of* Suffolk, *for incloſing the Commons of* Long Melford. How now, Sir Knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole Townſhip.

Suf.

Suf. reads.] *Againſt my maſter*, Thomas Horner, *for ſaying, that the Duke of* York *was rightful heir to the Crown.*

Q. *Mar.* What! did the Duke of *York* ſay, he was rightful heir to the Crown?

Peter. That my miſtreſs was? no, forſooth; my maſter ſaid, that he was; and that the King was an uſurper.

Suf. Who is there?——Take this fellow in, and ſend for his maſter with a purſuivant, preſently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[*Exit* Peter *guarded.*

Q. *Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's Grace,
Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.

[*Tears the ſupplications.*

Away, baſe cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. *Mar.* My lord of *Suffolk*, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the faſhion in the Court of *England?*
Is this the Government of *Britain*'s Iſle?
And this the royalty of *Albion*'s King?
What! ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupil ſtill,
Under the ſurly *Glo'ſter*'s governance?
Am I a Queen in title and in ſtyle,
And muſt be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a-tilt in honour of my love,
And ſtol'ſt away the ladies hearts of *France*;
I thought, King *Henry* had reſembled thee
In courage, courtſhip, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
To number *Ave Maries* on his beads;
His champions are the Prophets and Apoſtles;
His weapons holy Saws of ſacred Writ;
His ſtudy is his tilt-yard; and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd ſaints.
I would, the College of the Cardinals
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,

And set the triple Crown upon his head;
That were a State fit for his holiness!

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
Your Highness came to *England*, so will I
In *England* work your Grace's full content.

Q. *Mar.* Beside the proud Protector, have we *Beauford*
Th' imperious Churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*; and not the least of these
But can do more in *England*, than the King.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in *England* than the *Nevils*;
Salisb'ry and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

Q. *Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud Dame, the lord Protector's wife:
She sweeps it through the Court with troops of ladies,
More like an Empress than Duke *Humphry*'s wife.
Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen;
She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous, base-born, Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands;
Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his daughter!

Suf. Madam, my self have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays;
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest; and, Madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in disgrace.
As for the Duke of *York*, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last;
And you your self shall steer the happy Realm.

To them enter King Henry, *Duke* Humphry, *Cardinal*, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, *and the Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry*. For my part, noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *York*, all's one to me.
York. If *York* have ill demean'd himſelf in *France*,
Then let him be deny'd the Regentſhip.
Som. If *Somerſet* be unworthy of the Place,
Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.
War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that; *York* is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy Betters ſpeak.
War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this Preſence are thy betters, *Warwick*.
War. *Warwick* may live to be the beſt of all.
Sal. Peace, Son; and ſhew ſome reaſon, *Buckingham*,
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferr'd in this.
Q. *Mar*. Becauſe the King, forſooth, will have it ſo.
Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himſelf
To give his Cenſure: theſe are no woman's matters.
Q. *Mar*. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm;
And, at his pleaſure, will reſign my Place.
Suf. Reſign it then, and leave thine inſolence.
Since thou wert King, (as who is King, but thou?)
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack.
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the ſeas,
And all the Peers, and Nobles of the Realm,
Have been as bond-men to thy ſov'raignty.
Car. The Commons haſt thou rack'd; the Clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy ſumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have coſt a maſs of publick treaſury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law;
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. *Mar.* Thy ſale of offices and towns in *France*,
If they were known, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* Glo.
Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?
[*She gives the Dutcheſs a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?
Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd ſet my ten commandments in your face.
K. *Henry.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas againſt her will.
Elean. Againſt her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place moſt Maſter wears no breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Eleanor* unrevenged.
[*Exit* Eleanor.
Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow *Eleanor*,
And liſten after *Humphry*, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her fume can need no ſpurs;
She'll gallop faſt enough to her deſtruction.
[*Exit* Buckingham.

Re-enter Duke Humphry.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your ſpightful falſe objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the law.
But God in mercy deal ſo with my ſoul,
As I in duty love my King and Country!
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I ſay, my Sovereign, *York* is meeteſt man
To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.
Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To ſhew ſome reaſon of no little force,
That *York* is moſt unmeet of any man.
York. I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet:
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,

My

My lord of *Somerſet* will keep me here
Without diſcharge, mony or furniture,
Till *France* be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Laſt time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till *Paris* was beſieg'd, famiſh'd and loſt.

War. That I can witneſs, and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-ſtrong *Warwick*.

War. Image of pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Horner *the Armorer, and his Man* Peter, *guarded.*

Suf. Becauſe here is a man accus'd of treaſon:
Pray God, the Duke of *York* excuſe himſelf!

York. Doth any one accuſe *York* for a traitor?

K. *Henry.* What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolk?* tell me, what are theſe?

Suf. Pleaſe it your Majeſty, this is the man,
That doth accuſe his maſter of high treaſon:
His words were theſe; "that *Richard* Duke of *York*
"Was rightful heir unto the *Engliſh* Crown;
"And that your Majeſty was an uſurper.

K. *Henry.* Say, man; were theſe thy words?

Arm. An't ſhall pleaſe your Majeſty, I never ſaid nor thought any ſuch matter; God is my witneſs, I am falſly accus'd by the villain.

Peter. By theſe ten bones, my lord, he did ſpeak them to me in the garret one night, as we were ſcow'ring my lord of *York*'s armour.

York. Baſe dunghil villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's ſpeech:
I do beſeech your royal Majeſty,
Let him have all the rigor of the Law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I ſpake the words. My accuſer is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witneſs of this; therefore I beſeech your Majeſty, do not caſt away an honeſt man for a villain's accuſation.

K. *Henry.* Uncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in Law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o'er the *French*,
Becauſe in *York* this breeds ſuſpicion.
And let theſe have a day appointed them
For ſingle Combat in convenient place;
For he hath witneſs of his ſervant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke *Humphry*'s doom.

K. *Henry.* Then be it ſo: My Lord of *Somerſet*, (4)
We make your Grace Regent over the *French.*

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majeſty.

Arm. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's ſake, pity my caſe; the ſpight of man prevaileth againſt me. O lord have mercy upon me! I ſhall never be able to fight a blow: O lord, my heart!—

Glo. Sirrah, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.

K. *Henry.* Away with them to priſon; and the day of Combat ſhall be the laſt of the next month. Come, *Somerſet*, we'll ſee thee ſent away. [*Flour. Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Witch's Cave.*

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, *and* Bolingbroke.

Hume. COME, my maſters; the Dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promiſes.

Boling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her ladyſhip behold and hear our exorciſms?

Hume. Ay, what elſe? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible ſpirit; but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſie below; and ſo I pray you go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit.* Hume.] Mother *Jordan*, be proſtrate and grovel on the earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

(4) *K.* Henry. *Then be it ſo*, &c.] Theſe two Lines I have inſerted from the Old *Quarto*; and, as I think, very neceſſarily. For, without them, the King has not declar'd his Aſſent to *Glouceſter*'s Opinion: and the Duke of *Somerſet* is made to thank him for the *Regency*, before the King has deputed him to it.

Enter Eleanor, *above.*

Elean. Well ſaid, my maſters, and welcome to all: to this geer, the ſooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,
The time of night when *Troy* was ſet on fire,
The time, when ſcreech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl;
When ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves;
That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, Sit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe,
We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle;* Bolingbroke *or* Southwel *reads,* Conjuro te, *&c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. Adſum.

M. *Jord. Aſmuth,* by the eternal God, whoſe name
And power thou trembleſt at, tell what I ask;
For till thou ſpeak, thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt.——That I had ſaid, and done!

Boling. Firſt, of the King: What ſhall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe:
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit ſpeaks, they write the anſwer.*

Boling. Tell me, what fates await the Duke of *Suffolk?*

Spirit. By Water ſhall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What ſhall befall the Duke of *Somerſet?*

Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles,
Safer ſhall he be on the ſandy plains,
Than where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Deſcend to darkneſs, and the burning lake:
Falſe fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit deſcends.*

Enter

Enter the Duke of York, *and the Duke of* Buckingham, *with their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash:
Beldame, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, Madam, are you there? the King and Realm
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to *England*'s King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all: What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,
And kept apart. You, Madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.
We'll see your Trinkets here forth-coming all.
[*Exeunt Guards with* Jordan, Southwel, *&c.*

York. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks, you watch'd her well;
A pretty Plot, well chose to build upon.
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's Writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The Duke yet lives, that Henry *shall depose;*
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just, *Aio te Æacida Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk?*
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset?*
Let him shun castles,
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords;
These Oracles are hardily attain'd, (5)
And hardly understood.

The

(5) *These Oracles are* hardly *attain'd,*
And hardly understood.] Not only the Lameness of the Versification, but the Imperfection of the Sense too, made me suspect this passage to be corrupt. The Meaning is very poor, as it stands in all the printed Copies; but I have formerly, by the Addition of a single Letter, both help'd

The King is now in progreſs tow'rds St. *Albans*;
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go theſe news, as faſt as horſe can carry them:
A ſorry breakfaſt for my lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace ſhall give me leave, my lord of *York*,
To be the Poſt, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleaſure, my good lord.
Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
To ſup with me to morrow night. Away! [*Exeunt.*

help'd the Verſe and the Sentiment. *York*, ſeizing the Parties and their Papers, ſays, he'll ſee the Devil's *Writ*; and finding the Wizard's Anſwers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general Comment upon ſuch ſort of Intelligence, as I have reſtor'd the Text:

Theſe Oracles are hardily *attain'd,*
And hardly underſtood.

i. e. A great Riſque and Hazard is run to obtain them, (*viz.* going to the Devil for them, as 'twas pretended and ſuppos'd:) and likewiſe the incurring ſevere Penalties by the Statute-Law againſt ſuch Practices; and yet after theſe *hardy* Steps taken, the Informations are ſo perplex'd that they are *hardly* to be underſtood.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *at St.* Albans.

Enter King Henry, *Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and* Suffolk, *with Faulkners hallowing.*

Q. MARGARET.

BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years day;
Yet by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

K. *Henry.* But what a point, my lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
My lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well;
They know, their Master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to heav'n?

K. *Henry.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a Crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That Smooth'st it so with King and Common-weal!

Glo.

Glo. What, Card'nal! Is your prieſthood grown ſo peremptory? *Tantæne animis Cæleſtibus iræ?*
Churchmen ſo hot? good uncle, hide ſuch malice.
With ſuch Holineſs can you do it?
Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and ſo bad a Peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as yourſelf, my lord;
An't like your lordly, lord Protectorſhip.
Glo. Why, *Suffolk*, *England* knows thine inſolence.
Q. *Mar.* And thy ambition, *Glo'ſter*.
K. *Henry.* I pr'ythee, peace, good Queen;
And whet not on theſe too-too furious Peers,
For bleſſed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,
Againſt this proud Protector, with my ſword!
Glo. Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that.
Car. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, [*Aſide.*
In thine own perſon anſwer thy abuſe.
Car. Ay, where thou dar'ſt not peep: and, if thou dar'ſt,
This Ev'ning on the eaſt ſide of the grove.
K. *Henry.* How now, my lords?
Car. Believe me, couſin *Glo'ſter*,
Had not your man put up the fowl ſo ſuddenly,
We'd had more ſport——Come with thy two-hand ſword. (6) [*Aſide to* Glo.
Glo. True, uncle.

(6) —— *Come with thy two-hand Sword.*
Glo. *True, Uncle, are ye advis'd? The eaſt ſide of the Grove.*
Cardinal, I am with You.] Thus is this whole Speech plac'd to *Glouceſter*, in all the Editions: but ſurely, with great Inadvertence. It is the *Cardinal*, who firſt appoints the Eaſt Side of the Grove for the place of *Duell*: and how finely does it expreſs the Rancour and Impetuoſity of the *Cardinal*, for Fear *Glouceſter* ſhould miſtake, to repeat the Appointment, and ask his Antagoniſt if he takes him right! So I have ventur'd to regulate the Speeches; as it improves a Beauty, and avoids an Abſurdity.

Car.

Car. Are you advis'd?—The east side of the Grove.
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*
K. *Henry.* Why how now, uncle *Glo'ster?*
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, Priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my Fence shall fail. [*Aside.*
Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice, teipsum.*
Protector, see to't well, protect your self. [lords.
K. *Henry.* The winds grow high, so do your stomachs,
How irksome is this musick to my heart?
When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
One. A miracle, a miracle!
Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.
One. Forsooth, a blind man at St. *Alban*'s shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. *Henry.* Now God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, *and his brethren, bearing* Simpcox *between two in a chair,* Simpcox's *wife following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
Before your Highness to present the man.
K. *Henry.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.
Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the King,
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. *Henry.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we, for thee, may glorifie the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, and't please your Grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, and't like your worſhip.

Glo. Had'ſt thou been his mother, thou couldſt have better told.

K. *Henry.* Where wert thou born?

Simp. At *Berwick* in the north, and't like your Grace.

K. *Henry.* Poor Soul, God's goodneſs hath been great to thee:
Let never day or night unhallowed paſs,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'ſt thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy ſhrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftner, in my ſleep,
By good Saint *Alban*; who ſaid, "*Simpcox*, come; (7)
"Come offer at my ſhrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Moſt true, forſooth; and many a time and oft
My ſelf have heard a voice to call him ſo.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'ſt thou ſo?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, maſter.

Glo. How long haſt thou been blind?

Simp. O, born ſo, maſter.

Glo. What, and would'ſt climb a tree?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Maſs, thou lov'dſt plums well, that wouldſt venture ſo.

(7) ——*who ſaid*, Simon, *come*;
Come offer at my Shrine, and I will help thee.] The Editions here are all at odds with the Hiſtory.——For why, *Simon?* The *Chronicles*, that take Notice of *Gloſter*'s detecting this pretended Miracle, tell us, that the Impoſtor, who aſſerted himſelf to be cur'd of Blindneſs, was call'd *Saunder Simpcox*.——*Simon* was therefore a Corruption thro' the Negligence of the Copyiſts, and continued by the Indolence of the Editors. Nor have we need of going back to *Chronicles* to ſettle this Point, ſince our Poet, in the Courſe of this very Scene, gives us the Fellow's Names correſpondent with the Hiſtory. I corrected this Blunder in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſaf'd to reform it from thence in his laſt Impreſſion.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve:
Let's see thine eyes; wink now, now open them;
In my opinion, yet, thou seest not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint *Alban.*
Glo. Say'st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master, red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.
K. *Henry.* Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, an if it please you, master.
Glo. *Saunder*, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom.
If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish colours:
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.
My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a miracle:
Would ye not think that Cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?
Simp. O master, that you could!
Glo. My masters of Saint *Albans*,
Have you not beadles in your town,
And things call'd whips?
Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither ſtraight.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Glo. Now fetch me a ſtool hither. Now, Sirrah, if you mean to ſave your ſelf from whipping, leap me over this ſtool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone: you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glo. Well, Sir, we muſt have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over that ſame ſtool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, Sirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand.

[*After the beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the ſtool and runs away; and they follow and cry,* A miracle!

K. *Henry.* O God, ſeeſt thou this, and bear'ſt ſo long!

Queen. It made me laugh to ſee the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town, till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle, with the Woman.*

Car. Duke *Humphry* has done a miracle to day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. *Henry.* What tidings with our couſin *Buckingham?*

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's wife,
(The ring-leader and head of all this rout)
Have practis'd dangerouſly againſt your ſtate;
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,

Raiſing up wicked Spirits from under ground;
Demanding of King *Henry*'s life and death,
And other of your Highneſs' privy-council,
As more at large your Grace ſhall underſtand.

Car. And ſo, my lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forth coming, yet at *London.*
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge.
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aſide to* Glo'ſter.

Glo. Ambitious Church-man! leave t'afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquiſh'd all my powers;
And vanquiſh'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meaneſt groom.

K. *Henry.* O God, what miſchiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confuſion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Glo'ſter, ſee here the tainture of thy neſt,
And look, thy ſelf be faultleſs, thou wert beſt.

Glo. Madam, for my ſelf, to heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and common-weal:
And for my wife, I know not how it ſtands.
Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
Noble ſhe is; but if ſhe have forgot
Honour and Virtue, and convers'd with ſuch
As, like to pitch, defile Nobility;
I baniſh her my bed and company:
And give her as a prey to law and ſhame,
That hath diſhonour'd *Glo'ſter*'s honeſt name.

K. *Henry.* Well, for this night we will repoſe us here;
To morrow toward *London* back again,
To look into this buſineſs thoroughly,
And call theſe foul offenders to their anſwers;
And poiſe the Cauſe in Juſtice' equal ſcales,
Whoſe beam ſtands ſure, whoſe rightful cauſe prevails.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Duke of* York's *Palace.*

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

York. NOW, my good lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
Our ſimple ſupper ended, give me leave,
In this cloſe walk to ſatisfy my ſelf;
In craving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to *England*'s Crown.
Salis. My lord, I long to hear it thus at full.
War. Sweet *York*, begin; and if thy Claim be good,
The *Nevils* are thy ſubjects to command.
York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had ſeven ſons:
The firſt, *Edward* the black Prince, Prince of *Wales*;
The ſecond, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence*; next to whom
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaſter*;
The fifth was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of *York*;
The ſixth, was *Thomas* of *Woodſtock*, Duke of *Glo'ſter*;
William of *Windſor* was the ſeventh and laſt.
Edward the black Prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his only ſon,
Who, after *Edward* the Third's death, reign'd King;
Till *Henry Bolingbroke*, Duke of *Lancaſter*,
The eldeſt ſon and heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful King;
Sent his poor Queen to *France* from whence ſhe came,
And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,
Harmleſs King *Richard* trait'rouſly was murther'd.
War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the houſe of *Lancaſter* the Crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For *Richard* the firſt ſon's heir being dead,
The Iſſue of the next ſon ſhould have reign'd.
Sal. But *William* of *Hatfield* dy'd without an heir.

York. The third ſon, Duke of *Clarence*, from whoſe Line
I claim the Crown, had iſſue *Philip*, a daughter,
Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
Edmond had iſſue, *Roger* Earl of *March*:
Roger had iſſue, *Edmund*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*.

Sal. This *Edmond*, in the reign of *Bolingbroke*,
As I have read, laid Claim unto the Crown;
And, but for *Owen Glendour*, had been King;
Who kept him in captivity, till he dy'd.
But, to the reſt——

York. His eldeſt ſiſter, *Anne*,
My mother, being heir unto the Crown,
Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was the ſon to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the Third's fifth ſon.——
By her I claim the Kingdom; ſhe was heir
To *Roger* Earl of *March*, who was the ſon
Of *Edmond Mortimer*, who married *Philip*,
Sole daughter unto *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.
So, if the Iſſue of the elder ſon
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the Crown from *John* of *Gaunt*,
The fourth ſon; *York* here claims it from the third.
Till *Lionel*'s Iſſue fail, his ſhould not reign;
It fails not yet, but flouriſheth in thee
And in thy ſons, fair ſlips of ſuch a ſtock.
Then, father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private Plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightful Soveraign
With honour of his birth-right to the Crown.

Both. Long live our Sov'raign *Richard*, *England*'s King!

York. We thank you, lords: but I am not your King
Till I be crown'd; and that my ſword be ſtain'd
With heart-blood of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and ſilent ſecrecy.
Do you, as I do, in theſe dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk*'s Inſolence,
At *Beauford*'s Pride, at *Somerſet*'s Ambition,

At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them;
Till they have ſnar'd the ſhepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*:
'Tis That they ſeek; and they in ſeeking That
Shall ſeek their deaths, if *York* can propheſie.

Sal. My lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart aſſures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*
Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.

York. And, *Nevil*, this I do aſſure my ſelf:
Richard ſhall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greateſt man in *England*, but the King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Houſe near to* Smithfield.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry *and Nobles; the Dutcheſs, Mother* Jordan, Southwell, Hume, *and* Bolingbroke, *under guard.*

K. *Henry.* STAND forth, Dame *Eleanor Cobham*, *Glo'ſter*'s wife,
In ſight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the ſentence of the law for ſins,
Such as by God's Book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to priſon, back again;
From thence unto the place of execution;
The Witch in *Smithfield* ſhall be burn'd to aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the gallows.
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Deſpoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days open Penance done,
Live in your country here, in Baniſhment,
With Sir *John Stanley*, in the *Iſle of Man.*

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. The law, thou ſeeſt, hath judg'd thee, *Eleanor*;
I cannot juſtifie, whom law condemns.
[*Exeunt* Eleanor, *and the others, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, *Humphry!* this diſhonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground.

I beſeech your Majeſty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would Solace, and my age would Eaſe.

K. *Henry*. Stay *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ſter*; ere thou go,
Give up thy ſtaff; *Henry* will to himſelf
Protector be, and God ſhall be my hope,
My ſtay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, *Humphry*, no leſs belov'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. *Mar*. I ſee no reaſon, why a King of years
Should be to be protected like a child:
God and King *Henry* govern *England*'s Realm:
Give up your ſtaff, Sir, and the King his Realm.

Glo. My ſtaff? here, noble *Henry*, is my ſtaff:
As willingly do I the ſame reſign,
As e'er thy father *Henry* made it mine;
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
Farewel, good King; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable Peace attend thy Throne. [*Exit* Glo'ſter.

Q. *Mar*. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Marg'ret* Queen.
And *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ſter*, ſcarce himſelf,
That bears ſo ſhrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady baniſh'd, and a limb lopt off:
This ſtaff of honour raught, there let it ſtand,
Where beſt it fits to be, in *Henry*'s hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his ſprayes;
Thus *Eleanor*'s pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. Pleaſe it your Majeſty,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the liſts,
So pleaſe your Highneſs to behold the fight.

Q. *Mar*. Ay, good my lord; for purpoſely therefore
Left I the Court, to ſee this Quarrel try'd.

K. *Henry*. A' God's name ſee the liſts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God guard the right.

York. I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant!
The ſervant of the armourer, my lords.

Enter

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sand-bag fastned to it (8); *and at the other door his man, with a drum and a sand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for *Peter*.

1 *Pren.* Here, *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy master; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, *Robin*: if I die, I give thee my apron; and, *Will*, thou shall have my hammer; and here, *Tom*, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bless me I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump? Then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and my self an honest man: and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take

(8) *With a* Sand-bag *fasten'd to it.*] As, according to the Old Laws of Duels, Knights were to fight with the Lance and Sword; so those of inferior Rank fought with an *Ebon* Staff or Battoon, to the farther End of which was fix'd a Bag cram'd hard with Sand. To this Custom *Hudibras* has alluded in these humorous Lines:

Engag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags *did of old.*

Mr. *Warburton.*

my

my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, *Peter*, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Diſpatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets; Alarum to the Combatants.

[*They fight, and* Peter *ſtrikes him down.*

Arm. Hold, *Peter*, hold; I confeſs, I confeſs treaſon. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon: fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy maſter's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this O *Peter*, thou haſt prevail'd in right. [Preſence?

K. *Henry.* Go, take hence that traitor from our ſight,
[85] For by his death we do perceive his guilt.
And God in juſtice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to murder wrongfully..
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Duke Humphry *and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.*

Glo. THUS ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a cloud;
And, after ſummer, evermore ſucceeds
Barren winter with his wrathful nipping Cold;
[39] So cares and joys abound, as ſeaſons fleet.
Sirs, what's a-clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the Coming of my puniſh'd Dutcheſs:
Unneath may ſhe endure the flinty ſtreets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks ſtill laughing at thy ſhame;
That erſt did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didſt ride in triumph thro' the ſtreets.
But ſoft! I think, ſhe comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-ſtain'd eyes to ſee her miſeries.

Enter

Enter the Dutcheſs in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, *a Sheriff and Officers.*

Serv. So pleaſe your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo. No, ſtir not for your lives, let her paſs by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou doſt penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, *Glo'ſter*, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy cloſet pent up, rue my ſhame,
And ban our enemies both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle *Nell*; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah *Glo'ſter*, teach me to forget my ſelf:
For whilſt I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Methinks, I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I ſtart, the cruel people laugh;
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
Ah *Humphry*, can I bear this ſhameful yoak?
Trow'ſt thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy, that enjoy the ſun?
No: dark ſhall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp, ſhall be my hell.
Sometime I'll ſay, I am Duke *Humphry*'s wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
That he ſtood by, whilſt I, his forlorn Dutcheſs,
Was made a wonder and a pointing ſtock
To every idle, raſcal follower.
But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtir at nothing, till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, ſure, it ſhortly will.
For *Suffolk*, (he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates us all)

And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe prieſt,
Have all lim'd buſhes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou, how thou canſt, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor never ſeek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry.
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And, had I twenty times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs.
Wouldſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy ſcandal were not wip'd away;
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, gentle *Nell:*
I pray thee, ſort thy heart to patience;
Theſe few days wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Majeſty's Parliament holden at *Bury*, the firſt of this next month.

Glo. And my conſent ne'er ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there;
[*Exit Herald.*
My *Nell*, I take my leave: and maſter Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commiſſion.

Sher. And't pleaſe your Grace, here my commiſſion ſtays:
And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the *Iſle of Man.*

Glo. Muſt you, Sir *John*, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace,

Glo. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well; the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if
You do it her: and ſo, Sir *John*, farewel.

Elean. What gone, my lord, and bid me not farewel?

Glo. Witneſs my tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me; my joy is death;

Death,

Death, at whoſe name I oft have been afraid,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the *Iſle of Man*;
There to be us'd according to your State.
Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. No; like a Dutcheſs, and Duke *Humphry*'s lady,
According to that State you ſhall be us'd.
Elean. Sheriff, farewel, and better than I fare;
Although thou haſt been conduct of my ſhame.
Sher. It is my office; Madam, pardon me.
Elean. Ay, ay, farewel; thy office is diſcharg'd.
Come, *Stanley*, ſhall we go?
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this ſheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Elean. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my ſheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt robes,
And ſhew it ſelf, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *at* Bury.

Enter King Henry, *Queen, Cardinal,* Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury *and* Warwick, *to the Parliament.*

K. HENRY.

I Muſe, my lord of *Glo'ſter* is not come:
'Tis not his Wont to be the hindmoſt man,
Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.
Q. *Mar.* Can you not ſee? or will you not obſerve
The ſtrangeneſs of his alter'd countenance?
With what a Majeſty he bears himſelf,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himſelf!
We know the time, ſince he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee;
That all the Court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and ſhews an angry eye;
And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed knee,
Diſdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
But great men tremble, when the Lion roars;
And *Humphry* is no little man in *England.*
Firſt note, that he is near you in deſcent;
And, ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no policy,
(Reſpecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your deceaſe)

That

That he ſhould come about your royal perſon,
Or be admitted to your Highneſs' Council.
By flatt'ry hath he won the common hearts:
And when he'll pleaſe to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and weeds are ſhallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden;
And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect theſe dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:
Which fear, if better reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay, I wrong'd the Duke.
My lords of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or elſe conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highneſs ſeen into this Duke.
And had I firſt been put to ſpeak my mind,
I think, I ſhould have told your Grace's tale.
The Dutcheſs, by his ſubornation,
Upon my life, began her deviliſh practices:
Or if he were not privy to thoſe faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high deſcent,
As next the King he was ſucceſſive heir,
And ſuch high vaunts of his Nobility,
Did inſtigate the bedlam brain-ſick Dutcheſs
By wicked means to frame our Sov'raign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours treaſon.
The Fox barks not, when he would ſteal the Lamb.
No, no, my Soveraign; *Glo'ſter* is a man
Unſounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Deviſe ſtrange deaths for ſmall offences done?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorſhip,
Levy great ſums of money through the Realm
For ſoldiers Pay in *France*, and never ſent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults, to faults unknown;
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humphry*.

K. *Henry.* My lords, at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praiſe; but ſhall I ſpeak my conſcience?
Our kinſman *Glo'ſter* is as innocent
From meaning treaſon to our royal perſon,
As is the ſucking Lamb or harmleſs Dove:
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfal.

Q. *Mar.* Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's diſpoſed as the hateful Raven.
Is he a Lamb? his skin is, ſurely, lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous Wolf.
Who cannot ſteal a ſhape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All health unto my gracious Soveraign!

K. *Henry.* Welcome, lord *Somerſet*; what news from *France?*

Som. That all your int'reſt in thoſe territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt.

K. *Henry.* Cold news, lord *Somerſet*; but God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,
As firmly as I hope for fertile *England.*
Thus are my bloſſoms blaſted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or ſell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aſide.*

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. All happineſs unto my lord the King!
Pardon, my Liege, that I have ſtaid ſo long.

Suf. Nay, *Glo'ſter*, know, that thou art come too ſoon,
Unleſs thou wert more loyal than thou art;
I do arreſt thee of high treaſon here.

Glo.

Glo. Well, *Suffolk*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for this Arreſt:
A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt Spring is not ſo free from mud,
As I am clear from treaſon to my Soveraign.
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of *France*;
And, being Protector, ſtaid the ſoldiers Pay;
By means whereof his Highneſs hath loſt *France*.

Glo. Is it but thought ſo? what are they, that think it?
I never robb'd the ſoldiers of their Pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from *France*.
So help me God! as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in ſtudying good for *England*.
That doit that e'er I wreſted from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my uſe,
Be brought againſt me at my tryal day.
No; many a pound of my own proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not tax the needy Commons,
Have I diſ-purſed to the Garriſons,
And never ask'd for reſtitution.

Car. It ſerves you well, my lord, to ſay ſo much.

Glo. I ſay no more than truth, ſo help me God!

York. In your Protectorſhip you did deviſe
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of;
That *England* was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an offender's tears;
And lowly words were ranſom for their fault:
Unleſs it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor paſſengers,
I never gave them condign puniſhment.
Murther, indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what treſpaſs elſe.

Suf. My lord, theſe faults are eaſie, quickly anſwer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge your ſelf.
I do arreſt you in his Highneſs' name,

And here commit you to my lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of tryal.

K. *Henry.* My lord of *Glo'ſter*, 'tis my ſpecial Hope,
That you will clear your ſelf from all ſuſpicion;
My conſcience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, theſe days are dangerous:
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And Charity chas'd hence by Rancor's hand;
Foul Subornation is predominant,
And Equity exil'd your Highneſs' Land.
I know, their complot is to have my life:
And, if my death might make this Iſland happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingneſs.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beauford's red ſparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And *Suffolk*'s cloudy brow his ſtormed hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue
The envious load, that lies upon his heart:
And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
Whoſe over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By falſe Accuſe doth level at my life.
And you, my ſovereign lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſs have laid diſgraces on my head;
And with your beſt endeavour have ſtirr'd up
My liefeſt Liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
(My ſelf had notice of your conventicles)
And all to make away my guiltleſs life.
I ſhall not want falſe witneſs to condemn me,
Nor ſtore of treaſons to augment my guilt:
The antient proverb will be well effected,
A ſtaff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If thoſe, that care to keep your royal perſon
From treaſon's ſecret knife and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,

And

And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our ſovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clarkly coucht?
As if ſhe had ſuborned Some to ſwear
Falſe allegations, to o'erthrow his ſtate.
Q. *Mar.* But I can give the loſer leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer ſpoke, than meant; I loſe, indeed;
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe;
And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.
Buck. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your priſoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.
Glo. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the ſhepherd beaten from thy ſide;
And wolves are gnarling, who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah, that my fear were falſe! ah, that it were!
For, good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear. [*Exit, guarded.*
K. *Henry.* My lords, what to your wiſdom ſeemeth
Do or undo, as if our ſelf were here. [beſt,
Q. *Mar.* What, will your Highneſs leave the Parliament?
K. *Henry.* Ay, *Margaret*; my heart is drown'd with
Whoſe flood begins to flow within my eyes; [grief,
My body round engirt with miſery:
For what's more miſerable than diſcontent?
Ah, uncle *Humphry!* in thy face I ſee
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty:
And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith;
What low'ring ſtar now envies thy eſtate?
That theſe great lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs life,
That never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong.
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrives, (9)

(9) *And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,*
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays,] But how can it *ſtray*, when

Bearing it to the bloody ſlaughter-houſe:
Even ſo, remorſleſs, have they born him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmleſs young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loſs:
Even ſo my ſelf bewail good *Glo'ſter*'s caſe
With ſad unhelpful tears; and with dim'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say, who's a traitor? *Glo'ſter* he is none. [*Exit.*

Q. *Mar.* Free lords, cold ſnow melts with the ſun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of fooliſh pity: *Glo'ſter*'s ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers:
Or as the ſnake, roll'd in a flowry bank,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough, doth ſting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wiſe than I,
(And yet herein I judge my own wit good)
This *Glo'ſter* ſhould be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he ſhould die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by courſe of law.

Suf. But in my mind, that were no policy:
The King will labour ſtill to ſave his life,

when it is *bound?* The Poet certainly intended, when it *ſtrives*; i. e. when it ſtruggles to get looſe. And ſo he elſewhere employs this Word. *Love's Labour loſt.*

Thus doſt thou hear the Nemean *Lion roar,*
'Gainſt thee, thou Lamb, that ſtandeſt as his Prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely Feet before,
And he from Forage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive, *poor Soul, what art thou then?*
Food for his Rage, repaſture for his Den.

So in *Othello,* where he is ſtrangling his Wife;

Deſd. *Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.*
Oth. *Nay, if you* ſtrive;—— Dr. *Thirlby.*

The Commons haply riſe to ſave his life,
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than miſtruſt, that ſhews him worthy death.
York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
Suf. Ah, *York*, no man alive ſo fain as I.
York. 'Tis *York*, that hath more reaſon for his death.
But my lord Cardinal, and you my lord of *Suffolk*,
Say as you think, and ſpeak it from your ſouls:
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were ſet
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke *Humphry* for the King's Protector?
Q. *Mar.* So the poor chicken ſhould be ſure of death.
Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not madneſs, then,
To make the fox ſurveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted over,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By Nature prov'd an enemy to the flock;
Before his chaps be ſtain'd with crimſon blood,
As *Humphry* prov'd by reaſons to my Liege;
And do not ſtand on quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by ginns, by ſnares, by ſubtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.
Q. *Mar.* Thrice-noble *Suffolk*, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.
Suf. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done;
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerve my Soveraign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his prieſt.
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of *Suffolk*,
Ere you can take due orders for a prieſt:
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafety of my Liege.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Q. *Mar.* And ſo ſay I.

York. And I: and now we three have ſpoke it,
It skills not greatly, who impugns our doom.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. Great lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,
To ſignifie that Rebels there are up,
And put the *Engliſhmen* unto the ſword:
Send ſuccours, lords, and ſtop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient Stop!
What counſel give you in this weighty cauſe?

York. That *Somerſet* be ſent a Regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd:
Witneſs the fortune he hath had in *France.*——

Som. If *York*, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the Regent there inſtead of me,
He never would have ſtaid in *France* ſo long.

York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done:
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſcar, character'd on thy skin:
Mens fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win.

Q. *Mar.* Nay, then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good *York*; ſweet *Somerſet*, be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *York*, hadſt thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.

York. What, worſe than nought? nay, then a ſhame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wiſheſt ſhame!

Car. My lord of *York*, try what your fortune is;
Th' uncivil Kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of *Engliſhmen.*
To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county ſome,
And try your hap againſt the *Iriſhmen?*

York. I will, my lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty.

Suf. Why, our Authority is his conſent;
And what we do eſtabliſh, he confirms;
Then, noble *York*, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: provide me ſoldiers, lords,
Whilſt I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, lord *York*, that I will ſee perform'd:
But now return we to the falſe Duke *Humphry*.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble us no more:
And ſo break off: the day is almoſt ſpent:
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I muſt talk of that event.
York. My lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days
At *Briſtol* I expect my ſoldiers;
For there I'll ſhip them all for *Ireland*.
Suf. I'll ſee it truly done, my lord of *York*. [*Exeunt.*

Manet York.

York. Now, *York*, or never, ſteel thy fearful thoughts,
And change miſdoubt to reſolution:
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art
Reſign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faſter than ſpring-time ſhow'rs, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more buſie than the lab'ring ſpider,
Weaves tedious ſnares to trap mine enemies.
Well, Nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
To ſend me packing with an hoſt of men:
I fear me, you but warm the ſtarved Snake,
Who, cheriſh'd in your breaſts, will ſting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whilſt I in *Ireland* nouriſh a mighty band,
I will ſtir up in *England* ſome black ſtorm,
Shall blow ten thouſand ſouls to heav'n or hell.
And this fell tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
(Like to the glorious ſun's tranſparent beams,)

Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
And, for a miniſter of my intent,
I have ſeduc'd a headſtrong *Kentiſh* man,
John Cade of *Aſhford*,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I ſeen this ſtubborn *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelf againſt a troop of Kerns;
And fought ſo long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almoſt like a ſharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being reſcu'd, I have ſeen
Him caper upright like a wild Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty Kern,
Hath he converſed with the enemy;
And undiſcover'd come to me again,
And giv'n me notice of their villanies.
This devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in ſpeech he doth reſemble.
By this, I ſhall perceive the Commons' mind;
How they affect the Houſe and Claim of *York*.
Say, he be taken, rack'd and tortured;
I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
Will make him ſay I mov'd him to thoſe arms.
Say, that he thrive; as 'tis great like, he will;
Why, then, from *Ireland* come I with my ſtrength,
And reap the harveſt which that raſcal ſow'd:
For *Humphry* being dead, as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put a-part, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in the* Palace.

Enter two or three, running over the Stage, from the murther of Duke Humphry.

1. RUN to my lord of *Suffolk*; let him know,
We have diſpatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to do! what have we done?
Didſt ever hear a man ſo penitent?

Enter

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, Sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

1. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house; I will reward you for this vent'rous deed: The King and all the Peers are here at hand.—— Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well, According as I gave directions?

1. Yes, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt Murtherers.*

Enter King Henry, *the Queen, Cardinal,* Somerset, *with Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* Go, call our Uncle to our presence strait: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Lords, take your places: and, I pray you all, Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle *Glo'ster*, Than from true evidence, of good esteem, He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. *Mar.* God forbid, any malice should prevail, That faultless may condemn a Nobleman! Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. *Henry.* I thank thee: Well, these words content me much. (10) *Enter*

(10) *I thank thee,* Nell, *these Words content me much.*] This is K. *Henry*'s Reply to his Wife *Margaret*. Our Poet, I remember, in his King *John*, makes *Falconbridge* the Bastard, upon his first stepping into Honour, say, that he will study to forget his old Acquaintance;

And if his Name be George, *I'll call him* Peter;
For new-made Honour doth forget Men's Names.

But, surely, this is wide of King *Henry*'s Case; and it can be no Reason why he should forget his own Wife's Name, and call her *Nell* instead of *Margaret*. Perhaps, it may be alledg'd, that the Blunder was original in the Poet; that his Head was full of another Character, which he introduces in this Play, *Eleanor* Dutchess of *Glouceſter*, whom her Husband frequently calls *Nell:* and thence thro' Inadvertence he might slip into this Mistake. Were this to be allow'd the Case, is not the Mistake therefore

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk?*

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; *Glo'ſter* is dead.

Q. *Mar.* Marry, God forfend!

Car. God's ſecret judgment: I did dream to night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not ſpeak a word.
[King *ſwoons.*

Q. *Mar.* How fares my lord? help, lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the noſe.

Q. *Mar.* Run, go, help, help: oh, *Henry*, ope thine eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again; Madam, be patient.

K. *Henry.* O heav'nly God!

Q. *Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my Soveraign; gracious *Henry*, comfort.

K. *Henry.* What, doth my lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a raven's note,
Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my vital pow'rs:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt-conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poiſon with ſuch ſugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I ſay;
Their touch affrights me as a ſerpent's ſting.
Thou baleful meſſenger, out of my ſight!
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny

therefore to be rectified. As the Change of a ſingle Letter ſets all right, I am much more willing to ſuppoſe it came from his Pen thus;

I thank thee: Well; *theſe Words content me much.*

K. *Henry* was a Prince of great Piety and Meekneſs, a great Lover of his Uncle *Glouceſter*, whom his Nobles were rigidly perſecuting; and to whom he ſuſpected the Queen bore no very good Will in her Heart: But finding her, beyond his hopes, ſpeak ſo candidly in the Duke's Caſe, he is mightily comforted and contented at her impartial Seeming. I believe, every Body in Converſation muſt have obſerv'd, that, *Well*, is uſed to expreſs an Air of Satisfaction, when any Incident in Life goes to our Wiſh; or any Purpoſe, that was dreaded, happens to be diſappointed.——I amended this Paſſage in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has ſince embrac'd the Correction.

Sits

Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding!
Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Glo'ster*'s dead.

Q. *Mar.* Why do you rate my lord of *Suffolk* thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death.
And for my self, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recal his life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I, how the world may deem of me?
For, it is known, we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd, I made the Duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: ah, me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. *Henry.* Ah, woe is me for *Glo'ster*, wretched man!

Q. *Mar.* Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be poys'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in *Glo'ster*'s tomb?
Why, then, dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statue, and do worship to it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the sea,
And twice by adverse winds from *England*'s bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boaded this? but well-fore-warning winds
Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's nest;
Nor set no footing on this unkind shoar.
What did I then? but curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;

And

And bid them blow towards *England*'s bleſſed ſhoar,
Or turn our ſtern upon a dreadful rock:
Yet *Æolus* would not be a murtherer;
But left that hateful office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting ſea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing, that thou wouldſt have me drown'd on ſhoar
With tears as ſalt as ſea, through thy unkindneſs.
The ſplitting rocks cow'r'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides;
Becauſe thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy Palace periſh *Margaret*.
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy ſhoar the tempeſt beat us back,
I ſtood upon the hatches in the ſtorm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earneſt-gaping ſight of thy Land's view,
I took a coſtly jewel from my neck,
(A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)
And threw it tow'rds thy Land; the ſea receiv'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my heart.
And ev'n with this I loſt fair *England*'s view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky ſpectacles,
For loſing ken of *Albion*'s wiſhed Coaſt.
How often have I tempted *Suffolk*'s tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconſtancy)
To ſit and witch me, as *Aſcanius* did, (11)

When

(11) *To ſit and* watch *me, as* Aſcanius *did,*
When he to madding Dido *would unfold*
His Father's Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?]
The Poet here is unqueſtionably alluding to *Virgil*, (*Æneid.* I.) but he ſtrangely blends Fact with Fiction. In the firſt Place, it was *Cupid*, in the Semblance of *Aſcanius*, who ſat in *Dido*'s Lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not *Cupid*, who related to her the Proceſs of *Troy*'s Deſtruction, but it was *Æneas* himſelf, who related this Hiſtory. Again, how did the ſuppos'd *Aſcanius* ſit and *watch* her? *Cupid* was order'd, while *Dido* miſtakenly careſs'd him, to bewitch and infect her with Love. To this Circumſtance the Poet certainly alludes; and unleſs he had wrote, as I have reſtor'd to the Text;

To ſit and witch *me*,———
Why ſhould the Queen immediately draw this Inference,
Am I not witch'd *like her?*

Nor

When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy?*
Am I not witcht like her? or thou not falſe like him?
Ah me, I can no more: dye, *Margaret!*
For *Henry* weeps, that thou do'ſt live ſo long.

Noiſe within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, *and many Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty Soveraign,
That good Duke *Humphry* traiterouſly is murther'd
By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford*'s means:
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, ſcatter up and down;
And care not who they ſting in their revenge.
My ſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death. [true;
K. *Henry.* That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too
But how he died, God knows, not *Henry:*
Enter his chamber, view his breathleſs corps,
And comment then upon his ſudden death.
War. That I ſhall do, my liege: ſtay, *Salisbury*,
With the rude multitude, till I return. [Warwick *goes in.*
K. *Henry.* O thou, that judgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to perſuade my ſoul,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humphry*'s life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of ſalt tears:

Nor is this the only Place, in which we find the Verb *witch*, us'd (where the Numbers require) for, *bewitch*.
So in 1 *Henry* IV.

As if an Angel drop'd down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegaſus;
And witch *the World with noble Horſemanſhip.*

So in 3 *Henry* VI.

I'll make my Heaven in a Lady's Lap;
And deck my Body in gay Ornaments;
And witch *ſweet Ladies with my Words and Looks.*

To

To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies.
[*Bed with* Glo'ster's *body put forth.*
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it, but to make my sorrow greater?
War. Come hither, gracious Soveraign, view this body.
K. *Henry.* That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him,
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe, that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord *Warwick* for his vow?
War. See, how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless;
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out, than when he liv'd;
Staring full-ghastly, like a strangled man;
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp't
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd:
It cannot be, but he was murther'd here:
The least of all these signs were probable.
Suf. Why, *Warwick*, who should do the Duke to death?
My self and *Beauford* had him in protection;
And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murtherers.

War.

War. But both of you have vow'd Duke *Humphry*'s death,
And you, forſooth, had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feaſt him like a friend;
And 'tis well ſeen, he found an enemy.

Q. *Mar.* Then you, belike, ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humphry*'s timeleſs death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt by a butcher with an ax,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's neſt,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite ſoar with unbloodied beak?
Even ſo ſuſpicious is this tragedy.

Q. *Mar.* Are you the butcher, *Suffolk?* where's your knife?
Is *Beauford* term'd a kite? where are his tallons?

Suf. I wear no knife to ſlaughter ſleeping men;
But here's a 'vengeful ſword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his ranc'rous heart,
That ſlanders me with murther's crimſon badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud lord of *Warwickſhire*,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry*'s death.

War. What dares not *Warwick*, if falſe *Suffolk* dare him?

Q. *Mar.* He dares not calm his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thouſand times.

War. Madam, be ſtill; with rev'rence may I ſay;
For ev'ry word, you ſpeak in his behalf,
Is ſlander to your royal Dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord ſo much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some ſtern untutor'd churl; and noble ſtock
Was graft with crab-tree ſlip, whoſe fruit thou art;
And never of the *Nevil*'s noble Race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my Soveraign's preſence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murd'rous Coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,

And ſay, it was thy mother that thou meant'ſt;—
That thou thy ſelf waſt born in baſtardy;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy ſoul to hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.

Suf. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt go with me.

War. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee;
And do ſome ſervice to Duke *Humphry*'s ghoſt. [*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted? (12)
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, (though lock'd up in ſteel)
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

[*A noiſe within.*

Q. *Mar.* What noiſe is this?

Enter Suffolk *and* Warwick, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. *Henry.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our preſence! dare you be ſo bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick* with the men of *Bury*
Set all upon me, mighty Soveraign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, ſtand apart; the King ſhall know your mind.
Dread lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Unleſs lord *Suffolk* ſtrait be done to death,
Or baniſhed fair *England*'s territories,
They will by violence tear him from your Palace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humphry* died;
They ſay, in him they fear your Highneſs' death;

(12) *What ſtronger* Breaſt-plate *than a Heart untainted?*
Thrice *is he* arm'd———] The Poet ſeems to have had in View this Expreſſion of *Horace*, (Li. i. Ode. 3.)

Illi robur & æs triplex
Circà pectus *erat*, &c.

however he has varied it in the Application.

And

And mere inſtinct of love and loyalty,
(Free from a ſtubborn oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his Baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt royal perſon,
That if your Highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
And charge that no man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait edict,
Were there a ſerpent ſeen with forked tongue,
That ſlily glided tow'rds your Majeſty,
It were but neceſſary you were wak'd;
Leſt, being ſuffer'd in that harmful ſlumber,
The mortal worm might make the ſleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe're you will or no,
From ſuch fell ſerpents as falſe *Suffolk* is;
With whoſe invenomed and fatal ſting
Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay, is ſhamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An anſwer from the King, my lord of *Salisbury*.

Suf. 'Tis like, the Commons, rude unpoliſh'd hinds,
Could ſend ſuch meſſage to their Soveraign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To ſhew how queint an orator you are.
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
Is, that he was the lord Ambaſſador
Sent from a Sort of tinkers to the King.

Within. An anſwer from the King, or we will all break in.

K. *Henry.* Go, *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they do entreat;
For, ſure, my thoughts do hourly propheſie
Miſchance unto my State by *Suffolk*'s means.
And therefore by his Majeſty I ſwear,
Whoſe far unworthy Deputy I am,

He ſhall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. *Mar.* Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk.*

K. *Henry.* Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk.*
No more, I ſay: if thou doſt plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increaſe unto my wrath.
Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;
But when I ſwear, it is irrevocable:
If after three days ſpace thou here be'ſt found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world ſhall not be ranſom for thy life.
Come, *Warwick*; come, good *Warwick*; go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K.* Henry, Warwick, *&c.*

Manent Suffolk, *and* Queen.

Q. *Mar.* Miſchance and ſorrow go along with you,
Heart's Diſcontent and ſour Affliction
Be play-fellows to keep you company;
There's two of you, the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your ſteps!

Suf. Ceaſe, gentle Queen, theſe execrations;
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Q. *Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and ſoft-hearted wretch,
Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemy? [them?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore ſhould I curſe
Would curſes kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter ſearching terms,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many ſigns of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathſome cave.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fixt on end like one diſtract:
Ay, ev'ry joint ſhould ſeem to curſe and ban.
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drink!
Gall, worſe than gall, the daintieſt meat they taſte!
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a grove of cypreſs trees!

Their

Their chiefeſt proſpect murd'ring baſiliſks!
Their ſofteſt touch, as ſmart as lizards ſtings! (13)
Their muſick frightful as the ſerpent's hiſs!
And boading ſcreech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-ſeated hell—— [ſelf;
Q. *Mar.* Enough, ſweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'ſt thy
And theſe dread curſes, like the ſun 'gainſt glaſs,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thy ſelf.
Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain top,
Where biting Cold would never let graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport. [hand,
Q. *Mar.* Oh, let me intreat thee ceaſe; give me thy
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To waſh away my woful monuments.
Oh, could this kiſs be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'ſt think upon theſe by the ſeal,
Through whom a thouſand ſighs are breath'd for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but ſurmis'd, whilſt thou art ſtanding by:
As one that ſurfeits, thinking on a Want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well aſſur'd,
Adventure to be baniſhed my ſelf:

(13) —— *as ſmart as* Lizards' *Stings!*] In ſeveral other Paſſages, I have obſerv'd, our Poet ſpeaks of the *Lizard*, ſo inoffenſive with us, as of a noxious Animal. I don't know, whether in *Italy* theſe Reptiles be venomous, or no; or whether, by *Lizard*, the Poet means Serpent, as *Virgil* is ſaid to do, *Eclog.* 2. *v.* 9.

Nunc virides etiam occultant Spineta Lacertos. Lacertos.] *Genus Serpentis*; ſays *Servius*. But we know, theſe Animals are terrible and noxious in ſome Parts of the World; as in the Iſland of *Java*, for Inſtance. *In Sylvis* Javæ, *in paludibus & cæno*, Lacertæ *quoddam genus, aut, ut aptiùs dicam, Crocodili terreſtris ſpecies.*——*Nullus, ex plurimis quos vidi, ultrà quinque pedes excreverat. Ferunt tamen* Javani, ſævos *et majores in montibus verſari. Animal per totum Vertebrarum dorſi proceſſum* ſerratum *eſt, cute rugoſâ et ſquamoſâ, fædè viridi & maculoſâ; ità ut* ſolo aſpectu *ſuo inſuetis horrorem incutiat.* Bontius *in* Natural. Hiſtor. *lib.* v. *c.* 4.

And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, ſpeak not to me; even now be gone——
Oh, go not yet——Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiſs, and take ten thouſand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die:
Yet now farewel, and farewel life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wert thou hence;
A Wilderneſs is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art, there is the World it ſelf;
With ev'ry ſev'ral pleaſure in the world:
And where thou art not, Deſolation.
I can no more——Live thou to joy thy life;
My ſelf no joy in aught but that thou liv'ſt.

Enter Vaux.

Q. *Mar.* Whither goes *Vaux* ſo faſt? what news, I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To ſignifie unto his Majeſty,
That Cardinal *Beauford* is at point of death:
For ſuddenly a grievous ſickneſs took him,
That makes him gaſp, and ſtare, and catch the air,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphry*'s ghoſt
Were by his ſide; ſometimes, he calls the King;
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his over-charged ſoul:
And I am ſent to tell his Majeſty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. *Mar.* Go tell this heavy meſſage to the King.
[*Ex.* Vaux.
Ay me! what is this world? what news are theſe?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loſs,
Omitting *Suffolk*'s exile, my ſoul's treaſure?
Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,
And with the ſouthern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increaſe; mine for my ſorrows.
Now,

Now, get thee hence; the King, thou know'ſt, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy ſight to die, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my ſoul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.
Where, from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloſe up mine eyes;
To have thee with thy lips to ſtop my mouth:
So, ſhouldſt thou either turn my flying ſoul;
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body;
And then it liv'd in ſweet *Elyſium*.
To die by thee, were but to die in jeſt;
From thee to die, were torture more than death;
Oh! let me ſtay, befal what may befal.
Q. *Mar.* Away; though Parting be a fretful corroſive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To *France*, ſweet *Suffolk*; let me hear from thee:
For whereſoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an *Iris*, that ſhall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. *Mar.* And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'ſt casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a ſplitted bark, ſo ſunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Q. *Mar.* This way for me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE, *the* Cardinal's *Bedchamber.*

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, *and* Warwick, *to the Cardinal in Bed.*

K. *Henry.* HOW fares my lord? ſpeak, *Beauford*, to thy Soveraign.
Car. If thou beeſt Death, I'll give thee *England*'s treaſure,

Enough to purchaſe ſuch another Iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. *Henry.* Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!
War. Beauford, it is thy Soveraign ſpeaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my Tryal, when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where ſhould he die?
Can I make men live whe're they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confeſs——
Alive again? then ſhew me, where he is:
I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him——
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them:
Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,
Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul:
Give me ſome drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.
K. *Henry.* O thou eternal Mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
Oh, beat away the buſie, medling, fiend,
That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
And from his boſom purge this black deſpair.
War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!
Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
K. *Henry.* Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no ſign! O God, forgive him.
War. So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.
K. *Henry.* Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe,
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Coaſt of* Kent.

Alarum. Fight at ſea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, *and other Pirates, with* Suffolk *and others Priſoners.*

CAPTAIN.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorſeful day
Is crept into the boſom of the ſea:
And now loud howling wolves arouſe the jades,
That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging wings
Clip dead mens graves; and from their miſty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkneſs in the air.
Therefore bring forth the ſoldiers of our prize:
For whilſt our Pinnace anchors in the *Downs*,
Here ſhall they make their ranſom on the ſand;
Or with their blood ſtain this diſcolour'd ſhore.
Maſter, this priſoner freely give I thee;
And thou, that art his mate, make boot of this:
The other, *Walter Whitmore* is thy ſhare.

1 *Gent.* What is my ranſom, maſter, let me know.

Maſt. A thouſand crowns, or elſe lay down your head.

Mate. And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thouſand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains throats, for die you ſhall:
Nor can thoſe lives, which we have loſt in fight,
Be counter-pois'd with ſuch a petty ſum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore ſpare my life.
2 *Gent.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
Whit. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, ſhalt thou die; [*To* Suffolk.
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be paid.——
Whit. And ſo am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtart'ſt thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I ſhould die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whit. Gaultier or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Ne'er yet did baſe Diſhonour blur our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I ſell revenge,
Broke be my ſword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world!
Suf. Stay, *Whitmore*; for thy priſoner is a Prince;
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole.*
Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk* muffled up in rags?
Suf. Ay, but theſe rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove ſometimes went diſguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But *Jove* was never ſlain, as thou ſhalt be.
Suf. Obſcure and lowly ſwain, King *Henry*'s blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaſter*,
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded groom:
Haſt thou not kiſs'd thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head?
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feaſted with Queen *Margaret?*
Remember it, and let it make thee creſt-fal'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?

This

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore ſhall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, Captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn ſwain?
Cap. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Baſe ſlave, thy words are blunt; and ſo art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and, on our long-boat's ſide,
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.
Cap. *Poole*, Sir *Poole?* lord?
Ay, kennel——puddle——ſink, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſilver Spring where *England* drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing up the treaſure of the Realm.
Thy lips, that kiſs'd the Queen, ſhall ſweep the ground;
And thou, that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humphry*'s death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſs at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affie a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthleſs King,
Having nor Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem!
By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious *Sylla*, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were ſold to *France*;
The falſe revolting *Normans*, thorough thee,
Diſdain to call us lord; and *Picardie*
Hath ſlain their Governors, ſurpriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged ſoldiers wounded home.
The princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevils* all,
(Whoſe dreadful ſwords were never drawn in vain)
As hating thee, are riſing up in arms.
And now the Houſe of *York* (thruſt from the Crown)
By ſhameful murther of a guiltleſs King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whoſe hopeful Colours
Advance a half-fac'd Sun ſtriving to ſhine;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus.*
The Commons here in *Kent* are up in arms:
And to conclude, Reproach, and Beggary

Is crept into the Palace of our King,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.——
Suf. O, that I were a God, to ſhoot forth thunder
Upon theſe paultry, ſervile, abject drudges!
Small things make baſe men proud. This villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than *Bargulus* the ſtrong *Illyrian* Pirate. (14)
Drones ſuck not eagles blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impoſſible that I ſhould die
By ſuch a lowly vaſſal as thy ſelf.
Thy words move rage, and not remorſe, in me:
I go of meſſage from the Queen to *France*;
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſs the channel.
Cap. Walter——
Whit. Come, *Suffolk*, I muſt waft thee to thy death.
Suf. Pænæ gelidus timor occupat artus: it's thee I fear. (15)
Whit. Thou ſhalt have cauſe to fear, before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye ſtoop?
1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, intreat him; ſpeak him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is ſtern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we ſhould honour ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuit; no; rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than theſe knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heav'n, and to my King;
And ſooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than ſtand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True Nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear, than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more;
Come, ſoldiers, ſhew what cruelty ye can.

(14) *Than* Bargulus *the ſtrong* Illyrian *Pirate.*] The old 4to reads, *than mighty* Abradas *the great* Macedonian *Pirate.* Neither of theſe Wights have I been able to trace, or diſcover from what Legend our Author deriv'd his Acquaintance with them.

(15) Pine *gelidus timor occupat artus.*] Thus the 1ſt *Folio* Impreſſion. Whence the Poet glean'd this *Hemiſtich*, I do not know. 'Tis certain, the firſt Word is corrupted. I believe, I have reſtor'd it, as it ought to be. *Suffolk* would ſay, the Fear of that *Puniſhment*, that Revenge, they were about to take upon him, put his Limbs into a cold trembling.

Suf.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot,
Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians.*
A *Roman* ſworder and *Bandetto* ſlave
Murther'd ſweet *Tully*; *Brutus'* baſtard hand
Stabb'd *Julius Cæſar*; ſavage Iſlanders
Pompey the Great: And *Suffolk* dies by Pirates.
[*Exit* Walter Whitmore *with* Suffolk.

Cap. And as for theſe, whoſe ranſom we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Ex. Captain and the reſt.*

Manet the firſt Gent. Enter Whitmore, *with the body.*

Whit. There let his head and liveleſs body lye,
Until the Queen his miſtreſs bury it. [*Exit* Whit.

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Southwark.

Enter Bevis *and* John Holland.

Bevis. COME, and get thee a ſword though made of a lath; they have been up theſe two days.

Hol. They have the more need to ſleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the clothier means to dreſs the commonwealth, and turn it, and ſet a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I ſay, it was never merry world in *England* ſince Gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miſerable age! virtue is not regarded in handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobility think ſcorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's Council are no good workmen.

Hol.

Hol. True, and yet it is ſaid, *Labour in thy vocation*; which is as much as to ſay, let the magiſtrates be labouring men; and therefore ſhould we be magiſtrates.

Bevis. Thou haſt hit it; for there's no better ſign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them; there's *Beſt*'s ſon, the tanner of *Wingham.*

Bevis. He ſhall have the ſkins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the butcher:——

Bevis. Then is ſin ſtruck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the weaver:——

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick *the butcher*, Smith *the weaver, and a ſawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We *John Cade*, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed father——

Dick. Or rather of ſtealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies ſhall fall before us, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down Kings and Princes; command ſilence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a *Mortimer*——

Dick. He was an honeſt man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*——

Dick. I knew her well, ſhe was a midwife.

Cade. My wife deſcended of the *Lacies*——

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and ſold many laces.

Weav. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, ſhe waſhes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable Houſe.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a houſe but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A' muſt needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No queſtion of that; for I have ſeen him whipt three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither ſword nor fire.

Weav. He need not fear the ſword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But, methinks, he ſhould ſtand in fear of fire, being burnt i'th' hand for ſtealing of ſheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captain is brave, and vows reformation. There ſhall be in *England* ſeven half-penny loaves ſold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot ſhall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink ſmall beer. All the Realm ſhall be in common, and in *Cheapſide* ſhall my palfry go to graſs; and when I am King, as King I will be——

All. God ſave your Majeſty!

Cade. I thank you, good people. There ſhall be no mony; all ſhall eat and drink upon my ſcore; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worſhip me their lord.

Dick. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb ſhould be made parchment; that parchment being ſcribbled o'er, ſhould undo a man? Some ſay, the bee ſtings; but I ſay, 'tis bee's wax; for I did but ſeal once to a thing, and I was never my own man ſince. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The clerk of *Chatham*; he can write and read, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous!

Weav. We took him ſetting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Weav. He'as a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write Court-hand.

Cade.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unleſs I find him guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither, ſirrah, I muſt examine thee; what is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They uſe to write it on the top of letters: (16) 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Doſt thou uſe to write thy name? or haſt thou a Mark to thy ſelf like an honeſt plain dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been ſo well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſt; away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I ſay: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly; Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, ſtand, or I'll fell thee down; he ſhall be encounter'd with a man as good as himſelf. He is but a Knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make my ſelf a Knight preſently; riſe up, Sir *John Mortimer.* Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be Knights? (17)

(16) *They uſe to write it on the Top of Letters,*] *Emanuel,* which, 'tis well known, ſignifies, *God with us*; was in uſe on the Top of *Letters miſſive,* (not of common Letters;) as now in publick Acts, *In the Name of God.* Several Inſtances of this Superſtition may be found in *Mabillon*'s *Diplomata.*

(17) *Is there any more of them that be Knights?*
Mich. *Ay, his Brother.*
Cade. *Then kneel down,* Dick *Butcher. Riſe up Sir* Dick *Butcher. Now ſound up the Drum.*] This Paſſage I have inſerted from the old 4to, becauſe, I think, it greatly encreaſes the Pleaſantry and Extravagance of *Cade*'s Humour; not only to knight himſelf, but, becauſe *Stafford*'s Brother was alſo a Knight, to dub one of his own Scoundrel Followers, by way of Equality.

Mich.

Mich. Ay, his Brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, *Dick* Butcher. Riſe up, Sir *Dick* Butcher. Now ſound up the Drum.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, *and young* Stafford, *with drum and ſoldiers.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and skum of *Kent*,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forſake this groom;
The King is merciful, if you revolt.

Y. *Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaves, I paſs not;
It is to you, good People, that I ſpeak,
O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign;
For I am rightful Heir unto the Crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaiſterer,
And thou thy ſelf a ſhearman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a gardener.

Y. *Staf.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this.— *Edmund Mortimer* Earl of *March* married the Duke of *Clarence*'s daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. *Staf.* That's falſe.

Cade. Ay, there's the queſtion; but I ſay, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurſe,
Was by a beggar-woman ſtol'n away;
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His ſon am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's houſe, and the bricks are alive at this day to teſtify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this baſe drudge's words,
That ſpeaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. *Staf. Jack Cade*, the Duke of *York* hath taught you this.

Cade.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my ſelf. Go to, Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his father's ſake *Henry* the Fifth (in whoſe time boys went to ſpancounter for *French* crowns) I am content he ſhall reign; but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore we'll have the lord *Say*'s head, for ſelling the Dukedom of *Maine.*

Cade. And good reaſon; for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a ſtaff, but that my puiſſance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that lord *Say* hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can ſpeak *French*, and therefore he is a traytor.

Staf. O groſs and miſerable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, anſwer if you can: the *Frenchmen* are our enemies: go to then; I ask but this; can he, that ſpeaks with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counſellor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. *Staf.* Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevail,
Aſſail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade*;
That thoſe which fly before the battel ends,
May (even in their wives and childrens ſight)
Be hang'd up for example at their doors;
And you, that be the King's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the Two* Staffords *with their Train.*

Cade. And you, that love the Commons, follow me.
Now ſhew your ſelves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhoone,
For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt* Cade *and his party.*

[*Alarum to fight, wherein both the* Staffords *are ſlain.*

Re-Enter

Re-Enter Cade *and the reſt.*

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the butcher of *Aſhford?*

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like ſheep and oxen, and thou behaved'ſt thy ſelf as if thou hadſt been in thine own ſlaughter-houſe; therefore thus I will reward thee: the Lent ſhall be as long again as it is, and thou ſhalt have a licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeak truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſs. This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe's heels, till I do come to *London*, where we will have the Mayor's Sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the priſoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards *London.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Black-Heath.*

Enter King Henry *with a ſupplication, and Queen* Margaret *with* Suffolk's *head, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Say.

Q. *Mar.* OFT have I heard, that Grief ſoftens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weep.
But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breaſt:
But where's the body, that I ſhould embrace?

Buck. What anſwer makes your Grace to the rebels ſupplication?

K. *Henry.* I'll ſend ſome holy Biſhop to intreat;
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſouls
Should periſh by the ſword. And I my ſelf,
Rather than bloody war ſhould cut them ſhort,

Will parly with *Jack Cade* their General.
But ſtay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. *Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandring Planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the ſame?

K. *Henry.* Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath ſworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your Highneſs ſhall have his.

K. *Henry.* How now, Madam?
Lamenting ſtill, and mourning *Suffolk*'s death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldeſt not have mourn'd ſo much for me.

Q. *Mar.* My love, I ſhould not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. *Henry.* How now? what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The rebels are in *Southwark*; fly, my lord:
Jack Cade proclaims himſelf lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence*' Houſe,
And calls your Grace uſurper openly,
And vows to crown himſelf in *Weſtminſter*.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peaſants, rude and mercileſs:
Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed:
All ſcholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call falſe caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. *Henry.* O graceleſs men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Until a Power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. *Mar.* Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
Theſe *Kentiſh* rebels ſhould be ſoon appeas'd.

K. *Henry.* Lord *Say*, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Grace's perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes;

And

And therefore in this City will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſ. Jack Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*,
The citizens fly him, and forſake their houſes:
The raſcal people, thirſting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly ſwear
To ſpoil the City and your royal Court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horſe.

K. *Henry.* Come, *Marg'ret*, God our hope will ſuccour us.

Q. *Mar.* My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

K. *Henry.* Farewel, my lord; truſt not to *Kentiſh* rebels.

Buck. Truſt no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* London.

Enter lord Scales *upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. HOW now? is *Jack Cade* ſlain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor like to be ſlain: for they have won the bridge, killing all thoſe that withſtand them: the Lord Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the *Tower* to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid, as I can ſpare, you ſhall command;
But I am troubled here with them my ſelf.
The rebels have aſſay'd to win the *Tower*.
But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head,
And thither will I ſend you *Matthew Goff*.
Fight for your King, your country and your lives,
And ſo farewel, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade *and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaff on* London-Stone.

Cade. NOW is *Mortimer* lord of this city, and here ſitting upon *London-Stone*, I charge and command that of the city's coſt the piſſing conduit run nothing but claret wine the firſt year of our Reign. And now hence-forward it ſhall be treaſon for any that calls me other than lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a ſoldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Weav. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call you *Jack Cade* more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but firſt go and ſet *London-bridge* on fire, and if you can, burn down the *Tower* too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE *changes to* Smithfield.

Alarum. Matthew Goff *is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter* Jack Cade *with his company.*

Cade. SO, Sirs: Now go Some and pull down the *Savoy*: others to the Inns of courts, down with them all.

Dick. I have a ſuit unto your lordſhip.

Cade. Be it a lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the Laws of *England* may come out of your mouth.

John. Maſs, 'twill be ſore law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a ſpear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, *John*, it will be ſtinking law, for his breath ſtinks with eating toaſted cheeſe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Away, burn all the Records of the Realm; my mouth ſhall be the Parliament of *England.*

John. Then we are like to have biting Statutes, unleſs his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things ſhall be in common.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord *Say* which ſold the town in *France*; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt ſubſidy.

Enter George *with the lord* Say.

Cade. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, (18) thou *Say*, thou ſerge, nay, thou buckram lord, now art thou within point-blank of our juriſdiction regal. What canſt thou anſwer to my Majeſty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monſieur *Baſimecu*, the Dauphin of *France?* be it known unto thee by theſe preſents, even the preſence of lord *Mortimer*, that I am the beſom that muſt ſweep the Court clean of ſuch filth as thou art: thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the Realm in erecting a grammar-ſchool; and whereas before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the ſcore and the tally, thou haſt cauſed Printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his Crown and Dignity, thou haſt built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou haſt men about thee, that uſually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and ſuch abominable words, as no chriſtian ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appointed juſtices of

(18) *Ah thou* Say, *thou* Serge, *nay thou* buckram *Lord.*] The Poet makes *Cade* here pun upon my Lord *Say*'s Name, comparing him to that coarſe Stuff which we call a *Say*; and which the *French* likewiſe term, *une Saie, Saiette.*

the peace to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreover, thou haſt put them in priſon; and becauſe they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cauſe they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ride on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe wear a cloak, when honeſter men than thou go in their hoſe and doublets.

Dick. And work in their ſhirt too; as my ſelf, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*, ——

Dick. What ſay you of *Kent?*

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks latine.

Say. Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt Place of all this Iſle;
Sweet is the country, becauſe full of riches,
The People liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I ſold not *Maine*; I loſt not *Normandy*;
Yet, to recover them, would loſe my life:
Juſtice with favour have I always done,
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the King, the Realm and you?
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned Clerks,
Becauſe my Book preferr'd me to the King:
And ſeeing, Ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unleſs you be poſſeſt with dev'liſh ſpirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murther me:
This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I ſtruck
Thoſe that I never ſaw, and ſtruck them dead.

George. O monſtrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. Theſe cheeks are pale with watching for your Good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poor mens Cauſes
Hath made me full of ſickneſs and diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why doſt thou quiver, man?

Say. The palſie, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who ſhould ſay, I'll be even with you. I'll ſee, if his head will ſtand ſteadier on a pole or no: take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended moſt?
Have I affected wealth or honour? ſpeak.
Are my cheſts fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel ſumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding;
This breaſt from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!——

Cade. I feel remorſe in my ſelf with his words; but I'll bridle it; he ſhall die, an it be but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he has a Familiar under his tongue, he ſpeaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently; and then break into his ſon-in-law's houſe, Sir *James Cromer*, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them Both upon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah, Country-men, if when you make your pray'rs,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelves,
How would it fare with your departed ſouls?
And therefore yet relent, and ſave my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peer of the Realm ſhall not wear a head on his ſhoulders, unleſs he pay me tribute; there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay me her maiden-

head ere they have it; men ſhall hold of me in *Capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when ſhall we go to *Cheapſide*, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, preſently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiſs one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive: Now part them again, leſt they conſult about the giving up of ſome more towns in *France*. Soldiers, defer the ſpoil of the City until night; for with theſe borne before us, inſtead of maces, will we ride through the ſtreets, and at every corner have them kiſs. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Southwark.

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. UP *Fiſh-ſtreet*, down St. *Magnus* Corner, kill and knock down; throw them into *Thames*. [*A Parley ſounded.*

What noiſe is this I hear?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound retreat or parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham *and old* Clifford, *attended.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will diſturb thee:
Know, *Cade*, we come Ambaſſadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou haſt miſ-led;
And here pronounce free pardon to them All,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What ſay ye, Country-men, will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilſt 'tis offer'd you,

Or

Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his Pardon,
Fling up his cap, and ſay, *God ſave his Majeſty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and paſs by.

All. God ſave the King! God ſave the King!

Cade. What, *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye ſo brave? and you, baſe peaſants, do ye believe 'em? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? hath my ſword therefore broke through *London* gates, that you ſhould leave me at the *White-hart* in *Southwark?* I thought, you would never have given out theſe arms, till you had recovered your ancient Freedom: but you are all recreants and daſtards, and delight to live in ſlavery to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houſes over your heads, raviſh your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make ſhift for one, and ſo God's curſe light upon you all!

All. We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade.*

Clif. Is *Cade* the ſon of *Henry* the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meaneſt of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the ſpoil;
Unleſs by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a ſhame, that, whilſt you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquiſhed,
Should make a ſtart o'er ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
Methinks, already in this civil broil
I ſee them lording it in *London* ſtreets,
Crying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better, ten thouſand baſe-born *Cades* miſcarry;
Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a *Frenchman*'s mercy.
To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have loſt;
Spare *England*, for it is your native Coaſt.
Henry hath mony, you are ſtrong and manly:
God on our ſide, doubt not of victory.

All.

All. A *Clifford!* a *Clifford!* we'll follow the King and *Clifford.*

Cade. Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of *Henry* the fifth hales them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads together to ſurprize me. My ſword make way for me, for here is no ſtaying; in deſpight of the devils and hell, have through the very midſt of you; and heavens and honour be witneſs, that no want of reſolution in me, but only my followers baſe and ignominious treaſons make me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go ſome, and follow him.
And he, that brings his head unto the King,
Shall have a thouſand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt ſome of them.*
Follow me, ſoldiers; we'll deviſe a mean
To reconcile you All unto the King. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, *the Palace at* Killingworth.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and* Somerſet *on the Terras.*

K. *Henry.* WAS ever King that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old:
Was never Subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wiſh to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings to your Majeſty!

K. *Henry.* Why, *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* ſurpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his pow'rs do yield ;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

K. *Henry.* Then, heav'n, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and Country :
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selves, will never be unkind :
And so with thanks, and Pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland* ;
And with a puissant and mighty pow'r
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array :
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerset*, whom he terms a traitor.

K. *Henry.* Thus stands my state 'twixt *Cade* and *York* distrest,
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straitway calm'd and boarded with a pirate. (19)

(19) *Is straight-way* claim'd, *and boarded with a pirate.*] I doubt not but my Readers will agree, that I have restor'd to the Text its true Reading. After the violent Working of a Tempest, the Sea is, for the most part, totally *becalm'd*. Besides, with Allusion to the King's Affairs, the Tempest of *Cade*'s Rebellion was just blown over ; the State was in a Calm, by that Insurrection being quieted : and immediately *York*, like an usurping Pirate, comes to seize the Vessel of Government. And again, which heightens the Justness of the Metaphor, a *Calm* is the most usual Occasion of that Misfortune of being taken by Pirates ; which, by the Use of the Sails, they might otherwise escape. The Oldest *folio* Edition led me to this Emendation, where we find it —— *Is strait way* calme : —— and the 3d *Fol.* Impression, as I have observ'd since, anticipates my Correction. *W. reads claim'd.*

But now is *Cade* driv'n back, his men diſpers'd;
And now is *York* in arms to ſecond him.
I pray thee, *Buckingham*, go and meet with him,
And ask him what's the reaſon of theſe arms:
Tell him, I'll ſend Duke *Edmund* to the *Tower*;
And, *Somerſet*, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be diſmiſt from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield my ſelf to priſon willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. *Henry.* In any caſe be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not ſo to deal,
As all things ſhall redound unto your Good.

K. *Henry.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better,
For yet may *England* curſe my wretched Reign. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Garden in* Kent.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. FIE on ambitions; fie on my ſelf, that have a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe five days have I hid me in theſe woods and durſt not peep out, for all the country is laid for me: but now am I ſo hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my life for a thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to ſee if I can eat graſs, or pick a ſallet another while, which is not amiſs to cool a man's ſtomach this hot weather; and, I think, this word ſallet was born to do me good; for many a time but for a ſallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath ſerv'd me inſtead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word ſallet muſt ſerve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet Walks as theſe?

This

This ſmall inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I ſeek not to wax Great by other's waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, That I have maintains my ſtate;
And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the ſoil come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for entring his fee-ſimple without leave. Ah villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thouſand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an oſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatſoe'er thou be,
I know thee not, why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in ſpight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſawcy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat theſe five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat graſs more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid while *England* ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Eſquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor famiſh'd man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See, if thou canſt out-face me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt,
Thy leg a ſtick compared with this truncheon.
My foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
As for more words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers words,[1]
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the moſt complete champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd Clown in chines of beef ere thou

thou ſleep in thy ſheath, I beſeech *Jove* on my knees thou may'ſt be turned into hobnails. [*Here they fight.*
O I am ſlain! famine, and no other, hath ſlain me; let ten thouſand devils come againſt me, and give me but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'd defy them all. Wither garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this houſe; becauſe the unconquer'd ſoul of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead.
Ne'er ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou ſhalt wear it as a herald's coat,
T' emblaze the honour which thy maſter got.

Cade. Iden, farewel, and be proud of thy victory: tell *Kent* from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man; and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquiſhed by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'ſt me, heaven be my judge!
Die damned wretch, the Curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy grave;
And there cut off thy moſt ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *in the fields near* London.

Enter York, *and his army of* Iriſh, *with drum and colours.*

YORK.

FROM *Ireland* thus comes *York* to claim his Right,
And pluck the Crown from feeble *Henry*'s head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great *England*'s lawful King!
Ah Majeſty! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule.
This hand was made to handle naught but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a ſword, or ſcepter, ballance it.
A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul,
On which I'll toſs the Flower-de-luce of *France.*

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to diſturb me?
The King hath ſent him, ſure: I muſt diſſemble.
Buck. York, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphry of *Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?
Buck. A meſſenger from *Henry* our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe Arms in Peace?
Or why, thou, being a Subject as I am,
Againſt thy oath and true allegiance ſworn,

Should'ſt

Should'ſt raiſe ſo great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy force ſo near the Court?
York. Scarce can I ſpeak, my choler is ſo great.
Oh, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abject terms.
And now, like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On ſheep or oxen could I ſpend my fury. [*Aſide.*
I am far better born than is the King:
More like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.
But I muſt make fair weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weak and I more ſtrong.
O *Buckingham!* I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have giv'n no anſwer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cauſe, why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the State.
Buck. That is too much preſumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the *Tower*.
York. Upon thine Honour is he priſoner?
Buck. Upon mine Honour, he is priſoner.
York. Then, *Buckingham*, I do diſmiſs my Powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe your ſelves;
Meet me to morrow in St. *George*'s field,
You ſhall have Pay and ev'ry thing you wiſh.
And let my Soveraign, virtuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſon; nay, all my ſons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
Is his to uſe, ſo *Somerſet* may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion,
We twain will go into his Highneſs' tent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the King's Pavilion.*

Enter King Henry, *and Attendants. Re-enter* Buckingham, *and* York, *attended.*

K. *Henry.* BUckingham, doth *York* intend no Harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your Highneſs.
K. *Henry.* Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?
York. To heave the traitor *Somerſet* from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebel *Cade*;
Whom, ſince, I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden *with* Cade's *head.*

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean condition,
May paſs into the preſence of a King,
Lo, I preſent your Grace a traitor's head;
The head of *Cade*, whom I in Combat ſlew.
K. *Henry.* The head of *Cade?* great God! how juſt art thou?
O, let me view his viſage being dead,
That, living, wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend; art thou the man, that ſlew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Majeſty.
K. *Henry.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poor Eſquire of *Kent*, that loves the King.
Buck. So pleaſe it you, my lord, 'twere not amiſs
He were created Knight for his good ſervice.
K. *Henry. Iden*, kneel down; riſe up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thouſand marks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May *Iden* live to merit ſuch a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege!

Enter Queen Margaret *and* Somerſet.

K. *Henry.* See, *Buckingham*, *Somerſet* comes with the Queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. *Mar.* For thouſand *Yorks* he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand and front him to his face.

York. How now? is *Somerſet* at liberty?
Then, *York*, unlooſe thy long impriſon'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of *Somerſet?*
Falſe King! why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which durſt not, no, nor canſt not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a Crown:
Thy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,
And not to grace an awful princely ſcepter.
That gold muſt round engirt theſe brows of mine,
Whoſe ſmile and frown (like to *Achilles'* ſpear)
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a ſcepter up,
And with the ſame to act controlling laws:
Give place; by heaven, thou ſhalt rule no more
O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monſtrous traitor! I arreſt thee, *York*,
Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the King and Crown;
Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my Bail; (20)
Would'ſt have me kneel? Firſt, let me ask of theſe,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to Ward,
They'll pawn their ſwords for my enfranchiſement.

(20) *Would'ſt have me kneel? Firſt, let me ask of theſe,*
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my bail.] As theſe Lines have hitherto ſtood, I think the Senſe perplex'd and obſcure. I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe them, and make a ſlight Alteration, by the Advice of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton.*

Q. *Mar.*

Q. *Mar.* Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of *York*
Shall be the Surety for their traitor father.
York. O blood-bespotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-cast of *Naples*, *England*'s bloody scourge!
The Sons of *York*, thy Betters in their Birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bale to those (21)
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward *and* Richard.

See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. *Mar.* And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their bail.
Clif. Health and all Happiness to my lord the King!
York. I thank thee, *Clifford*; say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy Soveraign, *Clifford*, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King, *York*, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do;
To *Bedlam* with him, is the man grown mad?
K. *Henry.* Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his King.
Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the *Tower*,
And crop away that factious pate of his.
Q. *Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

(21) *Shall be their Father's* Bail, *and* Bane *to those*,] Considering, how our Author loves to play on Words *similar* in their *Sound*, but opposite in their *Signification*, I make no Doubt but I have here restor'd his genuine Reading. *Bale*, (from whence our common Adjective, *baleful*) signifies, *Detriment*, *Ruin*, *Misfortune*, &c. We meet with this Word again in *Locrine*, a Play ascrib'd to our Author, and printed above 20 years before his Death.

Yea, with these Eyes thou hast seen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy Bale.

But I shall have Occasion to enlarge my Authorities for its Usage, when I come to *Coriolanus*.

York. Will you not, ſons?
E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will ſerve.
R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons ſhall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?
York. Look in a glaſs, and call thy image ſo.
I am thy King, and thou a falſe-heart traitor;
Call hither to the ſtake my two brave bears,
That with the very ſhaking of their chains
They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking curs:
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and* Salisbury.

Clif. Are theſe thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting place.
R. Plan. Oft have I ſeen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, becauſe he was with-held;
Who, being ſuffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And ſuch a piece of ſervice will you do,
If you oppoſe your ſelves to match lord *Warwick.*
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigeſted lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy ſhape.
York. Nay, we ſhall heat you thorowly anon.
Clif. Take heed, leſt by your heat you burn your ſelves.
K. *Henry.* Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old *Salisbury*, ſhame to thy ſilver hair,
Thou mad miſ-leader of thy brain-ſick ſon,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And ſeek for ſorrow with thy ſpectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be baniſh'd from the froſty head,
Where ſhall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And ſhame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
Or wherefore doſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?

For

For ſhame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My lord, I have conſider'd with my ſelf
The Title of this moſt renowned Duke;
And in my conſcience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to *England*'s royal Seat.
K. *Henry.* Haſt thou not ſworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.
K. *Henry.* Canſt thou diſpenſe with heav'n for ſuch an oath?
Sal. It is great ſin to ſwear unto a ſin;
But greater ſin to keep a ſinful oath:
Who can be bound by any ſolemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſs virgin's chaſtity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her cuſtom'd right,
And have no other reaſon for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemn oath?
Q. *Mar.* A ſubtle traitor needs no ſophiſter.
K. *Henry.* Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himſelf.
York. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolv'd for death or dignity.
Old Clif. The firſt I warrant thee; if dreams prove true.
War. You were beſt go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempeſt of the field.
Old Clif. I am reſolv'd to bear a greater ſtorm
Than any thou canſt conjure up to day:
And that I'll write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy Houſe's badge.
War. Now by my father's Badge, old *Nevil*'s Creſt,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged ſtaff,
This day I'll wear aloft my Burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar ſhews,
That keeps his leaves in ſpight of any ſtorm,)
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the bear-ward, that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to Arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fie, charity for shame, speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to night. [tell.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst

R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE *changes to a Field of Battle at St.* Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. CLIFFORD of *Cumberland*, 'tis *Warwick* calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
(Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dying mens cries do fill the empty air,)
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern lord, *Clifford* of *Cumberland*,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble lord? what all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed *Clifford* slew my Steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Ev'n of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, *Warwick:* seek thee out some other chace,
For I my self must hunt this deer to death. b 334*.

War. Then nobly, *York*; 'tis for a Crown thou fight'st:
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit* War.

Clif. What seest thou in me, *York?* why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave Bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif.

Clif. Nor ſhould thy proweſs want praiſe and eſteem,
But that 'tis ſhewn ignobly, and in treaſon.
York. So let it help me now againſt thy ſword,
As I in Juſtice and true Right expreſs it.
Clif. My ſoul and body on the action both !——
York. A dreadful lay, addreſs thee inſtantly. [*Fight.*
Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [*Dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art ſtill ;
Peace with his ſoul, heav'n, if it be thy will ! [*Exit.*

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confuſion ! all is on the rout :
Fear frames diſorder ; and diſorder wounds,
Where it ſhould guard. O war ! thou ſon of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no ſoldier flie.
He, that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no ſelf-love ; for he, that loves himſelf,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance,
The name of valour.—O let the vile world end, (22)
[*Seeing his dead Father.*
And the premiſed flames of the laſt day
Knit earth and heav'n together !
Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities and petty ſounds
To ceaſe ! Waſt thou ordained, O dear father,
To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The ſilver livery of adviſed age ;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle ? Even at this ſight
My heart is turn'd to ſtone ; and while 'tis mine,

(22) —— *Oh, let the vile World end,*
And the premiſed *Flames of the laſt day*
Knit Earth and Heav'n together !] i. e. Let the vile World end now ; and let thoſe Flames, which are reſerv'd for its Deſtruction hereafter, be *ſent now.—Shakeſpeare* is very peculiar in his *Adjectives* ; and it is much in his Manner to uſe the Words borrow'd from the *Latine* cloſer to their original Signification, than they were vulgarly uſed in. So here he uſes *premiſed*, in the Senſe of the Word from which it is deriv'd, *præmiſſus*.

It ſhall be ſtony. *York* not our old men ſpares:
No more will I their babes: Tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And Beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an Infant of the Houſe of *York*,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it,
As wild *Medea* young *Abſyrtus* did.
In cruelty will I ſeek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford*'s Houſe:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchiſes* bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly ſhoulders;
But then *Æneas* bare a living load,
Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine.
[*Exit*, *bearing off his Father.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet *and* Somerſet, *to fight.*

R. Plan. So, lye thou there: [Somerſet *is kill'd.*
For underneath an ale-houſe paltry Sign, (23)
The Caſtle in St. *Albans*, *Somerſet*
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death;
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful ſtill:
Prieſts pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
[*Exit* Richard Plantagenet.

Fight. Excurſions. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and others.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are ſlow; for ſhame, away.

(23) *For underneath an Alehouſe paltry Sign,*
The Caſtle *in St.* Albans, Somerſet
Hath made the Wizard famous in his Death.]
The Death of *Somerſet* here accompliſhes that equivocal Prediction given by *Jordan*, the Witch, concerning this Duke; which we met with at the Cloſe of the Firſt *Act* of this Play:

Let him ſhun Caſtles;
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy Plains,
Than where Caſtles, mounted, *ſtand.*

i. e. the Repreſentation of a *Caſtle*, mounted for a *Sign.*

K. *Henry.* Can we out-run the heav'ns! good *Marg'ret*, ſtay.

Q. *Mar.* What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wiſdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to ſecure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We ſhall to *London* get, where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future miſchief ſet,
I would ſpeak blaſphemy, ere bid you fly;
But fly you muſt: incurable diſcomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent party.
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To ſee their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, *and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

York. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions and all bruſh of time;
And, like a Gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occaſion. This happy day
Is not itſelf, nor have we won one foot,
If *Salisbury* be loſt.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to day I holp him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him; thrice I led him off,
Perſuaded him from any further act:
But ſtill, where danger was, ſtill there I met him;
And, like rich Hangings in an homely houſe,

So

So was his Will in his old feeble body.
But noble as he is, look, where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my ſword, well haſt thou fought to day;
By th' Maſs, ſo did we all. I thank you, *Richard.*
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got That which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature.

York. I know, our ſafety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London*,
To call a preſent Court of Parliament.
Let us purſue him, ere the Writs go forth.
What ſays lord *Warwick*, ſhall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day.
St. *Alban*'s battel, won by famous *York*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more ſuch days as theſe to us befall. [*Exeunt.*

THE

II. Part of Henry VI

Dramatis Personæ.

a 240 Cold news for me: for I had hope of
France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
these lines are repeted with very little
variation from pag: 208.

b 284 — many a time, but for a sallet my
my brain pan had been cleft with a
brown bill —
Sallet. Celada Spanish, a helmet,
a scull-cap. Skinner says quasi Co-
lata, quia Galeas olim colabant.

c 254 Oft have I seen a timely-parted
ghost
Of ashy semblance &c
I think there is no doubt but that
we should read corse.

d 284
— but for a Sallet my brain-pan
had been cleft —
Sallet. a head piece. Salade Fr:
Celata Ital.

e 208
'Tis thine they give away ——
r. mine

f 266. Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo
est apud Theopompum, magnas opes
habuit. Iull: Offic. l 2. c. 11.

W

THE

THIRD PART

OF

K. *HENRY* VIth.

With the DEATH of the

DUKE of *YORK*.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Edward, *Son to the King, and Prince of* Wales.
Duke of Somerſet,
Earl of Northumberland,
Earl of Oxford,
Earl of Exeter,
Earl of Weſtmorland,
Lord Clifford.
} *Lords of King* Henry's *ſide.*
Earl of Richmond, *a Youth, afterwards King* Henry VII.
Richard, *Duke of* York.
Edward, *Eldeſt Son to the Duke of* York, *afterwards King* Edward IV.
George, *Duke of* Clarence, *ſecond Son to the Duke of* York.
Richard, *Duke of* Glouceſter, *third Son to the Duke of* York, *afterwards King* Richard III.
Edmund, *Earl of* Rutland, *youngeſt Son to the Duke of* York.
Duke of Norfolk,
Marquiſs of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Salisbury,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Haſtings,
Lord Stafford,
} *of the Duke of* York's *Party.*
Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
} *Uncles to the Duke of* York.
Sir William Stanly, *afterwards Earl of* Derby.
Lord Rivers, *Brother to the Lady* Gray.
Sir John Montgomery.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mayor of Coventry.
Mayor and Aldermen of York.
Somerville.
Humphry *and* Sinklo, *two Huntſmen.*
Lewis, *King of* France.
Bourbon, *Admiral of* France.
Queen Margaret.
Bona, *Siſter to the* French *King.*
Lady Gray, *Widow of Sir* John Gray, *afterwards Queen to* Edward IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, *and King* Edward.

In Part of the Third Act, the SCENE *is laid in* France; *during all the reſt of the Play, in* England.

The THIRD PART of (1)

King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I.

SCENE, London.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and Soldiers.*

WARWICK.

I Wonder, how the King eſcap'd our hands!

York. While we purſu'd the horſemen of the north,
He ſlily ſtole away and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe warlike ears could never brook Retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army; and himſelf,

Lord

(1) *The Third Part of K.* Henry VI.] The Action of this Play (which was at firſt printed under this Title, *The true Tragedy of* Richard *Duke of* York, *and the good K.* Henry VIth; *or, The Second Part of the Contention of* York

Lord *Clifford*, and lord *Stafford*, all a-breaſt,
Charg'd our main battel's front; and breaking in,
Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain.
Edw. Lord *Stafford*'s father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either ſlain or wounded dang'rouſly.
I cleft his beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltſhire*'s blood;
Whom I encounter'd, as the battels join'd.
Rich. Speak Thou for me, and tell them what I did.—
[*Throwing down the Duke of* Somerſet*'s Head.*
York. *Richard* hath beſt deſerv'd of all my ſons:
Is his Grace dead, my lord of *Somerſet?*
Norf. Such Hope have all the Line of *John* of *Gaunt*!
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake King *Henry*'s head.
War. And ſo do I. Victorious Prince of *York*,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the Houſe of *Lancaſter* uſurps,
I vow by heav'n, theſe eyes ſhall never cloſe.
This is the Palace of that fearful King,
And this the regal Seat; poſſeſs it, *York*;
For this is thine, and not King *Henry*'s heirs.
York. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet *Warwick*, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all aſſiſt you; he, that flies, ſhall die.
York. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk*; ſtay by me, my lords;
And, ſoldiers, ſtay and lodge by me this night. [*They go up.*
War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence;
Unleſs he ſeek to thruſt you out by force.

York *and* Lancaſter) opens juſt after the firſt Battle at St. *Albans*, wherein the *York* Faction carried the day; and cloſes with the Murther of King *Henry* VIth, and the Birth of Prince *Edward*, afterwards King *Edward* V. So that this Hiſtory takes in the Space of full 16 Years. The Rancour of the contending Factions, in this Play, is painted too ſtrongly to be agreeable; but the Poet, in a great meaſure, goes on the Authority of Tradition: and if the Noblemen appear more ſavage than can ſuit with their Dignity or our preſent Notion of Politeneſs; conſiderable Allowances muſt be made for the Inveteracy, with which this *Civil War* was carried on in all its Viciſſitudes,

York. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks, we ſhall be of her Council;
By words or blows here let us win our Right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Unleſs *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King;
And baſhful *Henry* depos'd; whoſe cowardiſe
Hath made us By-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not; my lords, be reſolute;
I mean to take poſſeſſion of my Right.
War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him beſt,
The proudeſt he that holds up *Lancaſter*,
Dares ſtir a wing, if *Warwick* ſhake his bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*; root him up, who dare:
Reſolve thee, *Richard*; claim the *Engliſh* Crown.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Weſtmorland, Exeter, *and others.*

K. *Henry.* My lords, look where the ſturdy Rebel ſits,
Even in the chair of State; belike, he means
(Back'd by the Power of *Warwick*, that falſe Peer,)
T' aſpire unto the Crown, and reign as King.
Earl of *Northumberland*, he ſlew thy father;
And thine, lord *Clifford*; and you vow'd revenge
On him, his ſons, his fav'rites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heav'ns be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in ſteel.
Weſt. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? let's pluck him down;
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. *Henry.* Be patient, gentle Earl of *Weſtmorland.*
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and ſuch is he:
He durſt not ſit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the Parliament
Let us aſſail the Family of *York.*
North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, Couſin, be it ſo.
K. *Henry.* Ah! know you not, the City favours them,
And they have troops of ſoldiers at their beck?

Exe.

Exet. But when the Duke is ſlain, they'll quickly fly. (2)

K. *Henry.* Far be the thought of this from *Henry*'s heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament-houſe.
Couſin of *Exeter*, frowns, words and threats,
Shall be the war that *Henry* means to uſe.
Thou factious Duke of *York*, deſcend my Throne; [*To the Duke.*
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy Soveraign.

York. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.

Exe. For ſhame come down: he made thee Duke of *York.*

Yor. 'Twas my inheritance, as the Kingdom is.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the Crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the Crown,
In following this uſurping *Henry.*

Clif. Whom ſhould he follow, but his natural King?

War. True, *Clifford*; and that's *Richard* Duke of *York.*

K. *Henry.* And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my Throne?

York. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thy ſelf.

War. Be Duke of *Lancaſter*, let him be King.

Weſt. He is both King, and Duke of *Lancaſter*;
And that the lord of *Weſtmorland* ſhall maintain.

War. And *Warwick* ſhall diſprove it. You forget,
That we are thoſe, which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your fathers, and with Colours ſpread
March'd through the city to the Palace gates.

North. No, *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief.
And, by his ſoul, thou and thy Houſe ſhall rue it.

Weſt. Plantagenet, of thee and theſe thy ſons,
Thy kinſmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

(2) Weſtm. *But when the Duke is ſlain*, &c.] Ever ſince the old Edition by the Players, hath this Line been given to *Weſtmorland:* but, tis plain, the King in his Speech immediately following replies as to *Exeter*, who in the modern Books has not as yet ſpoke a Word. I have, upon the Authority of the oldeſt *Quarto*, reſtor'd this Line, therefore, to *Exeter.*

Clif.

Clif. Urge it no more; leſt that, inſtead of words,
I ſend thee, *Warwick*, ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his death before I ſtir.
War. Poor *Clifford!* how I ſcorn his worthleſs threats.
York. Will you, we ſhew our Title to the Crown?
If not, our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field.
K. *Henry.* What Title haſt thou, traitor, to the Crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*;
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the ſon of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of *France*, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
K. *Henry.* The lord Protector loſt it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old. [loſe:
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you
Father, tear the Crown from the Uſurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do ſo; ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'ſt and honour'ſt arms,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.——
York. Sons, peace.
K. *Henry.* Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to ſpeak.
War. *Plantagenet* ſhall ſpeak firſt: hear him, lords,
And be you ſilent and attentive too;
For he, that interrupts him, ſhall not live. [Throne;
K. *Henry.* Think'ſt thou, that I will leave my kingly
Wherein my grandſire and my father ſat?
No: firſt ſhall War unpeople this my Realm;
Ay, and their Colours, often borne in *France*,
And now in *England* to our heart's great ſorrow,
Shall be my winding ſheet: why faint you, lords?
My Title's good, and better far than his.
War. But prove it *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be King.
K. *Henry.* *Henry* the Fourth by Conqueſt got the Crown.
York. 'Twas by Rebellion againſt his King.
K. *Henry.* I know not what to ſay, my Title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. *Henry.* And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the Crown to *Henry* the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Soveraign,
And made him to resign his Crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?

Exe. No, for he could not so resign his Crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. *Henry.* Art thou against us, Duke of *Exeter?*

Exe. His is the Right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful King.

K. *Henry.* All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the Claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despight of thee.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern Power
Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despight of me.

Clif. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him, that slew my father!

K. *Henry.* Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart.

York. Henry of *Lancaster*, resign thy Crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of *York*,
Or I will fill this House with armed men;
And, o'er the Chair of State, where now he sits,
Write up his Title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers shew themselves.*

K. *Henry.* My lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;
Let me but reign in Quiet, while I live.

York.

York. Confirm the Crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou ſhalt reign in quiet while thou liv'ſt.
K. *Henry.* I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the Kingdom after my deceaſe.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your ſon?
War. What good is this to *England* and himſelf?
Weſt. Baſe, fearful and deſpairing *Henry!*
Clif. How haſt thou injur'd both thy ſelf and us!
Weſt. I cannot ſtay to hear theſe articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, Couſin, let us tell the Queen theſe news.
Weſt. Farewel, faint-hearted and degen'rate King,
In whoſe cold blood no ſpark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the Houſe of *York*,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!——
Clif. In dreadful war may'ſt thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd!——
[*Exeunt* Nor. Cliff. Weſtm.
War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exe. They ſeek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. *Henry.* Ah, *Exeter!*——
War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my lord?
K. *Henry.* Not for my ſelf, lord *Warwick*, but my ſon;
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But be it, as it may; I here entaile
The Crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To ceaſe this Civil War; and, whilſt I live,
To honour me as thy King and Soveraign:
Neither by treaſon nor hoſtility
To ſeek to put me down, and reign thy ſelf.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live King *Henry!*— *Plantagenet*, embrace him.
K. *Henry.* And long live thou, and theſe thy forward ſons!
York. Now *York* and *Lancaſter* are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurſt be he, that ſeeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. Here they come down.*

York. Farewel, my gracious lord, I'll to my Caſtle.
War. And I'll keep *London* with my ſoldiers.
Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the ſea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* York, Warwick, Norfolk *and* Montague.
K. *Henry.* And I with grief and ſorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whoſe looks bewray her anger:
I'll ſteal away.
K. *Henry.* So, *Exeter*, will I. [*Going.*
Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee——
K. *Henry.* Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will ſtay.
Queen. Who can be patient in ſuch extreams?
Ah, wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid,
And never ſeen thee, never borne thee ſon,
Seeing thou haſt prov'd ſo' unnatural a father.
Hath he deſerv'd to loſe his birth-right thus?
Hadſt thou but lov'd him half ſo well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nouriſht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldſt have left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
Rather than made that ſavage Duke thine heir,
And diſinherited thine only ſon.
Prince. Father, you cannot diſinherit me:
If you be King, why ſhould not I ſucceed? [ſon;
K. *Henry.* Pardon me, *Marg'ret*; pardon me, ſweet
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.
Queen. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I ſhame to hear thee ſpeak; ah, tim'rous wretch!
Thou haſt undone thy ſelf, thy ſon, and me,
And given unto the Houſe of *York* ſuch head,
As thou ſhalt reign but by their ſufferance.
To entail him and's heirs unto the Crown,
What is it but to make thy Sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor, and the lord of *Calais*;
Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow Seas;

The

The Duke is made Protector of the Realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe?—such safety finds
The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce my self
Both from thy table, *Henry*, and thy bed;
Until that Act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the House of *York*.
Thus do I leave thee; come, Son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. *Henry*. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. *Henry*. Gentle son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.—

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll See your Grace; till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*

K. *Henry*. Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown; and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.
The loss of those three lords torments my heart;
I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair;
Come, Cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And, as I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

coast
[119]

SCENE *changes to* Sandal-*Caſtle, near* Wakefield, *in* Yorkſhire.

Enter Richard, Edward, *and* Montague.

Rich. BROTHER, though I be youngeſt, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why how now, ſons and brother, at a ſtrife?
What is your quarrel? how began it firſt?

Edw. No quarrel, but a ſweet contention. (3)

York. About what?

Rich. About that, which concerns your Grace and us;
The Crown of *England*, father; which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.

Rich. Your Right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving th' Houſe of *Lancaſter* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he ſhould quietly reign.

Edw. But for a Kingdom any oath may be broken: (4)
I'd break a thouſand oaths to reign one year.

(3) *No Quarrel, but a* ſlight *Contention.*] Thus the Players, firſt, in their Edition; who did not underſtand, I preſume, the force of the Epithet in the old *Quarto*, which I have reſtor'd;——ſweet *Contention*. i. e. the Argument of their Diſpute was upon a grateful Topick; the Queſtion of their Father's immediate Right to the Crown.

(4) *But for a Kingdom any Oath may be broken*;] It ſeems very probable to me, that the Poet is here copying the Spirit of this Paſſage of *Seneca*'s *Thebais*.

——*Pro regno velim*
Patriam, Penates, Conjugem flammis dare;
Imperia precio quolibet conſtant benè.

To the ſame Tenour *Euripides*, in his *Phœniſſæ*;

——Τυραννίδος περὶ
Κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν; &c.

Rich.

Rich. No; God forbid, your Grace ſhould be forſworn.
York. I ſhall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me ſpeak.
York. Thou can'ſt not, ſon; it is impoſſible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magiſtrate;
That hath authority o'er him, that ſwears.
Henry had none; but did uſurp the place.
Then, ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous;
Therefore, to arms: and, father, do but think
How ſweet a thing it is to wear a Crown;
Within whoſe circuit is *Elyſium*,
And all that Poets feign of bliſs and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
Until the white Roſe, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of *Henry*'s heart.
York. *Richard*, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou ſhalt to *London* preſently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this enterprize.
Thou, *Richard*, ſhalt to th' Duke of *Norfolk* go,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, *Edward*, ſhall unto my lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentiſhmen* will willingly riſe.
In them I truſt; for they are ſoldiers,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit. (5)
While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more
But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe?
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the houſe of *Lancaſter*.

(5) Witty, *courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.*] What a bleſſed harmonious Line have the Editors here given us, and what a promiſing Epithet, in *York*'s behalf, from the *Kentiſhmen* being ſo *witty?* I can't be ſo partial, however, to my own County, as to let this Compliment paſs. I make no Doubt to read;

——*For they are Soldiers,*
Wealthy, *and courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.*

Now theſe 5 Characteriſticks anſwer to Lord *Say*'s Deſcription of them in the preceding Play.

Kent, *in the Commentaries* Cæſar *writ,*
Is term'd the civil'ſt *Place in all this Iſle;*
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Enter Meſſenger.

But ſtay, what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?

Gab. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to beſiege you in your caſtle.
She is hard by, with twenty thouſand men;
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my lord.

York. Ay,—with my ſword. What! think'ſt thou, that we fear them?
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me;
My brother *Montague* ſhall poſt to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry* nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit* Montague.

Enter Sir John Mortimer, *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine uncles,
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.
The army of the Queen means to beſiege us.

Sir John. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the [field.

York. What, with five thouſand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's General; what ſhould we fear?

[*A March afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's ſet our men in order,
And iſſue forth and bid them battel ſtrait.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Uncle, of our victory.
Many a battel have I won in *France*,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſs?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *a Field of Battel betwixt* Sandal-*Caſtle and* Wakefield.

Enter Rutland *and his Tutor.*

Rut. AH, whither ſhall I fly, to ſcape their hands? Ah, Tutor, look, where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford, *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy prieſthood ſaves thy life;
As for the Brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall die.
Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.
Tutor. Ah! *Clifford*, murther not this innocent child,
Leſt thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, drag'd off.*
Clif. How now? is he dead already? or, is it fear
That makes him cloſe his eyes? I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up Lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And ſo he walks inſulting o'er his prey,
And ſo he comes to rend his limbs aſunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threatning look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me ſpeak before I die:
I am too mean a Subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again:
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, coape with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not Revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the Houſe of *York*

Is

Is as a Fury to torment my ſoul:
And till I root out their accurſed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——

Rut. O let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray——ſweet *Clifford*, pity me.

Clif. Such pity, as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou ſlay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas, ere I was born.
Thou haſt one ſon, for his ſake pity me;
Leſt, in revenge thereof, (ſith God is juſt)
He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in priſon all my days,
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Clif. No cauſe!
Thy father ſlew my father, therefore die.
[Clif. *ſtabs him.*

Rut. Dii faciant, laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ! (6) [*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet, I come, *Plantagenet!*
And this thy ſon's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall ruſt upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard *Duke of* York.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field:
My Uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me,
And all my Followers to the eager foe
Turn Back, and fly like ſhips before the wind,
Or lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved wolves.
My Sons, God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themſelves
Like men born to Renown, by life or death.
Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:

(6) *Dii faciant, laudis*, &c.] This is the 66th Verſe of *Phillis* her Epiſtle to *Demophoon*, in *Ovid*. It is a ſignal Inſtance, I think, that the Author knew perfectly well how to apply his *Latine*.

And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of thoſe, that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardieſt warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground;
And cry'd, a Crown, or elſe a glorious tomb,
A Scepter or an earthly Sepulcher.
With this we charg'd again; but out! alas,
We bodg'd again; as I have ſeen a Swan
With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the tide,
And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching waves.
[*A ſhort alarum within.*
Ah! hark, the fatal followers do purſue,
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury,
And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury.
The ſands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my life muſt end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, *the Prince of* Wales, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſs fury to more Rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.
North. Yield to our Mercy, proud *Plantagenet.*
Clif. Ay, to ſuch Mercy as his ruthleſs arm
With downright payment ſhew'd unto my father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.
York. My aſhes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that Hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So Doves do peck the Falcon's piercing talons;
So deſp'rate thieves, all hopeleſs of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainſt the officers.
York. Oh *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canſt for bluſhing, view this face,

And

And bite thy tongue that ſlanders him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe frown hath made thee faint, and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one. (7)
Queen. Hold, valiant *Clifford*; for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:
Wrath makes him deaf; ſpeak thou, *Northumberland.*
North. Hold, *Clifford*; do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand between his teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
Clif. Ay, ay, ſo ſtrives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the cony ſtruggle in the net.
[*In the Struggle* York *is taken Priſoner.*
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers ſo o'er-matcht.
North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?
Queen. Brave warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with out-ſtretched arms,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his hand.

(7) *And* buckler *with thee Blows twice two for one.*] This is the Reading of all the Impreſſions, from the firſt *Folio* downwards. But, to *buckler*, is to defend; which certainly is not *Clifford*'s Meaning here: And in that Senſe we have the Word afterwards in this very Play;

Can Oxford, *that did ever* fence *the Right,*
Now buckler *Falſhood with a Pedigree?*

Mr. *Pope*, who pretends to have collated the old *Quarto*, might have obſerv'd the Reading is there, as I have reſtor'd it to the Text, *buckle*; i. e. *coap, ſtruggle with.* So before, in the 1 *Henry* VI.

In ſingle Combat thou ſhalt buckle *with me.*

And again;

——*All our general Force*
Might, with a Sally of the very Town,
Be buckled *with.*

And again;

And Hell too ſtrong for me to buckle *with.*

What!

What! was it you, that would be *England*'s King?
Was't you, that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high Deſcent?
Where are your meſs of ſons to back you now,
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſty *George?*
And where's that valiant crook-back'd Prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his Dad in mutinies?
Or with the reſt, where is your darling *Rutland?*
Look, *York*; I ſtain'd this napkin with the blood,
That valiant *Clifford* with his rapier's point
Made iſſue from the boſom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas! poor *York*; but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, *York.*
What, hath thy fiery heart ſo parcht thine Entrails,
That not a tear can fall for *Rutland*'s death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:
Stamp, rave and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport:
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a Crown.
A Crown for *York*——and, lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.

[*Putting a Paper Crown on his head.*

Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:
Ay, this is he, that took King *Henry*'s chair;
And this is he, was his adopted heir.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd ſo ſoon, and broke his ſolemn oath?
As I bethink me, you ſhould not be King
Till our King *Henry* had ſhook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in *Henry*'s Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diadem,
Now in his life, againſt your holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable:
Off with the Crown; and with the Crown, his head;
And whilſt we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's ſake.
Queen. Nay, ſtay, let's hear the Oraiſons he makes
York. She-wolf of *France*, but worſe than wolves of *France*,
Whoſe tongue more poiſons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy ſex
To triumph, like an *Amazonian* trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evil deeds,
I would aſſay, proud Queen, to make thee bluſh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriv'd,
Were Shame enough to ſhame thee, wert thou not ſhameleſs:
Thy father bears the type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sicils* and *Jeruſalem*,
Yet not ſo wealthy as an *Engliſh* yeoman.
Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unleſs the Adage muſt be verify'd,
" That beggars, mounted, run their horſe to death."
'Tis Beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God, he knows, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
'Tis Virtue, that doth make them moſt admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis Government, that makes them ſeem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
Oh, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How could'ſt thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be ſeen to wear a woman's face?
Women are ſoft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs.
Bidſt thou me rage? why, now thou haſt thy Wiſh.
Would'ſt have me weep? why, now thou haſt thy Will.
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhow'rs.

And

And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet *Rutland*'s obsequies;
And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell *Clifford*; and thee, false *French* woman.
North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so;
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.
York. That face of his
The hungry Canibals would not have touch'd,
Would not have stain'd the roses juic'd with blood: (8)
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh, ten times more, than tygers of *Hyrcania.*
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And if thou tell'st the heavy Story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears:
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, alas, it was a piteous deed!——
There, take the Crown; and, with the Crown my curse:
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My soul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads.
North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his soul.

(8) *Would not have stain'd the Roses* just *with Blood.*] This Reading we deriv'd from the 2d *Folio* Edition. The old 4to and the first *Folio* Impression exhibit the Passage thus.

That Face of his the hungry Canibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with Blood. Jo, W.

But how are we to understand, *Staining the Roses* just *with Blood?* Can the Poet mean, that the *Canibals* would not have *just* stain'd the Roses in his Cheeks with Blood? The Position of the Words is forc'd, to admit of this Construction: and, *just*, seems a very idle Expletive. The Conjecture, which I gave in Print, sometime ago, and with which I have now restor'd the Text, I am very willing to think, retrieves the Poet's Thought.

Would not have stain'd the Roses juic'd *with Blood.*

i. e. would not have spilt that Blood, whose Juices shone thro' his young Cheeks, bright as the Vermilion Dye in Roses.

Queen.

Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my lord *Northumberland?*
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My ſoul flies through theſe wounds, to ſeek out thee.
[*Dies.*

Queen. Off with his Head, and ſet it on *York* gates;
So *York* may overlook the Town of *York.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *near* Mortimer's *Croſs in* Wales.

A March. *Enter* Edward, Richard, *and their Power.*

EDWARD.

I Wonder, how our princely Father ſcap'd;
Or whether he be ſcap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford's* and *Northumberland's* Purſuit?
Had he been ta'en, we ſhould have heard the news;
Had he been ſlain, we ſhould have heard the news;
Or had he ſcap'd, methinks, we ſhould have heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my brother? why is he ſo ſad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be reſolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I ſaw him in the battel range about;
And watch'd him, how he ſingled *Clifford* forth;
Methought, he bore him in the thickeſt troop,

As

As doth a Lion in a herd of Neat;
Or as a Bear, encompaſs'd round with dogs;
Who having pincht a few and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloof and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his ſon.
See, how the Morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious Sun;
How well reſembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a yonker prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes? or do I ſee three Suns?

Rich. Three glorious Suns, each one a perfect Sun;
Not ſeparated with the racking clouds,
But ſever'd in a pale clear-ſhining sky.
See, ſee, they join, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs;
As if they vow'd ſome league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one Sun.
In this the Heaven figures ſome event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we the ſons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithſtanding join our lights together,
And over-ſhine the earth, as This the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair ſhining Suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three Daughters:—by your leave, I ſpeak it,
You love the Breeder better than the Male.

Enter a Meſſenger.

But what art thou, whoſe heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful ſtory hanging on thy tongue?

Meſ. Ah! One that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *York* was ſlain;
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. Oh, ſpeak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he dy'd; for I will hear it all.

Meſ. Environed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them, as the Hope of *Troy*
Againſt the *Greeks* that would have entred *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himſelf muſt yield to odds;
And many ſtroaks, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardeſt-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was ſubdu'd,
But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting *Clifford* and the Queen;
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight;
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthleſs Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
A napkin ſteeped in the harmleſs blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlain:
And after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of *York*
They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon!
Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay.
Oh *Clifford*, boiſt'rous *Clifford!* thou haſt ſlain
The flower of *Europe* for his Chivalry,
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him;
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee.
Now my ſoul's Palace is become a Priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be cloſed up in Reſt!
For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
Never, oh never, ſhall I ſee more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen:
For ſelf-ſame wind, that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire up all my breaſt;
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make leſs the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death;
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw

Edw. His Name that valiant Duke hath left with thee;
His Dukedom and his Chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagle's bird,
Shew thy Deſcent, by gazing 'gainſt the Sun:
For Chair and Dukedom, Throne and Kingdom ſay;
Either That's thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, *Marquis of* Montague, *and their army.*

War. How now, fair lords? what fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of *Warwick*, if we ſhould recount
Our baleful news, and at each words deliv'rance
Stab poniards in our fleſh till all were told;
The words would add more anguiſh than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of *York* is ſlain.

Edw. O *Warwick! Warwick!* That *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee dearly as his ſoul's redemption,
Is by the ſtern lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd theſe news in tears;
And now, to add more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſith then befaln.
After the bloody Fray at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his lateſt gaſp,
Tidings, as ſwiftly as the Poſt could run,
Were brought me of your loſs and his depart.
I then in *London*, keeper of the King,
Muſter'd my ſoldiers, gather'd flocks of friends;
March'd towards St. *Albans* t' intercept the Queen;
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my ſcouts I was advertiſed
That She was coming, with a full intent
To daſh our late decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henry*'s oath, and your ſucceſſion:
Short Tale to make, we at St. *Albans* met,
Our battels join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneſs of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my ſoldiers of their heated ſpleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſs,

Or more than common fear of *Clifford*'s rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons, like to lightning, came and went;
Our ſoldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thraſher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with juſtice of our Cauſe,
With promiſe of high Pay and great Reward;
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight;
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the King unto the Queen;
Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk*, and my ſelf,
In haſte, poſt-haſte, are come to join with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick?*
And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England?*

War. Some ſix miles off the Duke is with his Power;
And for your brother, he was lately ſent
From your kind Aunt, Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*,
With aid of ſoldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled;
Oft have I heard his praiſes in purſuit,
But ne'er, till now, his ſcandal of retire.

War. Nor now my ſcandal, *Richard*, doſt thou hear:
For thou ſhalt know, this ſtrong right hand of mine
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henry*'s head,
And wring the awful ſcepter from his fiſt;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildneſs, peace and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord *Warwick*; blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me ſpeak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of ſteel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our *Ave Maries* with our beads?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the laſt, ſay, ay; and to it, lords.

War.

War. Why, therefore *Warwick* came to ſeek you out;
And therefore comes my brother *Montague.*
Attend me, lords: the proud inſulting Queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the eaſie-melting King, like wax.
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,
His oath enrolled in the Parliament:
And now to *London* all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the Houſe of *Lancaſter.*
Their Power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now if the help of *Norfolk* and my ſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of *March*,
Amongſt the loving *Welſhmen* canſt procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand:
Why, *Via!* to *London* will we march amaine;
And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our foes!——
But never once again turn Back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear Great *Warwick* ſpeak:
Ne'er may he live to ſee a ſun-ſhine day,
That cries, retire,——if *Warwick* bid him ſtay.

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy ſhoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'ſt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Muſt *Edward* fall, which peril heav'n forefend!

War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*;
The next degree is *England*'s royal Throne:
For King of *England* ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we paſs along:
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renown;
But ſound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as ſteel,
As thou haſt ſhewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then ſtrike up, drums; God and St. *George* for us!

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? what news?

Meſſ. The Duke of *Norfolk* ſends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puiſſant hoſt;
And craves your company for ſpeedy counſel.

War. Why then it ſorts; brave warriors, let's away.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE *changes to* York.

Enter King Henry, *the Queen,* Clifford, Northumberland, *and the Prince of* Wales, *with Drums and Trumpets.*

Queen. WELCOME, my lord, to this brave town of *York.*
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That ſought to be encompaſt with your Crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. *Henry.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them, that fear their wrack;
To ſee this ſight it irks my very ſoul:
With-hold Revenge, dear God; 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity muſt be laid aſide: (9)
To whom do lions caſt their gentle looks?
Not to the beaſt, that would uſurp their den.
Whoſe hand is that the foreſt bear doth lick?
Not his, that ſpoils her young before her face.
Who ſcapes the lurking ſerpent's mortal ſting?
Not he, that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in ſafeguard of their brood.
Ambitious *York* did level at thy Crown;

(9) *And* harmleſs *pity muſt be laid aſide.*] This Reading, I don't know for what Reaſon, was introduc'd by Mr. *Rowe,* and follow'd by Mr. *Pope:* But all the old Books have it rightly, *harmful:* meaning, that the King's Lenity and Pity were prejudicial to his Intereſt.

Thou

Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry brows.
He but a Duke, would have his ſon a King;
And raiſe his iſſue, like a loving ſire;
Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him;
Which argu'd thee a moſt unloving father.
Unreaſonable creatures feed their young;
And tho man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings,
Which ſometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For ſhame, my Liege, make them your preſident.
Were it not pity, that this goodly Boy
Should loſe his birth-right by his father's fault;
And long hereafter ſay unto his child,
What my great Grandfather and Grandſire got,
My careleſs Father fondly gave away!
Ah, what a ſhame was this! look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. *Henry.* Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But, *Clifford*, tell me, didſt thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad ſucceſs?
And happy always was it for that ſon, (10)
Whoſe father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my ſon my virtuous deeds behind;
And would, my father had left me no more!

(10) *And happy always was it for that Son,*
Whoſe Father for his hoarding went to Hell.] Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* in this Pointing have err'd with ſome of the Old Impreſſions, and quite ſubverted the Poet's Meaning. They make the King aſſert a Sentiment, which he, in Fact, is calling in Queſtion. I have reſtor'd the true Pointing from the Old *Quarto*, which Mr. *Pope* would have us believe he had collated. The King would argue thus; "Tho 'tis a general Saying, "that the Son is happy, whoſe miſerly Father goes to the Devil; yet is "every ſuch Son, without Exception, happy, in having had ſuch a "parſimonious Father?"

For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As brings a thouſand-fold more care to keep,
Than in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.
Ah, Couſin *York*; would, thy beſt friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen. My lord, cheer up your ſpirits, our foes are nigh;
And this ſoft Courage makes your Followers faint:
You promis'd Knighthood to our forward ſon,
Unſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. *Henry.* *Edward Plantagenet*, ariſe a Knight;
And learn this leſſon, draw thy ſword in Right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as Apparent to the Crown,
And in that quarrel uſe it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Royal Commanders, be in readineſs;
For with a band of thirty thouſand men
Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *York*:
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King; and many fly to him.
Darraign your battel, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your Highneſs would depart the field:
The Queen hath beſt ſucceſs, when you are abſent.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; and leave us to our fortune.

K. *Henry.* Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll ſtay.

North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer theſe noble lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your ſword, good father; cry, St. *George!*

March. *Enter* Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And ſet thy Diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen.

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting Boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy Soveraign and thy lawful King?
Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted Heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the Crown,
Have caus'd him by new Act of Parliament
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak.
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy Sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give Signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the Crown?
Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare you speak?
When you and I met at St. *Albans* last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my Turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.
Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently.——
Break off the parle, for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland:*
But, ere Sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. *Henry.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. *Henry.* I pry'thee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a King, and privileg'd to ſpeak.
Clif. My Liege, the wound, that bred this meeting
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be ſtill. [here,
Rich. Then, Executioner, unſheath thy ſword:
By him that made us all, I am reſolv'd
That *Clifford*'s manhood lyes upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, *Henry*, ſhall I have my Right, or no?
A thouſand men have broke their faſts to day,
That ne'er ſhall dine, unleſs thou yield the Crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For *York* in juſtice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right, which *Warwick* ſays is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Who ever got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For, well I wot, thou haſt thy mother's tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy ſire nor dam,
But like a foul miſ-ſhapen ſtigmatick,
Mark'd by the deſtinies to be avoided;
As venomous toads, or lizards dreadful ſtings.
Rich. Iron of *Naples* hid with *Engliſh* Gilt,
Whoſe father bears the title of a King,
(As if a channel ſhould be call'd the ſea)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-born heart?
Edw. A wiſp of ſtraw were worth a thouſand crowns,
To make this ſhameleſs Callet know her ſelf.
Helen of *Greece* was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne'er was *Agamemnon*'s brother wrong'd
By that falſe woman, as this King by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of *France*,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin ſtoop:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor Sire with his bridal day,
Even then that ſun-ſhine brew'd a ſhow'r for him,
That waſh'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd Sedition on his Crown at home:

For

For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadſt thou been meek, our Title ſtill had ſlept;
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had ſlipt our Claim until another age.

Cla. But when we ſaw, our ſun-ſhine made thy ſpring,
And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe,
We ſet the ax to thy uſurping root;
And though the edge hath ſomething hit our ſelves,
Yet know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy Growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this reſolution I defie thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'dſt the gentle King to ſpeak.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victory, or elſe a Grave.

Queen. Stay, *Edward*———

Edw. No, wrangling Woman, we'll no longer ſtay:
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand lives this day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE *changes to a Field of Battel at* Ferri-bridge *in* Yorkſhire.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwick.

War. FOR E-ſpent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength;
And, ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a while.

Enter Edward *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heav'n! or ſtrike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and *Edward*'s Sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counſel give you? whither ſhall we fly?
Edw. Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, *Warwick*, why haſt thou withdrawn thy ſelf?
Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk, (11)
Broach'd with the ſteely point of *Clifford*'s lance:
And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
(Like to a diſmal clangor heard from far)
Warwick, revenge; brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their ſteeds,
That ſtain'd their fetlocks in his ſmoaking blood,
The noble Gentleman gave up the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
I'll kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women here,
Wailing our loſſes, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the Tragedy
Were plaid in jeſt by counterfeiting Actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pauſe again, never ſtand ſtill,

(11) *Thy* Brother's *Blood the thirſty Earth hath drunk,*] This Paſſage, from the Variation of the Copies, gave me no little Perplexity. The old 4to applies this Deſcription to the Death of *Salisbury*, *Warwick*'s Father. But this was a notorious Deviation from the Truth of Hiſtory. For the Earl of *Salisbury* in the Battel at *Wakefield*, wherein *Richard* Duke of *York* loſt his Life, was taken Priſoner, beheaded at *Pomfret*, and his Head, together with the Duke of *York*'s, fix'd over *York*-gates. Then, the only Brother of *Warwick*, introduc'd in this Play, is the Marqueſs of *Montacute*; (or *Mountague*, as he is call'd by our Author:) but he does not dye, till ten years after, in the Battel at *Barnet*; where *Warwick* likewiſe was kill'd. The Truth is, the Brother, here mention'd, is no Perſon in the *Drama:* and his Death is only an incidental Piece of Hiſtory. Conſulting the Chronicles, upon this Action at *Ferribridge*, I find him to have been a natural Son of *Salisbury*, (in that reſpect, a Brother to *Warwick*;) and eſteem'd a valiant young Gentleman.

Till

Till either Death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me meaſure of revenge.
Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my ſoul to thine.
And ere my knee riſe from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter up, and plucker down, of Kings!
Beſeeching thee, (if with thy will it ſtands
That to my foes this body muſt be prey)
Yet that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,
And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful ſoul.——
Now, lords, take Leave until we meet again;
Where-e'er it be, in heav'n or on earth.
Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle *War-*
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms: [*wick*,
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe;
That winter ſhould cut off our ſpring-time ſo.
War. Away, away: once more, ſweet lords, farewel.
Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops;
And give them leave to fly, that will not ſtay;
And call them pillars, that will ſtand to us;
And if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards,
As Victors wear at the *Olympian* Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts,
For yet is hope of life and victory;
Fore-ſlow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Excurſions. *Enter* Richard, *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have ſingled thee alone;
Suppoſe, this arm is for the Duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand, that ſtabb'd thy father *York*;
And this the hand, that ſlew thy brother *Rutland*;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death;
And cheers theſe hands, that ſlew thy ſire and brother,
To execute the like upon thy ſelf:
And ſo, have at thee.

They fight. Warwick *enters,* Clifford *flies.*

Rich. Nay, *Warwick,* ſingle out ſome other chaſe,
p.294 For I my ſelf will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry *alone.*

K. *Henry.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now ſways it this way, like a mighty ſea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame ſea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be victors, breaſt to breaſt,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered;
So is the equal poize of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I ſit me down:
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For *Margaret* my Queen and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the battel; ſwearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were ſo:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely ſwain;
To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run:
How many makes the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finiſh up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours, muſt I tend my flock;
So many hours, muſt I take my Reſt;
So many hours, muſt I contemplate;
So many hours, muſt I ſport my ſelf;

So many days, my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months, ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,
Paſt over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how ſweet, how lovely!
Gives not the haw-thorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To Kings, that fear their Subjects treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thouſand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's delicates,
His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, miſtruſt and treaſons wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son, that had kill'd his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no body.——
This man, whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of crowns;
And I that, haply, take them from him now,
May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this! oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd:
Oh heavy times, begetting ſuch events!
From *London* by the King was I preſt forth;
My father, being the Earl of *Warwick*'s man,
Came on the part of *York*, preſt by his maſter;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* O piteous ſpectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmleſs lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou, that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou haſt any gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me ſee: is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only ſon!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; ſee, ſee, what ſhowers ariſe,
Blown with the windy tempeſt of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miſerable age!
What ſtratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy! thy father gave thee life too ſoon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. *Henry.* Woe above woe; grief, more than common grief;
O, that my death would ſtay theſe rueful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red Roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatal Colours of our ſtriving Houſes.
The one his purple blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, preſenteth:
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh!
If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?

Fath. How will my wife, for ſlaughter of my ſon,
Shed ſeas of tears, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?

K. *Henry.* How will the country, for theſe woful chances,
Miſ-think the King, and not be ſatisfy'd?

Son. Was ever ſon, ſo ru'd a father's death?

Fath.

Fath. Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd his ſon?
K. *Henry.* Was ever King, ſo griev'd for Subjects woe?
Much is your ſorrow; mine, ten times ſo much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit.*
Fath. Theſe arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet,
My heart, ſweet boy, ſhall be thy ſepulcher;
For from my heart thine image ne'er ſhall go.
My ſighing breaſt ſhall be thy funeral bell:
And ſo obſequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loſs of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his valiant ſons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will;
For I have murther'd, where I ſhould not kill. [*Exit.*
K. *Henry.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care;
Here ſits a King more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, *and* Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are fled;
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in purſuit.
Queen. Mount you, my lord, towards *Berwick* poſt amain.
Edward and *Richard*, like a brace of grey-hounds
Having the fearful flying hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteel graſpt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed:
Or elſe come after, I'll away before. [*Exeter;*
K. *Henry.* Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet
Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away! [*Exeunt.*

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford *wounded.* (12)

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it laſted, gave King *Henry* light.
O *Lancaſter!* I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my ſoul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee; [*Falling.*
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrengthning miſ-proud *York.*
The common People ſwarm like ſummer flies; (13)
And whither fly the gnats, but to the Sun?
And who ſhines now, but *Henry*'s enemies?
O *Phœbus!* hadſt thou never giv'n conſent
That *Phaeton* ſhould check thy fiery ſteeds,
Thy burning Car had never ſcorch'd the earth:
And *Henry*, hadſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the Houſe of *York*,
They never then had ſprung like ſummer flies.
I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſs Realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;

(12) *Enter* Clifford *wounded.*] In the 1ſt *Quarto*, there is this Circumſtance added; *Enter* Clifford *wounded, with an Arrow in his Neck.* The Players, in their Edition, had Reaſon to make a Retrenchment of this; for, no doubt, 'twas a point of Ridicule to ſee an Actor come upon the Stage to die, with an Arrow fixt in his Neck. And this Paſſage I find rallied by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *Burning Peſtle.* For *Ralph*, the Grocer's Prentice, is there introduc'd, *with a forked Arrow through his Head*; and makes a long burleſque Harangue in a bantering Imitation of *Clifford*'s Speech here. Take a ſhort Sample of his laſt dying Words.

Farewell, all you good Boys in merry London,
Nere ſhall we more upon Shrovetueſday *meet,*
And pluck down Houſes of Iniquity.
My Pain encreaſeth:—I ſhall never more
Hold open, whilſt Another pumps both Legs;
Nor daub a Sattin Gown with rotten Eggs.
Set up a Stake, oh, never more I ſhall;
I dye: fly, fly, my Soul, to Grocer's *Hall.* Dyes.

(13) *The common People ſwarm like Summer flies.*] This Line, which is a neceſſary Introduction to That which follows, and which is left out in all the other Impreſſions, I have reſtor'd from the Old *Quarto.*

And

And thou this day hadſt kept thy Chair in peace.
For what doth cheriſh Weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſs are plaints, and cureleſs are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:
The foe is mercileſs, and will not pity:
For at their hands I have deſerv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much Effuſe of blood doth make me faint:
Come *York*, and *Richard*; *Warwick*, and the reſt;
I ſtabb'd your fathers 'boſoms; ſplit my breaſt.
[*He faints.*

Alarum, and Retreat. *Enter* Edward, Warwick, Richard, Montague, Clarence, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords, good fortune bids us pauſe;
And ſmooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops purſue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Sail, fill'd with a fretting guſt,
Command an Argoſie to ſtem the waves.
But think you, lords, that *Clifford* fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For though before his face I ſpeak the word,
Your brother *Richard* mark'd him for the grave;
And whereſoe'er he is, he's ſurely dead.
[Clifford *groans.*
Rich. Whoſe ſoul is that, which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
See who it is.
Edw. And now the battel's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently uſed.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing *Rutland* when his leaves put forth;
But ſet his murth'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring;
I mean, our princely father, Duke of *York*.

War. From off the gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Inſtead whereof, let his ſupply the room.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal ſcreech-owl to our Houſe,
That nothing ſung but death to us and ours:
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmal threatning ſound,
And his ill-boading tongue no more ſhall ſpeak.

War. I think, his underſtanding is bereft:
Speak, *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'er-ſhades his beams of life,
And he nor ſees, nor hears us what we ſay.

Rich. O, would he did! and ſo, perhaps, he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit;
Becauſe he would avoid ſuch bitter taunts,
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cla. If ſo thou think'ſt, vex him with eager words.

Rich. *Clifford*, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſs penitence.

War. *Clifford*, deviſe excuſes for thy faults.

Cla. While we deviſe fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didſt love *York*, and I am ſon to *York*.

Edw. Thou pitied'ſt *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

Cla. Where's Captain *Margaret* to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, *Clifford*; ſwear, as thou waſt wont.

Rich. What, not an oath! nay, then the world goes hard,
When *Clifford* cannot ſpare his friends an oath:
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my ſoul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours life,
That I in all deſpight might rail at him,
This hand ſhould chop it off; and with the iſſuing blood
Stifle the villain, whoſe unſtanched thirſt
York and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's ſtands.
And now to *London* with triumphant March,
There to be crowned *England*'s royal King:
From whence ſhall *Warwick* cut the Sea to *France*,

And

And ask the lady *Bona* for thy Queen.
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe lands together.
And having *France* thy friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcatter'd foe that hopes to riſe again:
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz t'offend thine ears.
Firſt, will I ſee the Coronation;
And then to *Britany* I'll croſs the ſea,
T' effect this marriage, ſo it pleaſe my lord.

Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, ſweet *Warwick*, let it be;
For on thy ſhoulder do I build my Seat:
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counſel, and conſent, is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ſter*;
And *George*, of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as our ſelf
Shall do and undo, as him pleaſeth beſt.

Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*; *George*, of *Glo'ſter*;
For *Glo'ſter*'s Dukedom is too ominous. (14)

War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſervation:
Richard, be Duke of *Glo'ſter*: now to *London*,
To ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion. [*Exeunt.*

(14) *For* Gloſter's *Dukedom is too ominous.*] This Paſſage ſeems ſneer'd at by *B. Jonſon* in his *Devil*'s an *Aſs*: where a fooliſh Fellow is duped into the Opinion of being created a Duke.

Meer-cr. *I think, we ha' found a place to fit you now, Sir:* Glouceſter.——

Fitz-dot. *O, no; I'll none.*

Meer-cr. *Why, Sir?*

Fitz-dot. *'Tis fatal.*

Meer-cr. *That you ſay right in.* Spencer, *I think, the younger, had his laſt Honour thence. But he was but an Earl.*

Fitz-dot. *I know not That, Sir: But* Thomas *of* Woodſtock, *I'm ſure, was Duke; and he was made away at* Calice, *as Duke* Humphry *was at* Bury: *And* Richard *the* Third, *you know, what End he came to.*

Meer-cr. *By my Faith, you're cunning in the Chronicle, Sir.*

Fitz-dot. *No, I confeſs, I ha't from the* Play-books; *and think, they're more authentick.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Wood in* Lancaſhire.

Enter Sinklo *and* Humphry, *with croſs-bows in their hands.*

SINKLO.

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll ſhroud our ſelves,
For through this laund anon the Deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principal of all the Deer.

Hum. I'll ſtay above the hill, ſo both may ſhoot.

Sink. That cannot be: the noiſe of thy croſs-bow
Will ſcare the herd, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt:
Here ſtand we both, and aim we at the beſt.
And, for the time ſhall not ſeem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this ſelf-place where now we mean to ſtand.

Hum. Here comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſt.

Enter King Henry, *with a prayer-book.*

K. *Henry.* From *Scotland* am I ſtol'n ev'n of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wiſhful ſight:
No, *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy ſcepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm waſht off wherewith thou waſt anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuitors preſs to ſpeak for Right:
No, not a man comes for redreſs to thee;
For how can I help them, and not my ſelf?

Sink.

Sink. Ay, here's a deer, whoſe skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* King, let's ſeize upon him.
K. *Henry.* Let me embrace theſe four Adverſities;
For wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.
Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.
K. *Henry.* My Queen and Son are gone to *France* for aid:
And, as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone to crave the *French* King's Siſter
To wife for *Edward.* If this news be true,
Poor Queen and Son! your labour is but loſt:
For *Warwick* is a ſubtle orator:
And *Lewis*, a Prince ſoon won with moving words.
By this account, then, *Margaret* may win him,
For ſhe's a woman to be pitied much:
Her ſighs will make a batt'ry in his breaſt;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The Tyger will be mild, while ſhe doth mourn;
And *Nero* would be tainted with remorſe,
To hear and ſee her plaints, her briniſh tears.
Ay, but ſhe's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:
She, on his left ſide, craving aid for *Henry*;
He, on his right, asking a wife for *Edward.*
She weeps, and ſays, her *Henry* is depos'd;
He ſmiles, and ſays, his *Edward* is inſtall'd;
That ſhe, poor wretch, for grief can ſpeak no more!
While *Warwick* tells his Title, ſmooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength,
And in concluſion wins the King from her;
With promiſe of his ſiſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen, and ſupport, King *Edward*'s place.
O *Marg'ret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor ſoul)
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorn.
Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'ſt of Kings and Queens?
K. *Henry.* More than I ſeem, and leſs than I was born to;
A man at leaſt, for leſs I ſhould not be;
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'ſt, as if thou wert a King.
K. *Henry.* Why, ſo I am in mind, and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?
K. *Henry.* My Crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with Diamonds and *Indian* Stones;
Not to be ſeen: my Crown is call'd *Content*;
A Crown it is, that ſeldom Kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crown Content, and you, muſt be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his Subjects, ſworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
K. *Henry.* But did you never ſwear, and break an oath?
Hum. No, never ſuch an oath; nor will not now.
K. *Henry.* Where did you dwell, when I was King of *England?*
Hum. Here, in this country, where we now remain.
K. *Henry.* I was anointed King at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather were Kings;
And you were ſworn true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
Sink. No, we were Subjects but while you were King.
K. *Henry.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe, a man?
Ah, ſimple men, you know not what you ſwear,
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater guſt;
Such is the lightneſs of You common men.
But do not break your oaths, for of that ſin
My mild intreaty ſhall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King ſhall be commanded;
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.
Sink. We are true Subjects to the King, King *Edward.*
K. *Henry.* So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were ſeated as King *Edward* is.
Sink. We charge you in God's name, and in the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. *Henry*,

K. *Henry.* In God's name lead, your King's name be obey'd;
And what God will, that let your King perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Palace.

Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence, *and Lady* Gray.

K. *Edw.* BROTHER of *Glo'ſter*, at St. *Alban's* field
This lady's husband, Sir *John Gray*, was ſlain,
His land then ſeiz'd on by the Conqueror:
Her ſuit is now to repoſſeſs thoſe lands,
Which we in juſtice cannot well deny;
Becauſe, in quarrel of the Houſe of *York*, (15)
The worthy gentleman did loſe his life.

Glo. Your Highneſs ſhall do well to grant her ſuit:
It were diſhonour to deny it her.

K. *Edward.* It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.

Glo. Yea! is it ſo?
I ſee, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble ſuit.

Clar. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind?

Glo. Silence.

K. *Edw.* Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our mind.

(15) *Becauſe, in Quarrel of the Houſe of* York,
The worthy Gentleman did loſe his Life.] I am afraid, our Poet puts falſe Colours on the Death of Sir *John Gray*, to palliate King *Edward*'s Marriage with the Widow. Sir *John Gray* was ſlain at the laſt Battel of St. *Albans*, by the Power of King *Edward*; as *Hall* expreſsly ſays: ſo that He was in Queen *Margaret*'s Army, and really ſlain on the Quarrel of *Lancaſter*. And King *Edward*'s Queen, in *Richard* III. is reproach'd with this by *Glouceſter*.

In all which Time you and your Husband Gray
Were factious for the Houſe of Lancaſter.
——*Was not your Husband*
In Margret's *Battel at St.* Alban's *ſlain?*

Gray

Gray. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay.
May't pleaſe your Highneſs to reſolve me now?
And what your Pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfie me.

Glo. Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you:
Fight cloſer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid That! for he'll take vantages.

K. *Edw.* How many children haſt thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.

Gray. Three, my moſt gracious lord.

Glo. You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. *Edw.* 'Twere pity they ſhould loſe their father's lands.

Gray. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. *Edw.* Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave;
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

K. *Edw.* Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?

Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love my ſelf.

K. *Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

Gray. To do them good, I would ſuſtain ſome harm.

K. *Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majeſty.

K. *Edw.* I'll tell you how theſe lands are to be got.

Gray. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſs' ſervice.

K. *Edw.* What ſervice wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Gray. What you command, that reſts in me to do.

K. *Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon?

Gray. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. *Edw.* Ay, but thou canſt do what I mean to ask.

Gray. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax muſt melt.

Gray. Why ſtops my lord? ſhall I not hear my task?

K. *Edw.* An eaſie task, 'tis but to love a King.

Gray. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a Subject.

K. *Edw.* Why, then thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

Gray. I take my leave with many thouſand thanks.

Glo. The match is made, ſhe ſeals it with a curtſie.

K. *Edw.* But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.

K. *Edw.* Ay, but I fear me, in another ſenſe.
What love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?

Gray. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. *Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean ſuch love.

Gray. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. *Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highneſs aims at, if I aim aright.

K. *Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.

Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lye in priſon.

K. *Edw.* Why, then thou ſhalt not have thy husband's lands.

Gray. Why, then mine honeſty ſhall be my dower;
For by that loſs I will not purchaſe them.

K. *Edw.* Therein thou wrong'ſt thy children mightily.

Gray. Herein your Highneſs wrongs both them and me:
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſs of my ſuit;
Pleaſe you diſmiſs me, or with ay, or no.

K. *Edw.* Ay; if thou wilt ſay, Ay, to my requeſt:
No; if thou doſt ſay, No, to my demand.

Gray. Then, No, my lord; my ſuit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, ſhe knits her brows.

Clar. He is the bluntſt wooer in Chriſtendom.

K. *Edw.* Her looks do argue her replete with modeſty,
Her words do ſhew her wit incomparable,

All

All her perfections challenge Sovereignty;
One way, or other, she is for a King;
And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?

Gray. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord;
I am a Subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a Soveraign.

K. *Edw.* Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your Queen;
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K. *Edw.* You cavil, Widow; I did mean my Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my sons should call you father.

K. *Edw.* No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,
Have other Some: why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. *Edw.* Brothers, you muse what Chat we two have had.

Glo. The Widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. *Edw.* You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. *Edw.* Why, *Clarence*, to my self.

Glo. That would be ten days Wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a Wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the Wonder in extreams.

K. *Edw.* Well, jest on, Brothers; I can tell you Both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, *Henry* your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your Palace-gate.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the *Tower*:
And go we, Brothers, to the man that took him,
To queſtion of his Apprehenſion.
Widow, go you along: Lords, uſe her honourably.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Glouceſter.

Glo. Ay, *Edward* will uſe women honourably.
Would he were waſted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may ſpring,
To croſs me from the golden time I look for.
And yet between my ſoul's deſire and me,
(The luſtful *Edward*'s Title buried)
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his ſon young *Edward*;
And all th' unlook'd-for iſſue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place my ſelf.
A cold Premeditation for my purpoſe!
Why, then I do but dream on Sov'reignty,
Like one that ſtands upon a promontory,
And ſpyes a far-off ſhore where he would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea that ſunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wiſh, the Crown being ſo far off,
And ſo I chide the means that keep me from it;
And ſo (I ſay) I'll cut the cauſes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impoſſible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'er-weens too much,
Unleſs my hand and ſtrength could equal them.
Well, ſay, there is no Kingdom then for *Richard*:
What other pleaſure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accompliſh twenty golden Crowns.
Why, Love forſwore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with ſome bribe
To ſhrink mine arm up like a wither'd ſhrub:

To

To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where ſits Deformity to mock my body;
To ſhape my legs of an unequal ſize;
To diſproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impreſſion like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh, monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Then ſince this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear Such
As are of better perſon than my ſelf;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the Crown;
And, while I live, t' account this world but Hell,
Until the miſ-ſhap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round-impaled with a glorious Crown.
And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
For many lives ſtand between me and home:
And I, (like one loſt in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling deſp'rately to find it out)
Torment my ſelf to catch the *Engliſh* Crown.
And from that torment I will free my ſelf,
Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why, I can ſmile, and murther while I ſmile;
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occaſions:
I'll drown more ſailors, than the Mermaid ſhall;
I'll ſlay more gazers, than the Baſilisk;
I'll play the orator, as well as *Neſtor*;
Deceive more ſlily, than *Ulyſſes* could;
And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy:*
I can add colours ev'n to the Camelion;
Change ſhapes with *Proteus*, for advantages;
And ſet the murth'rous *Machiavel* to ſchool.
Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* France.

Flouriſh. *Enter King* Lewis, *Lady* Bona, Bourbon, Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Queen* Margaret, *and the Earl of* Oxford. Lewis *ſits, and riſeth up again.*

K. *Lew.* FAIR Queen of *England*, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* ſits.
Queen. No, mighty King of *France*; now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her ſail, and learn a while to ſerve,
Where Kings command. I was, I muſt confeſs,
Great *Albion*'s Queen in former golden days:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title down,
And with diſhonour laid me on the ground;
Where I muſt take like ſeat unto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conform my ſelf.
K. *Lew.* Why, ſay, fair Queen, whence ſprings this deep deſpair?
Queen. From ſuch a cauſe as fills mine eyes with tears;
And ſtops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.
K. *Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou ſtill like thy ſelf,
And ſit thee by our ſide. Yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoak, but let thy dauntleſs mind
Still ride in triumph over all miſchance.
Be plain, Queen *Margaret*, and tell thy grief;
It ſhall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.
Queen. Thoſe gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrows leave to ſpeak.
Now therefore be it known to noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my love,
Is, of a King, become a baniſh'd man,
And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a forlorn;
While proud ambitious *Edward* Duke of *York*
Uſurps the regal Title, and the Seat
Of *England*'s true-anointed lawful King.
This is the cauſe, that I, poor *Margaret*,

With

With this my ſon Prince *Edward*, *Henry*'s heir,
Am come to crave thy juſt and lawful aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:
Our People and our Peers are both miſ-led,
Our Treaſure ſeiz'd, our Soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou ſeeſt, our ſelves in heavy plight.

K. *Lew.* Renowned Queen, with patience calm the ſtorm;
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we ſtay, the ſtronger grows our foe.

K. *Lew.* The more I ſtay, the more I'll ſuccour thee.

73] *Queen.* O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow: (16)
And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter Warwick.

K. *Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our Preſence?

Queen. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward*'s greateſt friend.

K. *Lew.* Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France?* [*He deſcends. She ariſeth.*

Queen. Ay, now begins a ſecond ſtorm to riſe;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sov'raign, and thy vowed friend,

(16) *O, but Impatience* waiteth on true Sorrow;
And ſee, where comes the Breeder of my Sorrow.] Tho I have not diſturb'd the Text here, I cannot ſmother an ingenious Conjecture of my Friend's on this Paſſage.——"*How does Impatience wait more particularly on* "true *Sorrow?* On the contrary, thoſe Sorrows, ſuch as this Queen's, "which came gradually, by a long Courſe of Misfortunes, are generally "leſs impatient than That of Thoſe, who, having been unacquainted "with Misfortunes, fall into ſudden Miſeries. Perhaps, the true Read-"ing might be;"

O, but Impatience, waiting, rues to Morrow:
And ſee, where comes the Breeder of my Sorrow.

"i. e. When Impatience waits and ſollicits for Redreſs, there is Nothing "She ſo much dreads as being put off till to Morrow; (a proverbial Ex-"preſſion for Procraſtination) and a very proper Reply to the King. "Beſides, a Rhyme is hereby added, in which Cuſtom the Poet ſo much "delighted; and a Sentiment is convey'd truely worthy of him."

Mr. *Warburton.*

I come (in kindneſs and unfeigned love)
Firſt to do greetings to thy royal perſon,
And then to crave a league of amity;
And laſtly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That virtuous lady *Bona*, thy fair ſiſter,
To *England*'s King in lawful marriage.

Queen. If That go forward, *Henry*'s hope is done!

War. And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
[*Speaking to* Bona.
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſs your hand; and with my tongue
To tell the paſſion of my Sov'raign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Queen. King *Lewis*, and lady *Bona*, hear me ſpeak,
Before you anſwer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward*'s well-meant honeſt love,
But from deceit bred by neceſſity:
For how can tyrants ſafely govern home,
Unleſs abroad they purchaſe great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reaſon may ſuffice,
That *Henry* liveth ſtill; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* ſtands, King *Henry*'s ſon.
Look therefore, *Lewis*, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and diſhonour:
For tho Uſurpers ſway the Rule a while,
Yet heav'ns are juſt, and time ſuppreſſeth wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret!*——

Prince. And why not Queen?

War. Becauſe thy father *Henry* did uſurp,
And thou no more art Prince, than ſhe is Queen.

Oxf. Then *Warwick* diſannuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spain*;
And, after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſdom was a mirror to the wiſeſt;
And, after that wiſe Prince, *Henry* the fifth,
Who by his Proweſs conquered all *France*:
From theſe our *Henry* lineally deſcends.

War. *Oxford*, how haps it, in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how *Henry* the ſixth hath loſt
All That which *Henry* the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, theſe Peers of *France* ſhould ſmile at That.
But, for the reſt; you tell a Pedigree
Of threeſcore and two years, a ſilly time
To make Preſcription for a Kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, *Warwick*, canſt thou ſpeak againſt thy Liege,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirty and ſix years,
And not bewray thy treaſon with a bluſh?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the Right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pedigree?
For ſhame, leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whoſe injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord *Aubrey Vere*,
Was done to death? and more than ſo, my father,
Even in the downfal of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, *Warwick*, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.

War. And I the Houſe of *York*.

K. *Lew.* Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchſafe at our requeſt to ſtand aſide,
While I uſe farther conference with *Warwick*.

Queen. Heav'ns grant, that *Warwick*'s words bewitch him not! [*They ſtand aloof.*

K. *Lew.* Now, *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy conſcience,
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To link with him, that were not lawful choſen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. *Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's eyes?

War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.

K. *Lew.* Then further; all diſſembling ſet aſide,
Tell me for truth the meaſure of his love
Unto our ſiſter *Bona*.

War. Such it ſeems,
As may beſeem a Monarch like himſelf:
My ſelf have often heard him ſay, and ſwear,
That this his love was an external plant,

eternal. Old Qu: W

of

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's ſun;
Exempt from envy, but not from diſdain,
Unleſs the lady *Bona* quit his pain.

K. *Lew.* Now, ſiſter, let us hear your firm reſolve.

Bona. Your Grant, or your Denial, ſhall be mine.
Yet I confeſs, that often ere this day, [*Speaks to* War.
When I have heard your King's deſert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to deſire.

K. *Lew.* Then, *Warwick*, this: our ſiſter ſhall be *Edward*'s.
And now forthwith ſhall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your King muſt make,
Which with her dowry ſhall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witneſs,
That *Bona* ſhall be wife to th' *Engliſh* King.

Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *Engliſh* King.

Queen. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my ſuit;
Before thy Coming, *Lewis* was *Henry*'s friend.

K. *Lew.* And ſtill is friend to him and *Margaret*;
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edward*'s good ſucceſs;
Then 'tis but reaſon, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you have all kindneſs at my hand,
That your eſtate requires, and mine can yield.

War. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland* at his eaſe,
Where having nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you your ſelf, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than *France*.

Queen. Peace, impudent and ſhameleſs *Warwick*, peace!
Proud ſetter-up and puller down of Kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears
(Both full of truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſly conveyance, and thy lord's falſe love:
[*Poſt, blowing a horn within.*
For both of you are birds of ſelf-ſame feather.

K. *Lew.* *Warwick*, this is ſome Poſt to us, or thee.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. My lord Ambaſſador, theſe letters are for you;
[*To* Warwick.
Sent from your brother, Marquis *Montague.*
Theſe from our King unto your Majeſty. [*To K.* Lew.
And, Madam, theſe for you; from whom I know not.
[*To the Queen. They all read their Letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Miſtreſs
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how *Lewis* ſtamps as he were nettled.
I hope, all's for the beſt.

K. *Lew. Warwick*, what are thy news? and yours, fair Queen?

Queen. Mine ſuch, as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of ſorrow and heart's diſcontent.

K. *Lew.* What! has your King marry'd the lady *Gray?*
And now, to ſooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to perſwade me patience?
Is this th' alliance, that he ſeeks with *France?*
Dare he preſume to ſcorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majeſty as much before;
This proveth *Edward*'s love and *Warwick*'s honeſty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here proteſt in ſight of heav'n,
And by the hope I have of heav'nly bliſs,
That I am clear from this miſdeed of *Edward*'s:
No more my King; for he diſhonours me,
But moſt himſelf, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the Houſe of *York*
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let paſs th' abuſe done to my Niece?
Did I impale him with the regal Crown?
Did I put *Henry* from his native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt with ſhame?
Shame on himſelf, for my deſert is honour!
And to repair my honour loſt for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry.*
My noble Queen, let former grudges paſs,
And henceforth, I am thy true ſervitor:

I will revenge his wrong to lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Queen. Warwick, theſe words have turn'd my hate to love,
And I forgive and quite forget old faults;
And joy, that thou becom'ſt King *Henry*'s friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coaſt,
And force the tyrant from his ſeat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride ſhall ſuccour him;
And as for *Clarence*, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton luſt than honour,
Or than for ſtrength and ſafety of our Country.
Bona. Dear brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this diſtreſſed Queen?
Queen. Renowned Prince, how ſhall poor *Henry* live,
Unleſs thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?
Bona. My quarrel, and this *Engliſh* Queen's, are one.
War. And mine, fair lady *Bona*, joins with yours.
K. *Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and *Margaret*'s.
Therefore at laſt I firmly am reſolv'd
You ſhall have aid.
Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. *Lew.* Then, *England*'s meſſenger, return in poſt,
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is ſending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go fear thy King withal.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I wear the willow garland for his ſake.
Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aſide;
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.—— [*Exit Poſt.*
K. *Lew.* But *Warwick*,
Thyſelf and *Oxford* with five thouſand men

Shall croſs the ſeas, and bid falſe *Edward* battel:
And as occaſion ſerves, this noble Queen
And Prince ſhall follow with a freſh ſupply.
Yet ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy (17)
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son *Edward*, ſhe is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick*'s daughter ſhall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerves it:
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to* Warwick.

K. *Lew.* Why ſtay we now? theſe ſoldiers ſhall be levy'd,
And thou, lord *Bourbon*, our High Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long, till *Edward* fall by war's miſchance,
For mocking marriage with a Dame of *France*.

[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Warwick.

War. I came from *Edward* as ambaſſador,
But I return his ſworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the Charge he gave me,
But dreadful war ſhall anſwer his demand.

(17) *I'll join my* eldeſt *Daughter, and my Joy,*
To him forthwith,——] Surely, this is a Miſtake of the Copyiſts. *Hall*, in the 9th Year of K. *Edward* IV. ſays, *Edward*, Prince of *Wales*, wedded *Anne* SECOND Daughter to the Earl of *Warwick*.——And the Duke of *Clarence* was in Love with the ELDER, the Lady *Iſabel*; and in Reality was married to her five Years before Prince *Edward* took the Lady *Anne* to Wife.

And in K. *Richard* 3d, *Glouceſter*, who married this Lady *Anne* when a Widow, ſays.

For then I'll marry Warwick's YOUNGEST *Daughter.*
What tho' I kill'd her Husband and her Father?

i. e. Prince *Edward*, and K. *Henry* VI. her Father in Law. See likewiſe *Holingſhead* in his Chronicle; p. 671 and 674.

Had

Had he none elſe to make a Stale, but me?
Then none but I ſhall turn his jeſt to ſorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry*'s miſery,
But ſeek revenge on *Edward*'s mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Palace in* England.

Enter Glouceſter, Clarence, Somerſet *and* Montague.

GLOUCESTER.

NOW tell me, brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady *Gray?*
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France:*
How could he ſtay till *Warwick* made Return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flouriſh. *Enter King* Edward, *Lady* Gray *as Queen*, Pembroke, Stafford, *and* Haſtings: *Four ſtand on one ſide, and four on the other.*

Glo. And his well choſen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
K. *Edw.* Now, brother *Clarence*, how like you our choice,
That you ſtand penſive, as half malecontent?
Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or th' Earl of *Warwick*,

Which are ſo weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuſe.

K. *Edw.* Suppoſe, they take offence without a cauſe:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwick*'s, and muſt have my will.

Glo. And you ſhall have your will, becauſe our King.
Yet haſty marriage ſeldom proveth well.

K. *Edw.* Yea, brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no: God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh
Them ſevered whom God hath join'd together:
Pity, to ſunder them, that yoak ſo well.

K. *Edw.* Setting your ſcorns and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the lady *Gray*
Should not become my wife, and *England*'s Queen?
And you too, *Somerſet* and *Montague*,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion; that King *Lewis*
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady *Bona*.

Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this new marriage.

K. *Edw.* What if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with *France* in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrengthen'd this our Commonwealth
'Gainſt foreign ſtorms, than any home-bred marriage.

Haſt. Why, knows not *Montague*, that of it ſelf
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelf?

Mont. Yes; but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with *France*.

Haſt. 'Tis better uſing *France*, than truſting *France*.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the ſeas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend our ſelves:
In them, and in our ſelves, our ſafety lyes.

Clar. For this one ſpeech, lord *Haſtings* well deſerves
To have the Heir of the lord *Hungerford*.

K. *Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my Will and Grant,
And for this once my will ſhall ſtand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord *Scales*

Unto

Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted Me, or *Clarence*;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the heir
Of the lord *Bonvill* on your new wife's ſon,
And leave your brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.
K. *Edw.* Alas, poor *Clarence*! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In chuſing for your ſelf, you ſhew'd your judgment;
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall give me Leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I ſhortly mind to leave you.
K. *Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.
Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his Majeſty
To raiſe my ſtate to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you muſt all confeſs
That I was not ignoble of Deſcent;
And meaner than my ſelf have had like fortune.
But as this Title honours me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with ſorrow.
K. *Edw.* My Love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns;
What danger, or what ſorrow, can befal thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy conſtant friend,
And their true Sov'raign, whom they muſt obey?
Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and love thee too,
Unleſs they ſeek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee ſafe;
And they ſhall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. I hear, yet ſay not much, but think the more.

Enter a Poſt.

K. *Edw.* Now, Meſſenger, what letters or what news from *France?*
Poſt. My Soveraign Liege, no letters, and few words;
But ſuch as I (without your ſpecial pardon)
Dare not relate,

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee:
So tell their words, as near as thou canſt gueſs them.
What anſwer makes King *Lewis* to our letters?
Poſt. At my Depart, theſe were his very words;
Go tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is ſending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride. [*Henry.*
K. *Edw.* Is *Lewis* ſo brave? belike, he thinks me
But what ſaid lady *Bona* to my Marriage?
Poſt. Theſe were her words, utter'd with mild diſdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.
K. *Edw.* I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſs;
She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henry*'s Queen?
For ſo I heard, that ſhe was there in place.
Poſt. Tell him, (quoth ſhe) my mourning weeds are done;
And I am ready to put armour on.
K. *Edw.* Belike, ſhe minds to play the *Amazon.*
But what ſaid *Warwick* to theſe injuries?
Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Majeſty
Than all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me Wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
K. *Edw.* Ha! durſt the Traitor breath out ſo proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They ſhall have wars, and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret?*
Poſt. Ay, gracious Sov'raign, they're ſo link'd in friendſhip,
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick*'s daughter.
Clar. Belike, the younger; *Clarence* will have the elder. (18)
Now, brother King, farewel, and ſit you faſt,

(18) *Belike, the* Elder; Clarence *will have the* Younger.] I have ventur'd to make *Elder* and *Younger* change Places in this Line, againſt the Authority of All the printed Copies. The Reaſon of it will be obvious to every one, from the Proofs in my Note preceding this.

For

For I will hence to *Warwick*'s other daughter;
That, though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your self.
You, that love me and *Warwick*, follow me.
[*Exit* Clarence; *and* Somerset *follows.*
Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter:
I stay not for love of *Edward*, but the Crown. [*Aside.*
K. *Edw.* *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwick?*
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desp'rate case:
Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or will soon be landed;
My self in person will straight follow you.
[*Ex.* Pembroke *and* Stafford.
But ere I go, *Hastings* and *Montague*,
Resolve my doubt: you twain, of all the rest,
Are near to *Warwick* by blood and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mon. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true!
Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward*'s Cause!
K. *Edw.* Now, brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despight of all that shall withstand you.
K. *Edw.* Why so, then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,
'Till we meet *Warwick* with his foreign Power. [*Exe.*

SCENE

SCENE, *in* Warwickſhire.

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford, *with* French *Soldiers.*

War. TRUST me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people ſwarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence *and* Somerſet.

But ſee, where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* come;
Speak ſuddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*;
And welcome, *Somerſet*: I hold it cowardize
To reſt miſtruſtful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in ſign of love.
Elſe might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward*'s brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
But welcome, friend, my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being careleſly encamp'd,
His ſoldiers lurking in the towns about, (19)
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure?
Our ſcouts have found th' adventure very eaſie:
That as *Ulyſſes* and ſtout *Diomede*
With ſlight and manhood ſtole to *Rheſus*' Tents,
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal ſteeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edward*'s guard,
And ſeize himſelf: I ſay not, ſlaughter him;
For I intend but only to ſurprize him.

(19) *His Soldiers lurking in the* Town *about.*] Dr. *Thirlby* adviſed the reading *Towns* here, very juſtly, upon the Proof of this Paſſage ſpoken by the Guard in the Scene immediately following.

——— ——— *but why commands the King,*
That his chief Follꝰwers lodge in Towns *about him,* &c.

You,

You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of *Henry* with your leader.
[*They all cry*, Henry!
Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
For *Warwick* and his friends, God and Saint *George!*
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his Stand:
The King by this has set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lye and take his natural Rest,
Till *Warwick*, or himself be quite suppress.
2 *Watch.* To morrow then, belike, shall be the day;
If *Warwick* be so near, as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that,
That with the King here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest friend.
3 *Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because the more dangerous.
3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dang'rous honour.
If *Warwick* knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, *and* French *Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard:
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1 *Watch.*

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou dieſt.
[Warwick *and the reſt cry all,* Warwick! Warwick! *and ſet upon the Guard; who fly, crying Arms! Arms!* Warwick *and the reſt following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets ſounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerſet, *and the reſt, bringing the King out in a gown, ſitting in a chair;* Glo'ſter *and* Haſtings *flying over the Stage.*

Som. What are they, that fly there?
War. Richard and *Haſtings*; let them go, here is
The Duke.
K. *Edw.* The Duke! why, *Warwick,* when we parted,
Thou call'dſt me King?
War. Ay, but the caſe is alter'd.
When you diſgrac'd me in my Ambaſſade,
Then I degraded you from being King;
And come now to create you Duke of *York.*
Alas, how ſhould you govern any Kingdom,
That know not how to uſe Ambaſſadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to uſe your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to ſtudy for the people's welfare,
Nor how to ſhrowd your ſelf from enemies?
K. *Edw.* Brother of *Clarence,* and art thou here too?
Nay, then I ſee, that *Edward* needs muſt down.
Yet, *Warwick,* in deſpight of all miſchance,
Of thee thy ſelf, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himſelf as King:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my ſtate,
My mind exceeds the compaſs of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be *Edward England*'s King:
[*Takes off his Crown.*
But *Henry* now ſhall wear the *Engliſh* Crown,
And be true King, indeed; thou but the ſhadow.
My lord of *Somerſet,* at my requeſt,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbiſhop of *York:*

When I have fought with *Pembroke* and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis and lady *Bona* ſent to him:
Now for a while farewel, good Duke of *York*.

K. *Edw.* What fates impoſe, that men muſt needs abide;
It boots not to reſiſt both wind and tide.

[*Ex. King* Edward *led out forceably.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to *London* with our ſoldiers?

War. Ay, that's the firſt thing that we have to do;
To free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the regal Throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Palace.

Enter Rivers, *and the Queen.*

Riv. MADAM, what makes you in this ſudden change?

Queen. Why brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune has befaln King *Edward?*

Riv. What! loſs of ſome pitcht battel againſt *Warwick?*

Queen. No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.

Riv. Then is my Soveraign ſlain?

Queen. Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner.
Either betray'd by falſhood of his guard,
Or by his foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to underſtand,
Is now committed to the Biſhop of *York*,
Fell *Warwick*'s brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.

Queen. Till then fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
For love of *Edward*'s Off-ſpring in my womb:
This is't, that makes me bridle in my paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs:

Ay,

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Leſt with my ſighs, or tears, I blaſt or drown
King *Edward*'s fruit, true heir to th' *Engliſh* Crown.

Riv. But, Madam, where is *Warwick* then become?

Queen. I am informed that he comes towards *London*,
To ſet the Crown once more on *Henry*'s head:
Gueſs thou the reſt, King *Edward*'s friends muſt down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For truſt not him, that once hath broken faith;)
I'll hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,
To ſave at leaſt the heir of *Edward*'s Right.
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud:
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If *Warwick* take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Park near* Middleham *Caſtle in* Yorkſhire.

Enter Glouceſter, *Lord* Haſtings, *and Sir* William Stanley.

Glo. NOW, my lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefeſt thicket of the Park.
Thus ſtands the caſe; you know, our King, my brother,
Is pris'ner to the Biſhop, at whoſe hands,
He hath good uſage and great liberty;
And often but attended with weak guard
Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelf.
I have advertis'd him by ſecret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his uſual game;
He ſhall here find his friends with horſe and men,
To ſet him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, *and a Huntſman with him.*

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.
K. *Edw.* Nay, this way, man; ſee, where the huntſmen ſtand.
Now, brother *Glo'ſter*, *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteal the Biſhop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and caſe requireth haſte,
Your horſe ſtands ready at the park-corner.
K. *Edw.* But whither ſhall we then?
Haſt. To *Lyn*, my lord,
And ſhip from thence to *Flanders*.
Glo. Well gueſt, believe me, for that was my meaning.
K. *Edw.* *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardneſs.
Glo. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talk.
K. *Edw.* Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.
K. *Edw.* Biſhop, farewel; ſhield thee from *Warwick*'s frown;
And pray, that I may repoſſeſs the Crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Tower in* London.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerſet, *young* Richmond, Oxford, Montague, *and Lieutenant of the* Tower.

K. *Henry.* MR. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have ſhaken *Edward* from the regal Seat,
And turn'd my captive ſtate to liberty,
My fear to hope, my ſorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Soveraigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave Pardon of your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* For what, lieutenant? for well uſing me?
Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindneſs;
For that it made my impriſonment a pleaſure:
Ay, ſuch a pleaſure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At laſt, by notes of houſhold harmony,
They quite forget their loſs of liberty.
But *Warwick*, after God, thou ſett'ſt me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee:
He was the author, thou the inſtrument.
Therefore that I may conquer fortune's ſpight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this bleſſed Land
May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting ſtars;
Warwick, although my head ſtill wear the Crown,
I here reſign my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath ſtill been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may ſeem as wiſe as virtuous,
By ſpying and avoiding fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the ſtars;
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chuſing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and lawrel Crown,
As likely to be bleſt in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free conſent.

War. And I chuſe *Clarence* only for Protector.

K. *Henry.* *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
That no diſſention hinder Government.
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my ſelf will lead a private life;
And in devotion ſpend my latter days,
To ſin's rebuke and my Creator's praiſe.

War. What anſwers *Clarence* to his Sov'raign's will?

Clar.

Clar. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose my self.
War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoak together, like a double shadow
To *Henry*'s body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor;
And all his lands and goods confiscated.
Clar. What else? and that Succession be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.
K. *Henry.* But with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That *Margaret* your Queen and my son *Edward*
Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed.
For till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It shall be done, my Sov'raign, with all speed.
K. *Henry.* My lord of *Somerset*, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond.*
K. *Henry.* Come hither, *England*'s Hope: if secret Powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our Country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful Majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a Crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal Throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more, than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?
Post. That *Edward* is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to *Burgundy.*
War. Unsavory news; but how made he escape?
Post. He was convey'd by *Richard* Duke of *Glo'ster*,
And the lord *Hastings*, who attended him

In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt-ſide,
And from the Biſhop's huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For hunting was his daily exerciſe.
War. My brother was too careleſs of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sov'raign, to provide
A ſalve for any ſore that may betide. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Somerſet, Richmond, *and* Oxford.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward*'s:
For, doubtleſs, *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we ſhall have more wars before't be long.
As *Henry*'s late preſaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*;
So doth my heart miſ-give me, in theſe Conflicts
What may befal him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worſt,
Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to *Britany*,
Till ſtorms be paſt of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-poſſeſs the Crown,
'Tis like, that *Richmond* with the reſt ſhall down.
Som. It ſhall be ſo; he ſhall to *Britany*.
Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* York.

Enter King Edward, Gloceſter, Haſtings, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* NOW, brother *Richard*, *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends;
And ſays, that once more I ſhall enterchange
My wained ſtate for *Henry*'s regal Crown.
Well have we paſs'd, and now repaſs'd the ſeas,
And brought deſired help from *Burgundy*.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenſpurg*, before the gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Glo.

Glo. The gates made faſt! brother, I like not this.
For many men, that ſtumble at the threſhold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. *Edw.* Tuſh! man, aboadments muſt not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we muſt enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Haſt. My liege, I'll knock once more to ſummon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York *and his Brethren.*

Mayor. My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
And ſhut the gates for ſafety of our ſelves;
For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

K. *Edw.* But, maſter Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the leaſt, is Duke of *York*. [leſs.

Mayor. True, my good lord, I know you for no

K. *Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my Duke-
As being well content with that alone. [dom;

Glo. But when the fox has once got in his noſe,
He'll ſoon find means to make the body follow. [*Aſide.*

Haſt. Why, maſter Mayor, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King *Henry*'s friends.

Mayor. Ay, ſay you ſo? the gates ſhall then be open'd.
[*He deſcends.*

Glo. A wiſe ſtout Captain, and perſuaded ſoon!

Haſt. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we ſhall ſoon perſuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reaſon.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

K. *Edw.* So, maſter Mayor; theſe gates muſt not be ſhut
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his Keys.*
For *Edward* will defend the town and thee,
And all thoſe friends, that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, *with Drum and Soldiers.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our truſty friend, unleſs I be deceiv'd. [arms?
K. *Edw.* Welcome, Sir *John*; but why come you in
Mont. To help King *Edward* in his time of ſtorm,
As every loyal Subject ought to do.
K. *Edw.* Thanks, good *Montgom'ry:* but we now forget
Our Title to the Crown, and only claim
Our Dukedom, till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to ſerve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer, ſtrike up, and let us march away.
[*The Drum begins a March.*
K. *Edw.* Nay, ſtay, Sir *John*, a while; and we'll debate,
By what ſafe means the Crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim your ſelf our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?
K. *Edw.* When we grow ſtronger, then we'll make our Claim:
Till then, 'tis wiſdom to conceal our meaning.
Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous wit, now arms muſt rule.
Glo. And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. *Edw.* Then be it, as you will; for 'tis my Right;
And *Henry* but uſurps the Diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my Sov'raign ſpeaketh like himſelf;
And now will I be *Edward*'s champion.
Haſt. Sound trumpet, *Edward* ſhall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-ſoldier, make thou proclamation. [*Flouriſh.*
Sold. Edward *the fourth by the grace of God, King of* England *and* France, *and lord of* Ireland, *&c.*

Mont.

Mont. And whoſoe'er gain-ſays King *Edward*'s Right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle Fight.
[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*
All. Long live *Edward* the fourth!
K. *Edw.* Thanks, brave *Montgomery*; and thanks to all.
If fortune ſerve me, I'll requite this kindneſs.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in *York:*
And when the morning Sun ſhall raiſe his Car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no ſoldier.
Ah, froward *Clarence*, evil it beſeems thee
To flatter *Henry*, and forſake thy brother!
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick.*
Come on, brave ſoldiers, doubt not of the day:
And That once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes again to* London.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, *and* Somerſet.

War. WHAT counſel, lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath paſs'd in ſafety through the narrow ſeas;
And with his troops doth march amain to *London*;
And many giddy people flock to him.
K. *Henry.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being ſuffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In *Warwickſhire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,
Thoſe will I muſter up; and thou, Son *Clarence*,
Shalt ſtir, in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
The Knights and Gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leiceſterſhire*, ſhalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'ſt.
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,

In *Oxfordſhire* ſhalt muſter up thy friends.
My Sov'raign, with the loving citizens,
(Like to his Iſland girt with th' Ocean,
Or modeſt *Dian* circled with her Nymphs,)
Shall reſt in *London*, till we come to him:
Fair lords, take leave, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewel, my Soveraign.

K. *Henr.* Farewel, my *Hector*, and my *Troy*'s true hope.

Clar. In ſign of truth, I kiſs your Highneſs' hand.

K. *Henry.* Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord, and ſo I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I ſeal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. *Henry.* Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewel, ſweet lords; let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* Here at the Palace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of *Exeter*, what thinks your lordſhip?
Methinks, the Pow'r, that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.

6 K. *Henry.* That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not ſtopt mine ears to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great ſubſidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why ſhould they love *Edward* more than me?
No, *Exeter*, theſe graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never ceaſe to follow him.

[*Shout within. A* Lancaſter! *a* Lancaſter!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord, what ſhouts are theſe?

Enter

Enter King Edward *and his Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* Seize on the ſhame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
You are the fount, that make ſmall brooks to flow;
Now ſtops thy ſpring, my ſea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the *Tower*, let him not ſpeak.
[*Ex. with King* Henry.
And, lords, to *Coventry* bend we our Courſe,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains.
The Sun ſhines hot; and if we uſe delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join;
And take the great-grown Traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *before the Town of* Coventry.

Enter Warwick, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *two Meſſengers and others, upon the walls.*

WARWICK.

WHERE is the Poſt, that came from valiant *Oxford?*
How far hence is thy lord, mine honeſt fellow?
1 *Meſ.* By this at *Dunſmore*, marching hither-ward.
War. How far off is our brother *Montague?*
Where is the Poſt, that came from *Montague?*
2 *Meſ.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puiſſant troop.

Enter

Enter Somervile.

War. Say, *Somervile*, what ſays my loving Son?
And by thy gueſs how nigh is *Clarence* now?

Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here ſome two hours hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my lord: here *Southam* lyes:
The drum, your Honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

War. Who ſhould that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

March. Flouriſh. Enter King Edward, Gloceſter, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and ſound a Parle.

Glo. See, how the ſurly *Warwick* mans the wall.

War. Oh, unbid ſpight! is ſportful *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſedue'd,
That we could hear no news of his Repair?

K. *Edw.* Now, *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſs who ſet thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick* Patron, and be penitent?
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the Duke of *York*.

Glo. I thought, at leaſt, he would have ſaid the King;
Or did he make the jeſt againſt his will?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee ſervice for ſo good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the Kingdom to thy brother.

K. *Edw.* Why, then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick*'s gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And, Weakling, *Warwick* takes his gift again;
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his Subject.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* But *Warwick*'s King is *Edward*'s priſoner:
And, gallant *Warwick*, do but anſwer this,
What is the body when the head is off?
Glo. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-caſt,
But while he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten,
The King was ſlily finger'd from the Deck: (20)
You left poor *Henry* at the Biſhop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the *Tower*.
K. *Edw.* 'Tis even ſo; yet you are *Warwick* ſtill.
Glo. Come, *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? ſtrike now, or elſe the iron cools.
War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear ſo low a ſail, to ſtrike to thee.
K. *Edw.* Sail, how thou canſt; have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, faſt wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this ſentence with thy blood;
Wind-changing Warwick *now can change no more.*

(20) *But while he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten,*
The King was ſlily finger'd from the Deck.] Tho there may ſeem no Conſonance of Metaphors betwixt a *ſingle Ten* and a *Deck*, the latter Word being grown obſolete, and not acknowledg'd by our Dictionaries in the Senſe here required; yet *Deck*, in all our *Northern* Counties, is to this day uſed to ſignify a *Pack* or *Stock* of *Cards*.

The Alluſion to *Cards* every Reader muſt have obſerv'd is very familiar with our Author; but I'll ſubjoin a few Inſtances in Proof, that occur to me at preſent.

Antony *and* Cleopatra.
——————*She* Eros, *She*
Pack'd Cards *with* Cæſar.

Titus Andronicus.
As ſure a Card, *as ever won the* Set.

Taming *the* Shrew.
A Vengeance on your crafty wither'd Hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a Card *of* Ten.

1 Henry VI.
There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling Card.

King John.
Have I not here the beſt Cards *for the Game,*
To win *this eaſie* Match play'd *for a Crown.*
And ſhall I now give o'er *the yielded* Sett?

Enter

Enter Oxford, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. O chearful Colours! ſee, where *Oxford* comes!
Oxf. Oxford! Oxford! for *Lancaſter!*
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. *Edw.* So other foes may ſet upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will iſſue out again and bid us battel:
If not, the city being of ſmall defence,
We'll quickly rouze the traitors in the ſame.
War. O, welcome, *Oxford!* for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, *with Drum and Colours.*

Mont. Montague! Montague! for *Lancaſter.*
Glo. Thou, and thy brother both, ſhall buy this treaſon
Ev'n with the deareſt blood your bodies bear.
K. *Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind preſageth happy gain and Conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, *with Drum and Colours.*

Som. Somerſet! Somerſet! for *Lancaſter.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerſet*,
Have ſold their lives unto the Houſe of *York*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this ſword hold.

Enter Clarence, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. And, lo! where *George* of *Clarence* ſweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battel:
With whom an upright zeal to Right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love.
Come, *Clarence*, come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.——
[*A Parley is ſounded*; Richard *and* Clarence *whiſper together*; *and then* Clarence *takes his red Roſe out of his Hat, and throws it at* Warwick.] (21)
Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you, what this means?
Look, here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I

(21) *A Parley is ſounded*, &c.] This neceſſary Note of Direction, which explains the Matter in Action, I reſtor'd from the old *Quarto*.

And,

I will not ruinate my father's Houſe,
Who gave his blood to lime the ſtones together,
And ſet up *Lancaſter*. Why, trow'ſt thou, *Warwick*,
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal inſtruments of war
Againſt his brother, and his lawful King?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety,
Than *Jepthah*'s, when he ſacrific'd his daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my treſpaſs made,
That, to deſerve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim my ſelf thy mortal foe:
With reſolution, whereſoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul miſ-leading me.
And ſo, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,
And to my brother turn my bluſhing cheeks.
Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends:
And, *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults;
For I will henceforth be no more unconſtant.

K. *Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadſt deſerv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is brother-like.

War. O paſſing traitor, perjur'd and unjuſt!

K. *Edw.* What, *Warwick*, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the ſtones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards *Barnet* preſently,
And bid thee battel, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.

K. *Edw.* Yes, *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords, to the field; St. *George* and victory! [*Exeunt.*

March. Warwick *and his Company follow.*

And, without it, it is impoſſible that any Reader can gueſs at the Meaning of this Line of *Clarence*;

Look, here I throw my Infamy at Thee.

SCENE,

SCENE, *a Field of Battel near* Barnet.

Alarm and Excurſions. Enter Edward, *bringing forth* Warwick *wounded.*

K. *Edw.* SO, lye thou there; die thou, and die our Fear;
For *Warwick* was a bug, that ſcar'd us all.
Now, *Montague*, ſit faſt, I ſeek for thee;
That *Warwick*'s bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick?*
Why ask I that? my mangled body ſhews,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart ſhews,
That I muſt yield my body to the earth,
And, by my Fall, the Conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the Cedar to the ax's edge,
Whoſe arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle;
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping lion ſlept,
Whoſe top branch over-peer'd *Jove*'s ſpreading tree,
And kept low ſhrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
Theſe eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day Sun,
To ſearch the ſecret treaſons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to kingly ſepulchres:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwick* bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had, (22)

(22) *My Parks, my Walks, my Manors that I had,*
Ev'n now forſake me; and of all my Lands
Is nothing left me, but my Body's Length.] I won't venture to affirm, our Author is imitating *Horace* here; but, ſurely, this Paſſage is very much of a Caſt with that which I am about to quote.

Linquenda Tellus & Domus, & *placens*
Uxor; neq; harum, quas colis, Arborum
Te præter inviſas Cupreſſos,
Ulla brevem Dominum ſequetur.

Lib. ii. Ode 14.

Ev'n now forſake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and duſt?
And live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter Oxford *and* Somerſet.

Som. Ah, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loſs again:
The Queen from *France* hath brought a puiſſant power:
Ev'n now we heard the news: ah, could'ſt thou fly!
War. Why, then I would not fly.——Ah, *Montague*,
If thou be there, ſweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my ſoul a while.
Thou lov'ſt me not; for, brother, if thou didſt,
Thy tears would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
Come quickly, *Montague*, or I am dead.
Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſp cry'd out for *Warwick:*
And ſaid, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be diſtinguiſh'd; but at laſt
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewel, *Warwick!*——
War. Sweetly reſt his ſoul!
Fly, lords, and ſave your ſelves; for *Warwick* bids
You all farewel, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.
[*They bear away his Body, and Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Part of the Field.*

Flouriſh. *Enter King* Edward *in triumph*; *with* Glouceſter, Clarence, *and the reſt.*

K. *Edw.* THUS far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midſt of this bright-ſhining day,

I ſpy a black, ſuſpicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sun,
Ere he attain his eaſeful weſtern bed:
I mean, my lords, thoſe Powers, that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our Coaſt,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that cloud,
And blow it to the ſource from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry thoſe vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a ſtorm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her.
If ſhe hath time to breathe, be well aſſur'd,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

K. *Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe tow'rd *Tewksbury*.
We having now the beſt at *Barnet* field,
Will thither ſtraight; for willingneſs rids way:
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the Drum, cry, courage! and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Tewksbury.

March. *Enter the Queen, Prince of* Wales, Somerſet, Oxford, *and Soldiers.*

Queen. GREAT lords, wiſe men ne'er ſit and wail their loſs,
But chearly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
What though the maſt be now blown over-board, (23)
The cable broke, the holding-anchor loſt,
And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot ſtill. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With

(23) *What though the* Maſt *be now blown overboard,*
The Cable *broke, the* holding Anchor *loſt,*
And half our Sailors ſwallow'd in the Flood?] The Alluſion which the Queen purſues here, of the Kingdom harraſs'd by the Calamities of Civil

With tear-ful eyes add water to the ſea ;
And give more ſtrength to That which hath too much ?
While in his moan the ſhip ſplits on the rock,
Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd ?
Ah, what a ſhame ! ah, what a fault were this !
Say, *Warwick* was our anchor ; what of that ?
And *Montague* our top-maſt ; what of him ?
Our ſlaughter'd friends, the tackle ; what of theſe ?
Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor ?
And *Somerſet* another goodly maſt ?
The friends of *France* our ſhrouds and tacklings ſtill ?
And though unskilful, why not *Ned* and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ?
We will not from the helm to ſit and weep,
But keep our courſe (though the rough wind ſay, no,)
From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack :
As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſs ſea ?
What *Clarence*, but a quick-ſand of deceit ?
And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock ?

Civil War, to a Ship diſtreſs'd by hard Weather, ſeems a cloſe Copy from this fine Draught of *Horace* :

Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus,
Et Malus celeri ſaucius Africo,
Antennæq; gemant ? Ac ſine funibus
Vix durare Carinæ
Poſſint imperioſius
Æquor ? Non tibi ſunt integra lintea, &c.

Lib. i. Ode 14.

And what is very remarkable, this Image in both Poets is made on the ſame Occaſion, on the *Storms* of *civil Fury*. Only our Poet very judiciouſly, as uſing it *metaphorically*, is much ſhorter than *Horace*, who uſed it *allegorically*, which requir'd its being drawn out to greater Length. There have been ſome modern Criticks, I know, who won't allow this *Ode* in the *Roman* Poet to be an Allegory on the Civil Wars ; but only a civil Invitation to a ſhatter'd Ship, that bore one of *Horace*'s Friends, to ſtay quietly in Harbour. But we may as ſafely, I think, go along with *Quintilian*, (who muſt have been, at leaſt, as well inform'd in this Matter) and he directly ſays, the *Ship* is the *Roman* Commonwealth. *Totuſq; etiàm ille* Horatii *locus, quo* Navim *pro* Republicâ, Fluctuum Tempeſtates *pro* Bellis Civilibus, Portum *pro* Pace *atq;* Concordiâ *dicit.*—— Inſtitut. Orator. *lib.* viii. *cap.* 6. *De* Tropis. Mr. *Warburton.*

All theſe, the enemies to our poor Bark.
Say, you can ſwim; alas, 'tis but a while;
Tread on the ſand; why, there you quickly ſink:
Beſtride the rock; the tide will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a three-fold death.
This ſpeak I, lords, to let you underſtand,
In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant ſpirit
Should, if a coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
Infuſe his breaſt with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearful man,
He ſhould have leave to go away betimes;
Leſt, in our Need, he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelf.
If any ſuch be here, (as, God forbid!)
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of ſo high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual ſhame.
Oh, brave young Prince! thy famous Grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'ſt thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle *Somerſet*; ſweet *Oxford*, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you, lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſs; it is his policy,
To haſte thus faſt to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readineſs.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.

Oxf.

Oxf. Here pitch our battel, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter King Edward, Gloceſter, Clarence, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heav'ns aſſiſtance and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
(For, well I wot, ye blaze,) to burn them out:
Give ſignal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My tears gain-ſay; for every word I ſpeak,
Ye ſee, I drink the water of my eye:
Therefore no more but this; *Henry*, your Sov'raign,
Is priſoner to the foe, his State uſurp'd,
His Realm a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subjects ſlain,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this ſpoil.
You fight in juſtice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give ſignal to the battel.

Alarm. Retreat. Excurſions. Both Parties go out.

Re-Enter King Edward, Gloceſter, Clarence, *&c. The Queen,* Oxford, *and* Somerſet, *Priſoners.*

K. *Edw.* Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes*-caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them ſpeak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt.*

Queen. So part we ſadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in ſweet *Jeruſalem.*

K. *Edw.* Is Proclamation made, that who finds *Edward* Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is, and, lo! where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. *Edw.* Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him ſpeak.
What? can ſo young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing arms, for ſtirring up my Subjects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious *York.*
Suppoſe, that I am now my father's mouth;
Reſign thy Chair; and, where I ſtand, kneel thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which, Traitor, thou wouldſt have me anſwer to.

Queen. Ah! that thy father had been ſo reſolv'd!

Glo. That you might ſtill have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have ſtoln the breech from *Lancaſter.*

Prince. Let *Æſop* fable in a winter's night,
His curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou waſt born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's ſake, take away this captive ſcold.

Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding crook-back rather.

K. *Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:
Laſcivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
I am your Better, Traitors as ye are:
And thou uſurp'ſt my Father's Right and mine.

Glo. Take that, thou likeneſs of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*

K. *Edw.* And take thou that, to end thy agony.
[Edw. *ſtabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Clar. *ſtabs him.*

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and ſhall.—— [*Offers to kill her.*

K. *Edw.* Hold, *Richard*, hold; for we have done too much.

Glo. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the world with words?

K. *Edw.* What? doth ſhe ſwoon? uſe means for her recov'ry.

Glo. *Clarence*, excuſe me to the King my brother:
I'll hence to *London* on a ſerious matter.
Ere ye come there, be ſure to hear ſome news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The *Tower*, man, the *Tower!*—I'll root 'em out. [*Exit.*

Queen. Oh *Ned*, ſweet *Ned!* ſpeak to thy mother, [Boy.
Can'ſt thou not ſpeak? O traitors, murderers!
They, that ſtabb'd *Cæſar*, ſhed no blood at all;
Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man; this (in reſpect) a child;
And men ne'er ſpend their fury on a child.
What's worſe than murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burſt, and if I ſpeak——
And I will ſpeak, that ſo my heart may burſt.
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals,
How ſweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
You have no children, Butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have ſtirr'd up remorſe;
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look, in his youth to have him ſo cut off;
As, Deathſmen! you have rid this ſweet young Prince.

K. *Edw.* Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, diſpatch me here:
Here ſheath thy ſword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? then, *Clarence*, do it thou.

Clar. By heav'n, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Queen. Good *Clarence*, do; ſweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Clar. Didſt thou not hear me ſwear, I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou uſeſt to forſwear thy ſelf:
'Twas ſin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil-butcher, (24) [36]
Richard?

(24) ——*Where is that Devil's Butcher,*
Richard?] Thus all the Editions. But *Devil's Butcher*, in other Terms,

Richard? hard-favour'd *Richard*, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murther is thy Alms-deed.
Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'ſt back.

K. *Edw.* Away, I ſay; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!
[*Exit Queen.*

K. *Edw.* Where's *Richard* gone?

Clar. To *London* all in poſt; and, as I gueſs,
To make a bloody ſupper in the *Tower.*

K. *Edw.* He's ſudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, diſcharge the common Sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*;
And ſee our gentle Queen how well ſhe fares;
By this, I hope, ſhe hath a ſon for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Tower of* London.

Enter King Henry, *and* Gloceſter, *with the Lieutenant on* Tower *Walls.*

Glo. GOOD day, my lord; what! at your book ſo hard?

K. *Henry.* Ay, my good lord; my lord, I ſhould ſay rather;
'Tis ſin to flatter, good was little better:
Good *Glo'ſter*, and good devil, were alike,
And both prepoſt'rous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to our ſelves, we muſt confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. *Henry.* So flies the wreakleſs ſhepherd from the wolf.
So firſt the harmleſs flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.
What ſcene of death hath *Roſcius* now to act? (25)
Glo.

I think, is *Kill-devil:* rare News for the *Freethinkers*, if there were any Grounds for depending on it. But the Poet certainly wrote *devil-Butcher*; and the firſt Part of the Compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning, *execrable, infernal, deviliſh.*

(25) *What Scene of Death hath* Roſcius *now to act?*] Tho I have not diſturb'd the Text here, I cannot but ſubjoin my Friend's Suſpicion of it, in his own Words.——I believe, there never was a ſillier Corruption than this Reading; certainly introduced by ſome ſhallow-pated conceited Fellow,

Glo. Suſpicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each buſh an officer.
K. *Henry.* The bird, that hath been limed in a buſh,
With trembling wings miſ-doubteth ev'ry buſh;
And I, the hapleſs male to one ſweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Glo. Why, what a peeviſh fool was that of *Creet*,
That taught his ſon the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. *Henry.* I, *Dedalus*; my poor boy, *Icarus*;
Thy father, *Minos* that deny'd our courſe;
The Sun, that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet boy,
Thy brother *Edward*; and thy ſelf, the ſea,
Whoſe envious gulph did ſwallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words;
My breaſt can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick hiſtory.
But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my life?
Glo. Think'ſt thou, I am an executioner?
K. *Henry.* A perſecutor, I am ſure, thou art;
If murth'ring innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy ſon I kill'd for his preſumption.

Fellow of the Scene. For, in the firſt Place, what Similitude between *Richard*'s Murthers, and *Roſcius*'s Scenes of Death? But what is ſtill worſe, *Roſcius* was a *Comedian*, and not a *Tragedian*. Were a Player here to be brought in by head and ſhoulders, it ſhould have been *Æſopus*. ——Roſcius *citatior*, Æſopus *gravior fuit*; *quòd* Ille Comædias, *hic Tragœdias* egit; ſays *Quintilian*. And to ſhew what Kind of *Walk* in Playing *Roſcius* was famous for, we need only cite *Tully*, in his Oration in Behalf of that Comedian.——*Cujus Perſonam præclarè* Roſcius *in Scenâ tractare conſuevit: neq; tamen pro beneficio ei par gratia refertur. Nam* Ballionem *illum improbiſſimum, & perjuriſſimum* lenonem *cum agit, agit* Chæream.——(By the Bye, had *L'Abbé d'Aubignac* remember'd this Paſſage, he need not have made it a Queſtion in his *La Practique du Theatre*, whether *Plautus*'s Plays were acted after his Death.) Now this being premiſed, I cannot but think that we ought to read;

What Scene of Death hath Richard *now to act?*

And this not only makes good Senſe of the Line, but is infinitely more agreeable to the Character of the Speaker, and the Circumſtances he was then in. Mr. *Warburton.*

K. *Henry.* Hadſt thou been kill'd, when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to kill a ſon of mine.
And thus I propheſie, that many a thouſand,
Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's ſigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-ſtanding eye,
(Men for their ſons, wives for their husbands fate,
And orphans for their parents timeleſs death,)
Shall rue the hour that ever thou waſt born.
The owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckleſs Tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſt ſhook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in diſmal diſcords ſung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigeſted deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree.
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt born,
To ſignifie, thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt into the World with thy Legs forward. (26)

Glo. I'll hear no more: die Prophet in thy ſpeech;
[*Stabs him.*

(26) *And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,*
Thou cam'ſt ———] Had our Editors had but a Grain of Sagacity, or due Diligence, there could have been no Room for this abſurd Break: ſince they might have ventur'd to fill it up with Certainty too. The old *Quarto* would have led them part of the way,

Thou cam'ſt into the World ——

And that the Verſe is to be compleated in the manner I have given it, is inconteſtible; or ſunleſs we ſuppoſe King *Henry* actually reproaches him with this his prepoſterous Birth, how can *Richard* in his very next Soliloquy ſay?

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry *told me of,*
For I have often heard my Mother ſay,
I came into the World with my Legs forward.

I can eaſily ſee, that this Blank was caus'd by the Nicety of the Players, to ſuppreſs an indecent Idea. But, with Submiſſion, this was making but half a Cure, unleſs they had expung'd the Repetition of it out of *Richard*'s Speech too.

For

For this, amongſt the reſt, was I ordain'd.
K. *Henry.* Ay, and for much more ſlaughter after this——
O God! forgive my ſins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*
Glo. What! will th' aſpiring blood of *Lancaſter*
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted.
See, how my ſword weeps for the poor King's death!
O, may ſuch purple tears be always ſhed,
From thoſe who wiſh the Downfall of our Houſe.
If any ſpark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and ſay, I ſent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.——
Indeed, 'tis true, that *Henry* told me of:
For I have often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reaſon, think ye, to make haſte,
And ſeek their ruin that uſurp'd our Right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
O, Jeſus bleſs us, he is born with teeth!
And ſo I was; which plainly ſignify'd
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the dog:
Then, ſince the heav'ns have ſhap'd my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to anſwer it.
I had no father, I am like no father.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word *Love*, which grey-beards call divine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my ſelf alone.——
Clarence, beware; thou keep'ſt me from the light;
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad ſuch Prophecies,
That *Edward* ſhall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his ſon, are gone;
Clarence, thy Turn is next, and then the reſt;
Counting my ſelf but bad, till I be beſt.
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, *Henry!* in the day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *the Palace in* London.

Enter King Edward, *Queen*, Clarence, Gloceſter, Haſtings, *Nurſe*, *and Attendants.*

K. *Edw.* ONCE more we ſit on *England*'s royal Throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies:
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Somerſet*, three-fold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the ſon;
And two *Northumberlands*; two braver men
Ne'er ſpurr'd their Courſers at the trumpet's ſound.
With them the two brave bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly Lion,
And made the foreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept Suſpicion from our Seat,
And made our footſtool of Security.
Come hither, *Beſs*, and let me kiſs my boy:
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles and my ſelf
Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night;
Went all a-foot in ſummer's ſcalding heat;
That thou might'ſt re-poſſeſs the Crown in peace;
And of our labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave;
And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back;
Work thou the way, and that ſhall execute. *Aſide.*

K. *Edw.* *Clarence* and *Glo'ſter*, love my lovely Queen;
And kiſs your princely Nephew, Brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe your Majeſty,
I ſeal upon the lips of this ſweet Babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother, (27) thanks.

(27) *Thanks, noble* Clarence; *worthy Brother, thanks.*] This Line, ever ſince the firſt Edition by the Players, has been given to K. *Edward*; but I have, with the old *Quarto*, reſtored it to the *Queen*, from whom it comes with much more Propriety.

Glo.

Glo. And that I love the tree, from whence thou
sprang'ſt,
Witneſs the loving kiſs I give the fruit.——
To ſay the truth, ſo *Judas* kiſs'd his maſter;
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm. } *Aſide.*

K. *Edw.* Now am I ſeated as my ſoul delights,
Having my Country's Peace and Brothers Loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret?*
Reignier her father to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jeruſalem*;
And hither have they ſent it for her ranſom.

K. *Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to *France.*
And now what reſts but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately Triumphs, mirthful Comick Shows,
Such as befit the pleaſure of the Court?
Sound, drums and trumpets; farewel, ſow'r Annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our laſting Joy. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

III Part of Henry VI.

Dramatis Personæ.

a 356 Did I let pass th'abuse done to my Niece
Whom Edward attempted in the Earl of
Warwick's house. Holinshed. W

b 376 — my meed hath got me fame.
Warb: reads deed.

THE
LIFE and *DEATH*
OF
RICHARD III.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Edward IV.
Edward *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* Edward V.
Richard, *Duke of* York. } *Sons to* Edward IV.
George, *Duke of* Clarence, *Brother to* Edward IV.
Richard, *Duke of* Gloceſter, *Brother to* Edward IV. *afterwards King* Richard III.
Cardinal, Archbiſhop of York.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Marquiſs of Dorſet, *Son to Queen* Elizabeth.
Earl Rivers, *Brother to the Queen.*
Lord Gray, *Son to Queen* Elizabeth.
Earl of Richmond, *afterwards King* Henry VII.
Biſhop of Ely.
Lord Haſtings.
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Sir Richard Ratcliff,
Lord Lovel, } *Friends to the Duke of* Gloceſter.
Catesby,
Sir James Tyrrel, *a Villain.*
Thomas, *Lord* Stanley, *Lord Steward of K.* Edward IV's *Houſehold, afterwards Earl of* Derby.
Earl of Oxford,
Blount,
Herbert, } *Friends to the Earl of* Richmond.
Sir William Brandon,
Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.
Lord Mayor.
Sir Chriſtopher Urſwick, *a Prieſt.*
Elizabeth, *Queen of* Edward IV.
Queen Margaret, *Widow of* Henry VI.
Anne, *Widow of* Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Son to* Henry VI. *afterwards married to the Duke of* Gloceſter.
Dutcheſs of York, *Mother to* Edward IV. Clarence, *and* Richard III.

Sheriff, Purſuivant, Citizens, Ghoſts of thoſe murder'd by Richard III. *with Soldiers and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in* ENGLAND.

The LIFE and DEATH of (1)

RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Court.*

Enter Richard *Duke of* Gloceſter, *ſolus.*

NOW is the Winter of our Diſcontent
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of *York:*
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our Houſe,
In the deep boſom of the Ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments;

Our

(1) *The* Life *and* Death *of King* Richard III.] This Tragedy, tho it is call'd the Life and Death of this Prince, comprizes, at moſt, but the laſt 8 Years of his Time: For it opens with *George* Duke of *Clarence* being clap'd up in the Tower, which happen'd in the beginning of the Year 1477; and cloſes with the Death of *Richard* at *Boſworth*-field, which Battle was fought on the 22d of *Auguſt* in the Year 1485. This ſhort hiſtorical Interval, however, is ſo crowded with *Incidents*, (if plotted and

Our ſtern Alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd War hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds
[37] To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glaſs,—
I, that am rudely ſtampt, and want love's majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton, ambling Nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up;
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)
Have no delight to paſs away the time;
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the Sun,
And deſcant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,

and premeditated Murthers may bear that Title,) that it is from the Beginning to the End an *Oglio* of bloody Diſſimulation and ambitious Cruelty. It has been very well obſerv'd by the late Mr. *Gildon*, that *Richard*, as he is drawn, is not a fit Character for the Stage; being ſhocking in all he does: That tho' the Antients had introduc'd an *Atreus*, *Thyeſtes*, &c. yet the Cruelties committed by them have been the ſuddain Effect of Anger and Revenge: But *Richard* is a calm Villain; and does his Murthers deliberately, wading thro' a Sea of his neareſt Relations Blood to the *Crown*. ——Tho' many worthy and wholeſome Laws were enacted under the Protectorſhip and Government of this Uſurper, 'tis obvious, that the Hiſtorians and Poets, in loading his Character, have at the ſame time been paying their Compliments to that *Line*, which gave them an ELIZABETH. The Miſeries and Iniquities of *Civil War* were richly compenſated in ſuch a Bleſſing.

Jam nihil, O Superi, querimur: Scelera ipſa, Nefaſque,
Hâc Mercede placent.—— Lucan.

By

By drunken propheſies, libels, and dreams,
To ſet my brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one againſt the other:
And, if King *Edward* be as true and juſt,
As I am ſubtle, falſe and treacherous,
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd up;
About a Prophecy, which ſays, that *G* (2)
Of *Edward*'s Heirs the Murtherer ſhall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my ſoul! here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence *guarded, and* Brakenbury.

Brother, good day; what means this armed Guard,
That waits upon your Grace?
Clar. His Majeſty,
Tend'ring my perſon's ſafety, hath appointed
This Conduct to convey me to the *Tower*.
Glo. Upon what cauſe?
Clar. Becauſe my name is *George*.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours:
He ſhould for That commit your godfathers.
Belike, his Majeſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhould be new chriſtened in the *Tower*.
But what's the matter, *Clarence*, may I know?
Clar. Yea, *Richard*, when I know; for, I proteſt,
As yet I do not; but as I can learn,
He hearkens after Propheſies and Dreams,
And from the croſs-row plucks the letter *G*;
And ſays, a wizard told him, that by *G*
His Iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And, for my name of *George* begins with *G*,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.

(2) *About a Prophecy, which ſays, that* G
Of Edward's *Heirs the Murtherer ſhall be.*] Theſe two Lines are in all the old Books whatſoever, as well as in all the modern ones that I have ſeen, except the two Impreſſions by Mr. *Pope*. By what Authority he has thought fit to leave them out, I don't know: If he did it, becauſe *Clarence* in the next Scene ſays ſomething much to the ſame Effect, I think, that is no Reaſon for expunging them. Mr. *Pope* has, in other Caſes, where he thought any Thing ſuperfluous, thrown it out of the Text, but then he has degraded it to the Bottom of the Page.

Theſe, as I learn. and ſuch like toys as theſe,
Have mov'd his Highneſs to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
'Tis not the King, that ſends you to the *Tower*;
My lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence*, 'tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this harſh extremity.
Was it not ſhe, and that good man of worſhip,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him ſend lord *Haſtings* to the *Tower?*
From whence this day he is delivered.
We are not ſafe; *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.
Clar. By heav'n, I think, there is no man ſecure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds,
That trudge between the King and miſtreſs *Shore.*
Heard you not, what an humble ſuppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was to her for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Got my lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what;—— I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herſelf,
Since that our Brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſſips in this Monarchy.
Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majeſty hath ſtraitly giv'n in charge,
That no man ſhall have private conference,
Of what degree ſoever, with your brother.
Glo. Ev'n ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip, *Brakenbury!*
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no treaſon, man——we ſay, the King
Is wiſe and virtuous; and his noble Queen
Well ſtrook in years; fair, and not jealous——
We ſay, that *Shore*'s wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folk:
How ſay you, Sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myſelf have nought to do.
Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with miſtreſs *Shore?*
I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,

Excepting one, were beſt to do it ſecretly.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her huſband, knave———would'ſt thou betray me?

Brak. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your conf'rence with the Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and muſt obey.
Brother, farewel; I will unto the King,
And whatſoe'er you will employ me in,
(Were it to call King *Edward*'s widow ſiſter)
I will perform it to infranchiſe you.
Mean time, this deep diſgrace of brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaſeth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliver you, or elſe lye for you:
Mean time have patience.

Clar. I muſt perforce; farewel. [*Exe.* Brak. Clar.

Glo. Go, tread the path, that thou ſhalt ne'er return:
Simple, plain *Clarence!*——I do love thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoul to heav'n,
If heav'n will take the Preſent at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd *Haſtings?*

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

Glo. As much unto my good lord Chamberlain:
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?

Haſt. With patience, noble lord, as pris'ners muſt:
But I ſhall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Haſt. More pity, that the Eagle ſhould be mew'd, (3)
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Haſt. No news ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his Phyſicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by St. *Paul*, that news is bad, indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much conſum'd his royal perſon:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Haſt. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* Haſtings.

He cannot live, I hope; and muſt not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well ſteel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to buſtle in!
For then, I'll marry *Warwick*'s youngeſt daughter:
What though I kill'd her huſband, and her father?
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her huſband and her father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then muſt I count my Gains. [*Exit.*

(3) *More pity, that the Eagle ſhould be mew'd,*
While Kites and Buzzards play *at Liberty.*]

I have, upon the authority of the old *Quarto*'s, reſtored *prey*, as the moſt expreſſive and proper Word. And our Author again in this very Play makes *Gloceſter* repeat the ſame Thought, and uſe the ſame Expreſſion.

——— ——— *the World is grown ſo bad,*
That Wrens make Prey, *where Eagles dare not perch.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Street.*

Enter the Coarſe of Henry *the Sixth, with halberds to guard it,* *Lady* Anne *being the Mourner.*

Anne. SET down, ſet down your honourable load,
If Honour may be ſhrouded in a herſe;
Whilſt I awhile obſequiouſly lament
Th' untimely Fall of virtuous *Lancaſter.*
Poor key-cold figure of a holy King!
Pale aſhes of the Houſe of *Lancaſter!*
Thou bloodleſs remnant of that royal blood!
Be't lawful, that I invocate thy ghoſt,
To hear the lamentations of poor *Anne,*
Wife to thy *Edward,* to thy ſlaughter'd ſon;
Stab'd by the ſelf-ſame hand, that made theſe wounds.
Lo, in theſe windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes.
Curs'd be the hand, that made theſe fatal holes!
Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whoſe ugly and unnatural aſpect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view:
And That be heir to his unhappineſs.!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!
Come, now tow'rds *Chertſey* with your holy load,
Taken from *Paul*'s to be interred there.
And ſtill, as you are weary of this weight,
Reſt you, while I lament King *Henry*'s Coarſe.

Enter Richard *Duke of* Gloceſter.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the Coarſe, and ſet it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, ſet down the Coarſe; or, by St. *Paul*,
I'll make a Coarſe of him that diſobeys.
Gen. My lord, ſtand back, and let the coffin paſs.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! ſtand thou, when I command;
Advance thy halbert higher than my breaſt,
Or, by St. *Paul*, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldneſs.
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal;
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avant, thou dreadful miniſter of hell!
Thou had'ſt but pow'r over his mortal body,
His ſoul thou can'ſt not have; therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint, for charity, be not ſo curſt.
Anne. Foul Dev'l! for God's ſake hence, trouble us not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh, gentlemen! ſee! ſee, dead *Henry*'s wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
[34] From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge moſt unnatural.
O God! which this blood mad'ſt, revenge his death:
O earth! which this blood drink'ſt, revenge his death;
Or Heav'n with lightning ſtrike the murth'rer dead;
Or Earth gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes.

Anne.

Anne. Villain, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor man;
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!—
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit myſelf.
Anne. Vouchſafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For theſe known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed ſelf.
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leiſure to excuſe myſelf.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou can'ſt make
No excuſe current, but to hang thyſelf.
Glo. By ſuch deſpair I ſhould accuſe myſelf.
Anne. And by deſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyſelf;
That didſt unworthy ſlaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I ſlew them not.
Anne. Then ſay, they were not ſlain:
But dead they are; and, deviliſh ſlave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your huſband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and ſlain by *Edward*'s hands.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'ſt. Queen *Marg'ret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous faulchion ſmoaking in his blood:
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breaſt,
But that thy Brothers beat aſide the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltleſs ſhoulders.
Anne. Thou waſt provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didſt thou not kill this King?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Doſt grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deed! too,
O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous.—
Glo. The fitter for the King of heav'n, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou ſhalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help'd to ſend him thi-
For he was fitter for that place than earth. [ther;
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place elſe, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill Reſt betide the chamber, where thou lyeſt!
Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lye with you.
Anne. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo.—But gentle lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method:
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the executioner?
[148].a. *Anne.* Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the death of all the world;
So I might live one hour in your ſweet boſom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
Theſe nails ſhould rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. Theſe eyes could not endure ſweet beauty's wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheered by the Sun,
So I by That; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'er-ſhade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curſe not thyſelf, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel juſt and reaſonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my huſband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy huſband,
Did it to help thee to a better huſband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne.

Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The ſelf-ſame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: why doſt thou ſpit at me? [*She ſpits at him.*
Anne. Would it were mortal poiſon for thy ſake!
Glo. Never came poiſon from ſo ſweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poiſon on a fouler toad.
Out of my ſight! thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, ſweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were Baſiliſks to ſtrike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.
Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt tears;
Sham'd their aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful tear,
Not when my father *York*, and *Edward* wept,
To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made;
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhook his ſword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my father's death,
And twenty times made pauſe to ſob and weep,
That all the ſtanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees be-daſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear:
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn ſweet ſmoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeak.
[*She looks ſcornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip ſuch ſcorn, for it was made
For kiſſing, lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed ſword,
Which, if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breaſt,
And let the ſoul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breaſt open, ſhe offers at it with his ſword.*
Nay

Nay, do not pauſe; for I did kill King *Henry*;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now diſpatch: 'twas I that ſtabb'd young *Edward*;
But 'twas thy heav'nly face that ſet me on.
[*She falls the ſword.*
Take up the ſword again, or take up me.
Anne. Ariſe, diſſembler; though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myſelf, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.
Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are falſe.
Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your ſword.
Glo. Say then, my peace is made.
Anne. That ſhalt thou know hereafter.
Glo. But ſhall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to wear this ring.
Look, how my ring encompaſſeth thy finger,
Ev'n ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted ſuppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirm his happineſs for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad deſigns
To him, that hath more cauſe to be a Mourner;
And preſently repair to *Crosby*-place: (4)

(4) ——— *repair to* Crosby-*place.*] This was a Houſe of *Richard* Duke of *Gloceſter* near *Biſhop's-gate* Street. It was formerly, I preſume, a part of the Eſtate of Sir *John Crosbie*, (a Lord Mayor of *London*) who, in the year 1477, was buried at St. *Helen's* in *Biſhop's-gate* Street, and left the Bulk of his Effects to publick Benefactions.

Where,

Where, after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At *Chertſey* Monaſt'ry this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty ſee you.
For divers unknown reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Traſſel and *Barkley*, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewel.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deſerve:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine, I have ſaid farewel already. [*Exe. two with* Anne.
Glo. Sirs, take up the Coarſe.
Gent. Towards *Chertſey*, noble lord?
Glo. No, to *White-Friars*, there attend my Coming.
[*Exeunt with the Courſe.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her——but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband, and his father!
To take her in her heart's extreameſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſs of her hatred by:
With God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I no friends to back my ſuit withal,
But the plain devil and diſſembling looks:
And yet to win her——All the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath ſhe forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, ſome three months ſince,
Stab'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury?*
A ſweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, wiſe, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal,
The ſpacious world cannot again afford:——
And will ſhe yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden Prime of this ſweet Prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whoſe All not equals *Edward*'s Moiety?

On

On me, that halt, and am mis-ſhapen thus?
[44] My Dukedom to a beggarly Denier,
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Upon my life, ſhe finds, although I cannot,
My ſelf to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glaſs,
And entertain a ſcore or two of tailors,
To ſtudy Faſhions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with my ſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little coſt.
But firſt I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair Sun, till I have bought a glaſs,
That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, *and Lord* Gray.

Riv. HAVE patience, Madam, there's no doubt, his Majeſty
Will ſoon recover his accuſtom'd health.
Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worſe;
Therefore, for God's ſake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.
Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Gray. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a lord.
Queen. The loſs of ſuch a lord includes all harms.
Gray. The heav'ns have bleſt you with a goodly Son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
Is put into the Truſt of *Richard Glo'ſter*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he ſhall be Protector?
Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter

Enter Buckingham *and* Stanley.

Gray. Here come the lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley.* (5)

Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace!

Stanley. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The Countess *Richmond*, good my lord of *Stanley*,
To your good Pray'r will scarcely say, Amen;
Yet, *Stanley*, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers:
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness; which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to day, my lord of *Stanley?*

Stanley. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks chearfully.

Queen. God grant him health! did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, we did; he seeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of *Glo'ster* and your Brothers,
And between them and my lord Chamberlain;

(5) *Here come the Lords of* Buckingham *and* Derby.] This is a Blunder of Inadvertence, which has run thro' the whole Chain of Impressions. It could not well be original in *Shakespeare*, who was most minutely intimate with his History and the Intermarriages of the Nobility. The Person, here called *Derby*, was *Thomas* Lord *Stanley*, Lord Steward of King *Edward* the IVth's Household. He had married *Margaret*, Daughter of *John* Duke of *Somerset*, and Widow of *Edmund* Earl of *Richmond*, by whom she had *Henry* Earl of *Richmond*, afterwards King *Henry* VIIth. But this *Thomas* Lord *Stanley* was not created Earl of *Derby* till after the Accession of that Prince; and, accordingly, afterwards in the Fourth and Fifth *Acts* of this Play, before the Battel of *Bosworth-field*, he is every where call'd Lord *Stanley*. This sufficiently justifies the Change I have made in his Title.

And

And ſent to warn them to his royal preſence.

Queen. Would all were well—but that will never be—
I fear, our happineſs is at the height.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they, that complain unto the King,
That I, forſooth, am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with ſuch diſſentious rumours.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, ſmooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with *French* nods, and apiſh courteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd
By ſilken, ſly, inſinuating *Jacks*?

Gray. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that haſt nor honeſty, nor grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal perſon,
Whom God preſerve better than you would wiſh,
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of *Glo'ſter*, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his own royal diſpoſition,
And not provok'd by any ſuitor elſe,
(Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhews it ſelf
Againſt my children, brothers, and my ſelf;)
Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground
Of your ill will, and thereby to remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown ſo bad,
That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.
Since every *Jack* became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a *Jack*.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother *Glo'ſter*.
You envy my advancement and my friends:

God

God grant, we never may have need of you!
Glo. Mean time, God grants that we have need of you.
Our Brother is impriſoned by your means;
My ſelf diſgrac'd; and the Nobility
Held in contempt; while many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble thoſe,
That ſcarce, ſome two days ſince, were worth a noble.
Queen. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incenſe his Majeſty
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*; but have been
An earneſt Advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me ſhameful injury,
Falſely to draw me in theſe wild ſuſpects.
Glo. You may deny, that you were not the cauſe
Of my lord *Haſtings'* late impriſonment.
Riv. She may, my lord, for——
Glo. She may, lord *Rivers*—why, who knows not ſo?
She may do more, Sir, than denying That:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay thoſe Honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may——ay, marry, may ſhe—
Riv. What, marry, may ſhe?
Glo. What, marry, may ſhe? marry with a King,
A batchelor, a handſom ſtripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worſer match.——
Queen. My lord of *Glo'ſter*, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffs:
By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majeſty,
Of thoſe groſs taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country ſervant-maid,
Than a great Queen with this condition;
To be thus taunted, ſcorn'd and baited at.
Small joy have I in being *England*'s Queen.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. *Mar.* And leſſen'd be That ſmall, God, I beſeech
Thy Honour, State, and Seat is due to me. [thee!

Glo.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him, and ſpare not: Look, what I have ſaid, (6)
I will avouch in preſence of the King:
'Tis time to ſpeak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. *Mar.* Out, Devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my husband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor ſon, at *Tewksbury*.

Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud Adverſaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I ſpilt mine own.

Q. *Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband *Gray*
Were factious for the Houſe of *Lancaſter*;
And, *Rivers*, ſo were you;——was not your husband,
In *Marg'ret*'s battel, at St. *Albans* ſlain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. *Mar.* A murth'rous Villain, and ſo ſtill thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forſake his father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forſwore himſelf, (which, Jeſu, pardon!——)

Q. *Mar.* Which God revenge!——

Glo. To fight on *Edward*'s Party for the Crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like *Edward*'s;
Or *Edward*'s ſoft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childiſh-fooliſh for this world.

Q. *Mar.* Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leave this world,
Thou Cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of *Glo'ſter*, in thoſe buſie days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful King;
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.

(6) *Tell him, and ſpare not; Look, what I have ſaid,*] This Verſe, which was at firſt left out by the Players in their Impreſſion (in which the modern Editors have follow'd them) I have reſtor'd from the old *Quarto*'s; and, indeed, without it, the Verſe, which immediately follows, is hardly Senſe.

Glo.

Glo. If I ſhould be!——I had rather be a pedlar;
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Queen. As little joy, my lord, as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enjoy, were you this Country's King;
As little joy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.
Q. *Mar.* A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am ſhe, and altogether joyleſs.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling Pirates, that fall out
In ſharing That which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not that I being Queen, you bow like ſubjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels.
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?
Q. *Mar.* But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
A husband and a ſon thou ow'ſt to me; [*To* Glo.
And thou, a kingdom; all of you, allegiance;
[*To the Queen.*
The ſorrow, that I have, by Right is yours;
And all the pleaſures, you uſurp, are mine.
Glo. The Curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy ſcorns drew'ſt rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultleſs blood of pretty *Rutland*;—
His Curſes, then from bitterneſs of ſoul
Denounc'd againſt thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Q. *Mar.* So juſt is God, to right the innocent.
Haſt. O, 'twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſs, that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themſelves wept, when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but propheſy'd revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q. *Mar.* What! were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did *York*'s dread Curſe prevail ſo much with heav'n,
That *Henry*'s death, my lovely *Edward*'s death,
Their Kingdom's loſs, my woful Baniſhment,
Could all but anſwer for that peeviſh brat?
Can Curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick Curſes!
If not by war, by ſurfeit die your King,
As ours by murther to make him a King!
Edward thy ſon, that now is Prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* our ſon, that was Prince of *Wales*,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thy ſelf a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched ſelf!
Long may'ſt thou live to wail thy children's loſs,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die, neither mother, wife, nor *England*'s Queen!
Rivers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders-by,
And ſo waſt thou, lord *Haſtings*, when my ſon
Was ſtabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by ſome unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy Charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. *Mar.* And leave out thee? ſtay, dog, for thou ſhalt hear me.

If heav'ns have any grievous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy ſins be ripe;
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of Conſcience ſtill be-gnaw thy ſoul;
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends:
No Sleep cloſe up that deadly eye of thine,
Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elviſh-markt Abortive, rooting hog!

Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy nativity
The ſlave of nature, and the ſon of hell! (7)
Thou ſlander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed iſſue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted——
Glo. Margaret.——
Q. *Mar. Richard.*——
Glo. Ha?——
Q. *Mar.* I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for, I did think,
That thou had'ſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.
Q. *Mar.* Why, ſo I did; but look'd for no reply.
Oh, let me make the period to my Curſe.
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*
Queen. Thus have you breath'd your Curſe againſt your ſelf.
Q. *Mar.* Poor painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune!
Why ſtrew'ſt thou ſugar on that bottel'd ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet'ſt a knife to kill thy ſelf:
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me
To help thee curſe this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Haſt. Falſe-boading woman, end thy frantick Curſe;
Leſt to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. *Mar.* Foul ſhame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well ſerv'd, you would be taught your duty.

(7) *The* Slave *of Nature,*——] It was ſuggeſted to me, that, probably, the Author might have wrote
The Shame *of Nature,*——
But, as Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly obſerv'd to me, the firſt is a moſt beautiful and ſatirical Expreſſion. For, as it was cuſtomary formerly for Maſters to brand their Slaves, eſpecially their fugitive Slaves, both as a Puniſhment, and as a Mark to aſcertain the Ownerſhip; ſo, when any Perſon is born ill-ſhap'd, 'tis uſually ſaid, Nature has ſtigmatiz'd him, or ſet a Mark upon him that Men may beware of his ill Conditions. It is the old Rule in Phyſiognomy, and we do not want living Proofs of its being well-grounded, that
Diſtortum Vultum *ſequitur Diſtortio* Morum.

Q. *Mar.* To ſerve me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects:
O, ſerve me well, and teach your ſelves that duty.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatick.

Q. *Mar.* Peace, maſter Marquiſs, you are malapert;
Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current.
O, that your young Nobility could judge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable!
They, that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them;
And, if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.

Glo. Good Counſel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquiſs.

Dorſ. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born ſo high,
Our Airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the Sun.

Q. *Mar.* And turns the Sun to ſhade;—alas! alas!
Witneſs my ſon, now in the ſhade of death;
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkneſs folded up.
Your Airy buildeth in our Airie's neſt;
O God, that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood, ſo be it loſt!

Buck. Peace, peace for ſhame, if not for charity.

Q. *Mar.* Urge neither charity nor ſhame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill live my ſorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. *Mar.* O Princely *Buckingham*, I'll kiſs thy hand,
In ſign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble Houſe!
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compaſs of my Curſe.

Buck. Nor no one here; for Curſes never paſs
The lips of thoſe, that breathe them in the air.

Q. *Mar.* I'll not believe, but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake God's gentle-ſleeping Peace.
O *Buckingham*, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,

His

His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of *Buckingham?*

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. *Mar.* What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And sooth the devil, that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day;
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor *Marg'ret* was a Prophetess.
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her Curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I wonder, she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dorf. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains,
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curst now, I had curst my self. [*Aside.*

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my noble lord.

Queen. Catesby, we come; lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but* Glocester.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs, that I set a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkneſs,
I do beweep to many ſimple gulls,
Namely to *Stanley*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That ſtir the King againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorſet*, *Gray*.
But then I ſigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odd ends, ſtol'n forth of holy Writ,
And ſeem a Saint, when moſt I play the Devil.

Enter two Murtherers.

But ſoft, here come my executioners.
How now my handy, ſtout, reſolved mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this deed?

1 *Vil.* We are, my lord, and come to have the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby*-place.
But, Sirs, be ſudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-ſpoken, and perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

Vil. Fear not, my lord, we will not ſtand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be aſſur'd,
We go to uſe our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-ſtones, when fools eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads; about your buſineſs; go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the* Tower.

Enter Clarence *and* Brakenbury.

Brak. WHY looks your Grace ſo heavily to day?
Clar. O, I have paſt a miſerable night,
So full of ugly ſights, of ghaſtly dreams,
That, as I am a chriſtian faithful man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of diſmal terror was the time.
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.
Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the *Tower*;
And was embark'd to croſs to *Burgundy*,
And in my company my brother *Glo'ſter*;
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the Hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd *England*,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,
During the Wars of *York* and *Lancaſter*,
That had befal'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought, that *Glo'ſter* ſtumbled; and in falling
Struck me (that ſought to ſtay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noiſe of waters in my ears!
What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought, I ſaw a thouſand fearful wracks;
A thouſand men, that fiſhes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in thoſe holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in ſcorn of Eyes, reflecting Gems;
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the deep, [163]
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.

Brak. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the Secrets of the Deep?
Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt; but ſtill the envious flood
Kept in my ſoul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?
Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthned after life.
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoul:
I paſt, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man, which Poets write of,
Unto the Kingdom of perpetual Night.
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger ſoul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned *Warwick*,
Who cry'd aloud——What ſcourge for perjury
Can this dark Monarchy afford falſe *Clarence?*
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by
A ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he ſhriek'd out aloud——
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by *Tewksbury*;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!——
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noiſe
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a ſeaſon after
Could not believe but that I was in Hell.
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. Ah! *Brakenbury*, I have done thoſe things,
That now give evidence againſt my ſoul,
For *Edward*'s ſake; and, ſee, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, ſpare my guiltleſs wife, and my poor children!
I pr'ythee, *Brakenbury*, ſtay by me;
My ſoul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep. *Brak.*

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your Grace good Reſt!
Sorrow breaks ſeaſons and repoſing hours, [*Aſide.*
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares:
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murtherers.

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's here?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how cam'ſt thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, ſo brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him ſee our Commiſſion, and talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads*] I am in this commanded, to deliver
The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs of the meaning.
There lyes the Duke aſleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the King, and ſignify to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my Charge. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wiſdom: fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll ſay, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! why, Fool, he ſhall never wake until the great Judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll ſay, we ſtabb'd him ſleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, Judgment, hath bred a kind of remorſe in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a Warrant for it: But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no Warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Glo'ſter*, and tell him ſo.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, ſtay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How doſt thou feel thyſelf now?

2 *Vil.* Faith, ſome certain dregs of conſcience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conſcience now;

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glo'ſter*'s purſe.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purſe to give us our reward, thy conſcience flyes out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous Thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhame-fac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's boſom: it fills one full of obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a purſe of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man, that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 *Vil.* I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that reſpects his reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the coſtard, with the hilt of thy ſword; and then throw him into the malmſie-but, in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device, and make a ſop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I ſtrike?

2 *Vil.* No, we'll reaſon with him.

Clar.

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper, give me a cup of wine.
2 *Vil.* You ſhall have wine enough, my lord, anon.
Clar. In God's name, what art thou?
1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
1 *Vil.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.
Clar. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeak?
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? wherefore do you come?
Both. To, to, to——
Clar. To murther me?
Both. Ay, ay.
Clar. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo!
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.
Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 *Vil.* Never, my lord, therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men, 6
To ſlay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence, that doth accuſe me?
What lawful Queſt have giv'n their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter Sentence of poor *Clarence*' death?
Before I be convict by courſe of law,
To threaten me with death, is moſt unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have Redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed, you undertake, is damnable.
1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon Command.
2 *Vil.* And he, that hath commanded, is our King.
Clar. Erroneous vaſſals! the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded,
That thou ſhalt do no Murther; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Vil.*

2 *Vil.* And that ſame vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For falſe forſwearing, and for murther too:
Thou didſt receive the Sacrament, to fight
In Quarrel of the Houſe of *Lancaſter.*

1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dſt the bowels of thy Soveraign's ſon.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert ſworn to cheriſh and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canſt thou urge God's dreadful Law to us,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch high degree?

Clar. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his ſake.
He ſends you not to murther me for this:
For in that ſin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect, nor lawleſs courſe,
To cut off thoſe that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
When gallant-ſpringing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely novice, was ſtruck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to ſlaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me:
I am his brother and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for Meed, go back again, (8)

(8) *If you are hir'd for* Need,——] I have choſe to reſtore the Word, which poſſeſſes all the old Copies, *Meed*; and as I have elſewhere obſerv'd in theſe Notes, it ſignifies, with our Author, both *Merit* and the *Reward* of *Merit*. One of the Murtherers at the Cloſe of this Scene ſays:

And when I have my Meed, *I muſt away.*

And *Gloſter* ſays before in this Act;

And for his Meed, *poor Lord, he is mew'd up.*

In both which Places it ſignifies *Reward*. I'll now ſubjoin a Paſſage or two, in which it means *Merit*.

3 *Henry* VI.

Each one already blazing by our Meeds.

And, again;

That's not my Fear, my Meed *hath got me Fame.*

And, *Timon* of *Athens*;

——*no* Meed, *but he repays*
Sev'nfold above it ſelf.

And I will ſend you to my brother *Glo'ſter*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd, your brother *Glo'ſter* hates you.

Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, ſo we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our Princely father *York*
Bleſt his three ſons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his ſoul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendſhip:
Bid *Glo'ſter* think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Vil.* Ay, mill-ſtones; as he leſſon'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not ſlander him, for he is kind.

1 *Vil.* As ſnow in harveſt:——you deceive your ſelf;
'Tis he, that ſends us to deſtroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Vil.* Why, ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your ſoul,
To counſel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own ſouls ſo blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, conſider, they, that ſet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Vil.* What ſhall we do?

Clar. Relent, and ſave your ſouls.
Which of you, if you were a Prince's ſon,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two ſuch murtherers, as your ſelves, came to you,
Would not intreat for life? ah! you would beg,
Were you in my diſtreſs.——

1 *Vil.* Relent? 'tis cowardly and womaniſh.

Clar.

Clar. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.
My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreat for me.
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not?

2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmſey-butt within. [*Exit.*

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and deſp'rately diſpatch'd:
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt grievous guilty murther done!

Re-enter firſt Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'ſt thou, that thou help'ſt me not?
By heav'n, the Duke ſhall know how ſlack you've been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had ſav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay;
For I repent me, that the Duke is ſlain. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go, Coward, as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And, when I have my Meed, I muſt away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Court.*

Enter King Edward *ſick, the Queen,* Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Cateſby, Buckingham, *and* Woodvile.

K. EDWARD.

WHY, ſo; now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embaſſage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence.
And now in peace my ſoul ſhall part to heav'n,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth;
Haſtings and *Rivers*, take each other's hand;
Diſſemble not your hatred; ſwear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my ſoul is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I ſeal my true heart's love.

Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like!

K. *Edw.* Take heed, you dally not before your King;
Leſt he, that is the ſupream King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love *Haſtings* with my heart!

K. *Edw.* Madam, yourſelf is not exempt from this;
Nor your ſon *Dorſet*; *Buckingham*, nor you;
You have been factious one againſt the other.
Wife, love lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſs your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, *Haſtings*;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred; ſo thrive I and mine!

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* *Dorſet*, embrace him: *Haſtings*, love lord Marquiſs.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here proteſt,
Upon my part, ſhall be inviolable.

Haſt. And ſo ſwear I.

K. *Edw.* Now, Princely *Buckingham*, ſeal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love
[*To the Queen.*
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With Hate in thoſe where I expect moſt love!—
When I have moſt need to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
[*Embracing* Rivers, *&c.*

K. *Edw.* A pleaſing cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow unto my ſickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother *Glo'ſter* here,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Gloceſter, *with* Ratcliff.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen;
And, Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

K. *Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have ſpent the day:
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between theſe ſwelling wrong-incenſed Peers.

Glo. A bleſſed labour, my moſt Sovereign Liege:
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service.
Of you, my noble cousin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us:
Of you, and you, lord *Rivers*, and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert have frown'd on me:
Of you, lord *Woodvil*, and lord *Scales*, of you;
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded!
My Sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle Duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his coarse.

K. *Edw.* Who knows not, he is dead! who knows, he is?

Queen. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this?

Buck. Look I so pale, lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. *Edw.* Is *Clarence* dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And That a winged *Mercury* did bear:
Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant, that some less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from suspicion!

Enter Lord Stanly.

Stanl. A boon, my Sov'raign, for my ſervice done.
K. *Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace; my ſoul is full of ſorrow.
Stanl. I will not riſe, unleſs your Highneſs hear me.
K. *Edw.* Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt'ts.
Stanl. The forfeit, Sov'raign, of my ſervant's life;
Who ſlew to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk.*
K. *Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?
And ſhall that tongue give pardon to a ſlave?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.
Who ſued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who ſpoke of brotherhood? who ſpoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor ſoul did forſake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at *Tewksbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he reſcued me?
And ſaid, Dear brother, live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lap me
Ev'n in his garments, and did give himſelf
All thin, and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting vaſſals
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer;
You ſtrait are on your knees for pardon, pardon,—
And I, unjuſtly too, muſt grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would ſpeak,
Nor I, ungracious, ſpake unto myſelf
For him, poor ſoul. The proudeſt of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear, thy juſtice will take hold

On

On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come, *Haſtings*, help me to my cloſet. Ah!
Poor *Clarence!* [*Exeunt ſome with the King and Queen.*
Glo. Theſe are the fruits of raſhneſs: mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence'* death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the King.
God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort *Edward* with our company? [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Dutcheſs of York, *with the two children of* Clarence.

Son. Good Grandam, tell us, is our father dead?
Dutch. No, boy.
Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your breaſt?
And cry, O *Clarence!* my unhappy ſon!
Son. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, caſt-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Dutch. My pretty Couſins, you miſtake me both.
I do lament the ſickneſs of the King,
As loth to loſe him; not your father's death;
It were loſt ſorrow to wail one that's loſt.
Son. Then you conclude, my Grandam, he is dead:
The King mine uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earneſt prayers.
Daugh. And ſo will I.
Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you well.
Incapable and ſhallow innocents!
You cannot gueſs, who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle *Glo'ſter*
Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me; and kindly kiſt my cheek;
Bad me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Dutch. Ah! that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!

He is my ſon, ay, and therein my ſhame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did diſſemble, Grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers *and* Dorſet *after her.*

Queen. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myſelf?
I'll join with black deſpair againſt my ſoul,
And to myſelf become an enemy——

Dutch. What means this ſcene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragick violence.
Edward, my lord, thy ſon, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their ſap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our ſwift-winged ſouls may catch the King's;
Or, like obedient Subjects, follow him
To his new Kingdom of perpetual reſt.

Dutch. Ah! ſo much int'reſt have I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title to thy noble huſband;
I have bewept a worthy huſband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his Princely ſemblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one falſe glaſs,
That grieves me when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother;
And haſt the comfort of thy children left:
But death hath ſnatch'd my huſband from mine arms,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and *Edward*. O, what cauſe have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, Aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolours likewiſe be unwept!

Queen.

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watr'y moon,
May ſend forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my huſband, for my dear lord *Edward!*
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord *Clarence!*
Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence!*
Queen. What ſtay had I, but *Edward?* and he's gone.
Chil. What ſtay had we, but *Clarence?* and he's gone.
Dutch. What ſtays had I but they? and they are gone.
Queen. Was never widow, had ſo dear a loſs.
Chil. Were never orphans, had ſo dear a loſs.
Dutch. Was never mother, had ſo dear a loſs.
Alas! I am the mother of theſe griefs,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a *Clarence* weep, ſo doth not ſhe;
Theſe babes for *Clarence* weep, and ſo do I.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt
Pour all your tears; I am your ſorrow's Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much diſpleas'd,
That with unthankfulneſs you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingneſs to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Rivers. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your ſon; ſend ſtrait for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown deſp'rate ſorrow in dead *Edward*'s grave,
And plant your joys in living *Edward*'s Throne.

Enter Gloceſter, Buckingham, Stanly, Haſtings, *and* Ratcliff.

Glo. Siſter, have comfort: all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining ſtar:

But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see you.—Humbly on my knee
I crave your Blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man.—
That is the butt end of a mother's Blessing;
I marvel, that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now chear each other in each other's love;
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancor of your high-swol'n hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetcht (9)
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of *Buckingham?*

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the Estate is yet ungovern'd.
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact, is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all.
Yet since it is but green, it should be put

(9) *Forthwith from* Ludlow *the young Prince be fetch'd,*] *Edward*, the young Prince, in his Father's life time and at his Demise, kept his Household at *Ludlow* as Prince of *Wales*; under the Governance of *Antony Woodvile* Earl of *Rivers*, his Uncle by the Mother's side. The Intention of his being sent thither was to see Justice done in the *Marches*; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the *Welshmen*, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustom'd Murthers and Outrages. *Vid.* Hall, Holingshead, &c.

To

To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I ſay, with noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.
Haſt. And ſo ſay I.
Glo. Then be it ſo; and go we to determine,
Who they ſhall be that ſtrait ſhall poſt to *Ludlow*.
Madam, and you my ſiſter, will you go,
To give your cenſures in this weighty buſineſs?
[*Exeunt.*

[*Manent* Buckingham *and* Gloceſter.

Buck. My lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's ſake, let not us Two ſtay at home;
For by the way, I'll ſort occaſion,
As Index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.
Glo. My other ſelf, my counſel's conſiſtory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear couſin, (10)
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd *Ludlow* then, for we'll not ſtay behind. *Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street near the* Court.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* GOOD morrow, neighbour, whither away ſo faſt?
2 *Cit.* I promiſe you, I hardly know myſelf:
Hear you the news abroad?
1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.
2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; ſeldom comes a better;
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God ſpeed!

(10) *My other ſelf, my Counſel's Conſiſtory,*
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Couſin!] I have alter'd the Pointing of this Paſſage, by the Direction of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton:* becauſe, by this new Regulation, a ſtrange and ridiculous *Anticlimax* is prevented. [104]

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.
3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King *Edward*'s death?
2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help the while!
3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall reign.
3 *Cit.* Wo to that Land, that's govern'd by a child!
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government:
Which in his non-age, counsel under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
1 *Cit.* So stood the State, when *Henry* the sixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the State so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this Land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the King
Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace.
1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be neareſt,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ſter*;
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly Land might solace as before.
1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worſt; all will be well.
3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the Sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almoſt with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see,

The

The waters ſwell before a boiſt'rous ſtorm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2 *Cit.* Marry, we were ſent for to the juſtices.
3 *Cit.* And ſo was I, I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Court.

Enter Archbiſhop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *the Queen, and the Dutcheſs of* York.

Arch. I Heard, they lay the laſt night at *Northampton*,
At *Stony-Stratford* they do reſt to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Dutch. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince;
I hope, he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Queen. But I hear not; they ſay, my ſon of *York*
Has almoſt overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it ſo.
Dutch. Why, my young Couſin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at ſupper,
My uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle *Glo'ſter*,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And ſince, methinks, I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet flow'rs are ſlow, and weeds make haſte.
Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him, that did object the ſame to thee.
He was the wretched'ſt thing, when he was young;
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That, if his Rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
York. And ſo, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.
Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have giv'n my Uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Dutch. How, my young *York?* I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they ſay, my uncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam,

Grandam, this would have been a biting jeſt.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurſe.

Dutch. His nurſe! why, ſhe was dead ere thou waſt born.

York. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy —— go to, you are too ſhrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Arch. Here comes a meſſenger: what news?

Meſ. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Meſ. Well, Madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Meſ. Lord *Rivers* and lord *Grey* are ſent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, priſoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Meſ. The mighty Dukes,
Glo'ſter and *Buckingham.*

Arch. For what offence?

Meſ. The ſum of all I can, I have diſclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Queen. Ah me! I ſee the ruin of my Houſe;
The tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle hind.
Inſulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awleſs throne;
Welcome, deſtruction, blood and maſſacre!
I ſee, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accurſed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the Crown,
And often up and down my ſons were toſt,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loſs.
And being ſeated, and domeſtick broils
Clean over-blown, themſelves the Conquerors
Make war upon themſelves, blood againſt blood,
Self againſt ſelf; O moſt prepoſterous

And frantick outrage! end thy damned ſpleen;
Or let me die, to look on Death no more. (11)
Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewel.
Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.
Queen. You have no cauſe.
Arch. My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treaſure and your goods.
For my part, I'll reſign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep; and ſo betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *in* London.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter Prince of Wales, *the Dukes of* Glouceſter *and* Buckingham, *Archbiſhop, with others.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WELCOME, ſweet Prince, to *London*, to your Chamber.
Glo. Welcome, dear Couſin, my thought's Soveraign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, Uncle, but our croſſes on the way
Have made it tedious, weariſom and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

Glo.

(11) *Or let me die, to look on* Earth *no more.*] This is the Reading of all the Copies, from the firſt Edition, put out by the *Players*, downwards. But the old *Dutcheſs* had no Antipathy to the World, or looking upon the Earth in general: Her Complaints are reſtrain'd to the calamitous Days ſhe had ſeen, the Miſeries and Slaughters of civil Wars at home: during the Proceſs of which ſhe had been witneſs to ſo many Murthers, ſuch Havock

Glo. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Than of his outward ſhew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Thoſe Uncles, which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their ſugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poiſon of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends!

Prince. God keep me from falſe friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bleſs your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all:
I thought, my Mother, and my brother *York*,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a ſlug is *Haſtings?* that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the ſweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord; what, will our mother come?

Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother *York*,
Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Havock and Deſtruction; that ſhe very reaſonably wiſhes, that ſuch Outrage may ceaſe, or that ſhe may not live to behold any more Friends maſſacred. I have therefore reſtored the Reading of the old *Quarto* in 1597 (which is copied by all the other authentick *Quarto*'s;) by which the Thought is finely and properly improv'd.

Or let me dye, *to look on* Death *no more.*

Buck.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeviſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Perſuade the Queen to ſend the Duke of *York*
Unto his Princely Brother preſently?
If ſhe deny, lord *Haſtings*, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here; but if ſhe be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid,
We ſhould infringe the holy privilege
Of Sanctuary! not for all this Land
Would I be guilty of ſo deep a ſin.

Buck. You are too ſenſeleſs-obſtinate my lord;
Too ceremonious, and traditional.
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſs of this age,
You break not Sanctuary, in ſeizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To thoſe, whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place;
And thoſe, who have the wit to claim the place;
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no Privilege nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary-men,
But Sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

Arch. My lord, you ſhall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, lord *Haſtings*, will you go with me?

Haſt. I go, my lord.

[*Exeunt Archbiſhop and* Haſtings.

Prince. Good lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you may.
Say, Uncle *Glo'ſter*, if our Brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it ſeems beſt unto your royal ſelf:
If I may counſel you, ſome day or two
Your Highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the *Tower*:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any place;
Did *Julius Cæſar* build that place, my lord?

Buck.

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, ſince, ſucceeding ages have re-edify'd.
Prince. Is it upon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively, from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But ſay, my lord, it were not regiſter'd,
Methinks, the truth ſhould live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all Poſterity;
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long.
Prince. What ſay you, uncle?
Glo. I ſay, without characters Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. (12) } *Aſide.*
Prince. That *Julius Cæſar* was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His

(12) *Thus like the formal* Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two Meanings in one Word.] All the Editions agree in this Reading, without the leaſt Variation; and therefore I have not ventured to diſturb the Text. But as the Paſſage has been moſt ingeniouſly attempted, it is incumbent on me to give the Conjecture a Place; after which, I will ſee how far the preſent Reading may be defended and accounted for: and then ſubmit both to publick Judgment. To begin with the Anonymous Corrector; —— "*Richard*, having gloſs'd over "a villainous Meaning with an equivocal Expreſſion, makes his Re- "flection upon it. But, I believe, neither the Attribute given to *Iniquity* of *moralizing*, nor the Epithet of a *formal* Vice, are very intel- "ligible: ſure, they make the Senſe of the two Lines altogether incom- "prehenſible. Thoſe, who attend to the *Speaker*'s Character, and are "acquainted with ancient Literature, will agree with me that the Lines "ſhould be read thus;

Thus, like the formal wiſe Antiquity,
I moralize two Meanings in one Word.

"Alluding to the *mythologic* Learning of the *Ancients*, which explain'd "the *Fables* of their *Gods* by *moral Verities*; a Sentiment wonderfully "well adapted to the Character of *Richard*, who muſt be ſuppos'd here "to ſpeak ironically and to this Effect. *You Men of Morals, who ſo "much extoll your* formal wiſe Antiquity, *in what am I inferior to it, "which was but an Equivocator as I am, and could* moralize two Mean- "ings in one Word?"

I come now to the Explanation of the Text, as it is exhibited in the printed Copies. By *Vice*, perhaps, the Author may mean not a *Quality* but a *Perſon*. There was hardly an old *Play*, till the Period of the *Reformation*, which had not in it a *Devil*, and a drole Character, a Jeaſter;

His wit ſet down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conqueſt of this Conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my couſin *Buckingham.*

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient Right in *France* again,
Or die a ſoldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short Summer lightly has a forward Spring.

Enter York, Haſtings, *and Archbiſhop.*

Buck. Now in good time here comes the Duke of *York.*

Prince. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our noble Brother?

York. Well, my dread lord, ſo muſt I call you now.

Prince. Ay, Brother, to our grief, as it is yours;

Jeaſter; (who was to play upon, and work, the Devil;) and this Buffoon went by the Name of a *Vice*. *A* Vice *in a Play*, badin, mime; *To play the* Vice, badiner; Mime, *a* Vice, *Fool, Jeaſter*, &c. *in a Play*; ſays *Cotgrave*. Mimo, (mimus) *a Jeaſter, a* Vice; ſays *Minſhew* in his *Spaniſh* Dictionary. If it be worth the while to ſpend a Word or two upon Derivation, we are told, this *Vice* comes from the *Saxon* Word Ieck, which comes from the *Greek* εἰκαῖος, *vanus, fatuus*. I confeſs, I think, we may go a nearer way to work. This *Vice*, in my Mind, comes from the *Greek* Original: for, adding the *Æolic Digamma* to εἰκαῖος, (ſcil. Fεικαῖος) and then throwing out the Termination, *Vice* is very nearly produced. But to paſs over from *Etymology*. This *Buffoon* was at firſt accoutred with a long Jerkin, a Cap with a Pair of Aſs's Ears, and a Wooden Dagger, with which (like another Arlequin) he was to make Sport in belabouring the *Devil*. This was the conſtant Entertainment in the Times of *Popery*, whilſt Spirits, and Witchcraft, and Exorciſing held their own. When the *Reformation* took place, the Stage ſhook off ſome Groſſities, and encreas'd in Refinements. The Maſter-Devil then was ſoon dismiſs'd from the Scene; and this Buffoon was chang'd into a ſubordinate Fiend, whoſe Buſineſs was to range on Earth, and ſeduce poor Mortals into that perſonated vicious Quality, which he occaſionally ſupported; as, *Iniquity* in general, *Hypocriſy, Uſury, Vanity, Prodigality, Gluttony*, &c. Now as the Fiend, (or *Vice*,) who perſonated Iniquity (or Hypocriſy, for Inſtance,) could never hope to play his Game to the purpoſe but by hiding his cloven Foot, and aſſuming a Semblance quite different from his real Character; he muſt certainly put on a *formal* Demeanour, *moraliſe*, and prevaricate in his Words, and pretend a *Meaning* directly oppoſite to his *genuine* and *primitive Intention*. If this does not explain the Paſſage in Queſtion, 'tis all that I can at preſent ſuggeſt upon it.—— *Sub judice lis eſt*: I relinquiſh it to more able Judgments.

Too

Too late he dy'd that might have kept that Title,
Which by his death hath loſt much Majeſty.
Glo. How fares our Couſin, noble lord of *York?*
York. I thank you, gentle Uncle. O my lord,
You ſaid, that idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh, my fair couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.
York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my Soveraign,
But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinſman.
York. I pray you, Uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little couſin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, Brother?
York. Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give;
And being a toy, it is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift Than that I'll give my Couſin.
York. A greater gift? O, that's the ſword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle Couſin, were it light enough.
York. O, then I ſee, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll ſay a beggar *nay*.
Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of *York* will ſtill be croſs in Talk:
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my Brother mocks both you and me:
Becauſe that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks, that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharp-provided wit he reaſons!
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf;
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful.
Glo. My lord, will't pleaſe you paſs along?
Myſelf, and my good couſin *Buckingham*

Will

Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my lord?
Prince. My lord Protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the *Tower*.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle *Clarence*' angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me, he was murther'd there.
Prince. I fear no Uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.
[*Exeunt Prince*, York, Hastings *and* Dorset.

Manent Gloceſter, Buckingham *and* Cateſby.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incenſed by his ſubtle mother,
To taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a per'lous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them reſt: come, *Catesby*, thou art [ſworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'ſt our reaſons urg'd upon the way;
What think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſie matter
To make lord *William Haſtings* of our mind,
For the Inſtalment of this noble Duke
In the Seat royal of this famous Iſle?
Cateſ. He for his father's ſake ſo loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught againſt him.
Buck. What think'ſt thou then of *Stanley?* will not [he?
Cateſ. He will do all in all as *Haſtings* doth.
Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle *Catesby*,
And, as it were far off, ſound thou lord *Haſtings*,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe;
And ſummon him to morrow to the *Tower*,
To ſit about the Coronation.

If thou doſt find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou ſo too; and ſo break off the Talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold divided Councils,
Wherein thy ſelf ſhalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord *William*; tell him, *Catesby*,
His ancient knot of dangerous adverſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret*-caſtle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give miſtreſs *Shore* one gentle kiſs the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, go, effect this buſineſs ſoundly.

Cateſ. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we ſleep?

Cateſ. You ſhall, my lord.

Glo. At *Crosby*-place, there you ſhall find us both.

[*Ex.* Cat.

Buck. My lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceive,
Lord *Haſtings* will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, Man; ſomewhat we will do;
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, ſtood poſſeſt.

Buck. I'll claim that promiſe at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindneſs.
Come, let us ſup betimes; that, afterwards,
We may digeſt our complots in ſome form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before Lord* Haſtings's *Houſe.*

Enter a Meſſenger to the door of Haſtings.

Meſ. MY lord, my lord,——

Haſt. [*within.*] Who knocks?

Meſ. One from lord *Stanley.*

Haſt. What is't o' clock?

Meſ. Upon the ſtroak of four.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Cannot thy Maſter ſleep theſe tedious nights?
Meſ. So it appears, by what I have to ſay:
Firſt, he commends him to your noble ſelf.
Haſt. What then?
Meſ. Then certifies your lordſhip, that this night
He dreamt, the Boar had raſed off his helm:
Beſides, he ſays, there are two Councils held;
And That may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he ſends to know your lordſhip's pleaſure,
If you will preſently take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him tow'rds the North;
To ſhun the danger that his ſoul divines.
Haſt. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord,
Bid him not fear the ſeparated Councils:
His Honour, and myſelf, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have intelligence:
Tell him, his fears are ſhallow, wanting inſtance;
And for his Dreams, I wonder, he's ſo fond
To truſt the mock'ry of unquiet ſlumbers.
To fly the boar, before the boar purſues,
Were to incenſe the boar to follow us;
And make purſuit, where he did mean no chaſe.
Go, bid thy Maſter riſe and come to me,
And we will Both together to the *Tower*,
Where, he ſhall ſee, the boar will uſe us kindly.
Meſ. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you ſay.
[*Exit.*

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Haſt. Good morrow, *Catesby*, you are early ſtirring:
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring State?
Cateſ. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never ſtand upright,
Till *Richard* wear the Garland of the Realm.

Haſt. How! wear the garland? doſt thou mean the
Cateſ. Ay, my good lord. [Crown?
Haſt. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
ſhoulders,
Before I'll ſee the Crown ſo foul miſplac'd.
But canſt thou gueſs, that he doth aim at it?
Cateſ. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his Party, for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he ſends you this good news,
That this ſame very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, muſt die at *Pomfret.*
Haſt. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Becauſe they have been ſtill my adverſaries;
But that I'll give my voice on *Richard*'s ſide,
To bar my Maſter's Heirs in true deſcent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cateſ. God keep your lordſhip in that gracious mind!
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they, who brought me in my Maſter's hate,
I live to look upon their Tragedy.
Well, *Catesby*, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll ſend ſome packing that yet think not on't.
Cateſ. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous! and ſo falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*; and ſo 'twill do
With ſome men elſe, who think themſelves as ſafe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'ſt, are dear
To Princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham.*
Cateſ. The Princes both make high account of you---
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aſide.*
Haſt. I know, they do; and I have well deſerv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-ſpear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go ſo unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow; and, good morrow,
Catesby;
You may jeſt on, but, by the holy Rood,
I do not like theſe ſeveral Councils, I.

Haſt. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours,
And never in my days, I do proteſt,
Was it ſo precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and ſuppos'd, their ſtates were ſure;
And they, indeed, had no cauſe to miſtruſt;
But yet, you ſee, how ſoon the day o'er-caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of rancor I miſdoubt;
Pray God, I ſay, I prove a needleſs coward!
What, ſhall we tow'rd the *Tower?* the day is ſpent.

Haſt. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what, my lord?
To day the lords, you talk of, are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than ſome, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, away.

Enter a Purſuivant.

Haſt. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Lord* Stanley *and* Cateſby.
Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Purſ. The better, that your lordſhip pleaſe to aſk.

Haſt. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'ſt me laſt where now we meet;
Then was I going priſoner to the *Tower*,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queen's allies.
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyſelf,)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death;
And I in better ſtate, than e'er I was.

Purſ. God hold it to your Honour's good content!

Haſt. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purſe.*

Purſ. I thank your Honour. [*Exit Purſuivant.*

Enter a Prieſt.

Prieſt. Well met, my lord, I'm glad to ſee your Honour.

Haſt. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart;
I'm in your debt for your laſt exerciſe:
Come the next ſabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whiſpers.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Prieſt, lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need the prieſt,
Your Honour hath no ſhriving work in hand.
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men, you talk of, came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the *Tower?*
Buck. I do, my lord, but long I ſhall not ſtay:
I ſhall return before your lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Nay, like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.
Buck. And ſupper too, altho thou know'ſt it not.
[*Aſide.*
Come, will you go?
Haſt. I'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Pomfret-*Caſtle.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, *with halberds, carrying Lord* Rivers, *Lord* Richard Gray, *and Sir* Thomas Vaughan *to Death.*

Rat. COME, bring forth the Priſoners.
Riv. Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, let me tell thee this,
To day ſhalt thou behold a Subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you,
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.
Vaugh. You live, that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Diſpatch; the limit of your lives is out. (13)
Riv.

(13) Vaugh. *You live, that ſhall cry Woe for This hereafter.*
Rat. *Diſpatch; the Limit of your Lives is out.*] Theſe two Lines Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to ſuppreſs in his Editions, for what Reaſon I can't pretend to ſay; tho they have the Authority both of the Old *Folio*'s, and are likewiſe in Mr. *Rowe*, whom he ſeems generally to follow. Without them,

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret!* O thou bloody priſon,
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls
Richard the Second, here, was hack'd to death:
And, for more ſlander to thy diſmal ſeat,
We give to thee our guiltleſs blood to drink.

Gray. Now *Marg'ret*'s Curſe is fall'n upon our heads,
When ſhe exclaim'd on *Haſtings*, you, and I, (14)
For ſtanding by when *Richard* ſtab'd her ſon.

Riv. Then curs'd ſhe *Richard*, curs'd ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd ſhe *Haſtings*. O remember, God!
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:
As for my ſiſter and her Princely ſons,
Be ſatisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood;
Which, as thou know'ſt, unjuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Make haſte, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, *Gray*; come, *Vaughan*; let us all embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Tower.*

Buckingham, Stanley, Haſtings, *Biſhop of* Ely, Cateſby, Lovel, *with others, at a table.*

Haſt. NOW, noble Peers, the cauſe why we are met
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In God's Name ſpeak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stanl. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke? [mind.

Ely. Your Grace, we think, ſhould ſooneſt know his

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

them, I would obſerve, that Sir *Thomas Vaughan* is introduced, and led off to dye, without a ſingle ſyllable ſpoken by him.

(14) *When ſhe exclaim'd on* Haſtings, *You, and I,*] This Verſe is likewiſe tacitly ſuppreſs'd by Mr. *Pope*, tho it has the ſame Authorities as the former.

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:
Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are near in love.

Haſt. I thank his Grace, I know, he loves me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation,
I have not ſounded him; nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I preſume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloceſter.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himſelf.

Glo. My noble lords and couſins all, good morrow;
I have been long a ſleeper; but, I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſign;
Which by my preſence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord *Haſtings* had pronounc'd your part;
I mean, your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my lord *Haſtings* no man might be bolder,
His lordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of *Ely*, when I was laſt in *Holbourn*,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there;
I do beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* Ely.

Glo. Couſin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſs,
And finds the teſty gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his head, ere give Conſent,
His Maſter's Son, as worſhipfully he terms it,
Shall loſe the Royalty of *England*'s Throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourſelf a while, I'll go with you.
[*Exe.* Glo. *and* Buck.

Stanl. We have not yet ſet down this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgement, is too ſudden;
For I my ſelf am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter

Re-enter Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of *Gloceſter?*
I have ſent for theſe ſtrawberries.

Haſt. His Grace looks chearfully and ſmooth this morning;
There's ſome conceit, or other, likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Chriſtendom (15)
Can leſſer hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face ſtrait ſhall you know his heart.

Stanl. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhew'd to day?

Haſt. Marry, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had ſhewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloceſter *and* Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve,
That do conſpire my death with deviliſh plots
Of damned Witchcraft; and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their helliſh Charms.

Haſt. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this Princely preſence,
To doom th' offenders, whoſoe'er they be:
I ſay, my lord, they have deſerved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſs of their evil;
Look, how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blaſted Sapling, wither'd up:
And this is *Edward*'s wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot, ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Haſt. If they have done this deed, my noble lord.——

Glo. If? thou Protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Ifs? thou art a traitor——
Off with his head——now, by St. *Paul* I ſwear,

(15) *I think, there's ne'er a Man in Chriſtendom*
Can leſſer hide *his* Love, *or* Hate, *than He*;
For by his Face *ſtrait ſhall you know his* Heart.] The Character here given of *Richard*, (tho very falſly) exactly tallies with a Fragment from One of *Ennius*'s Tragedies, quoted by *Nonius Marcellus*.
—— —— *Eò Ego* ingeniô
—— *Natus ſum*, Amicitiam *atq*; Inimicitiam *in* frontem promptamgero.

I will not dine until I ſee the ſame.
Lovel, and *Catesby*,——look, that it be done: (16)
The reſt, that love me, riſe and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lovel *and* Cateſby, *with the lord* Haſtings.

Haſt. Woe, woe for *England*, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did raſe our helms;
But I did ſcorn it, and diſdain to fly;
Three times to day my foot-cloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted when he look'd upon the *Tower*;
As loth to bear me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O, now I need the prieſt that ſpake to me:
I now repent, I told the Purſuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myſelf ſecure in grace and favour.
Oh, *Marg'ret*, *Marg'ret*, now thy heavy Curſe
Is lighted on poor *Haſtings'* wretched head.

Cateſ. Come, come, diſpatch; the Duke would be at dinner.
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.

Haſt. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt,
Ready with every Nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, diſpatch, 'tis bootleſs to exclaim.

Haſt. Oh, bloody *Richard!* miſerable *England!*
I propheſie the fearful'ſt time to thee,

(16) Lovel *and* Ratcliff, *look that it be done.*] There are two Things to be obſerv'd, which will warrant the Variation I have made upon this Paſſage. The Scene is here in the *Tower:* and Lord *Haſtings* was cut off on that very day, when *Rivers*, *Gray* and *Vaughan* ſuffer'd at *Pomfret*. How then could *Ratcliff* at the ſame Inſtant be both in *Yorkſhire* and the *Tower?* In the very Scene preceding This, we find him conducting thoſe Gentlemen to the Block. The Players in their Edition firſt made the Blunder, as to *Ratcliff* attending Lord *Haſtings* to Death: for, in the old *Quarto*, we find it rightly;——*Exeunt: Manet* Catesby *with* Haſtings.

That

That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They ſmile at Me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Tower-*walls.*

Enter Gloceſter *and* Buckingham *in ruſty armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. COME; Couſin, canſt thou quake and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and ſtop again,
As if thou wert diſtraught, and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every ſide;
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
Intending deep ſuſpicion: ghaſtly looks
Are at my ſervice, like enforced ſmiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my ſtratagems.
Glo. Here comes the Mayor.
Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor,—

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hark, a drum!
Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord Mayor, the reaſon we have ſent——
Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel *and* Cateſby *with* Haſtings's *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; *Catesby* and *Lovel.*
Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unſuſpected *Haſtings.*
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I muſt weep:
I took him for the plaineſt, harmleſs creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a chriſtian:

Made

Made him my book, wherein my ſoul recorded
The hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts;
So ſmooth he daub'd his vice with ſhew of virtue,
That (his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his converſation with *Shore*'s wife)
He liv'd from all attainder of Suſpect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd traitor——
Would you imagine, or almoſt believe,
(Were't not, that by great preſervation
We live to tell it) that the ſubtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the Council-houſe,
To murther me and my good lord of *Gloſter*.

Mayor. What? had he ſo?

Glo. What! think you, we are *Turks* or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the form of law,
Proceed thus raſhly to the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the caſe,
The peace of *England*, and our Perſon's ſafety
Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befall you! he deſerv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with miſtreſs *Shore*.

Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he ſhould die,
Until your lordſhip came to ſee his end;
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meaning, hath prevented;
Becauſe, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor ſpeak; and tim'rouſly confeſs
The manner and the purpoſe of his treaſons:
That you might well have ſignify'd the ſame
Unto the Citizens, who, haply, may
Miſconſtrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your Grace's word ſhall
As well as I had ſeen and heard him ſpeak: [ſerve,
And do not doubt, right-noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.

Glo.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
T'avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness, what, you hear, we did intend:
And so, my good lord Mayor, we bid farewel.
[*Exit Mayor.*
Glo. Go after, after, Cousin *Buckingham.*
The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of *Edward*'s children;
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the Crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with child
Of that insatiate *Edward*, noble *York*
My Princely father then had wars in *France*;
And by just computation of the time,
Found that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke, my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.
Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard*'s Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go, and towards three or four o' clock
Look for the news that the *Guild-Hall* affords.
[*Exit.* Buck.
Glo. Go, *Lovel*, with all speed to Doctor *Shaw.*
Go thou to Fryar *Peuker*; bid them Both

Meet

Meet me within this Hour at *Baynard*'s Caſtle.
[*Exeunt* Lov. *and* Cateſ. *ſeverally.*
Now will I go to take ſome privy order
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of ſight;
And to give order, that no ſort of perſon
Have, any time, recourſe unto the Princes. [*Exit.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' Indictment of the good lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet hand fairly is engroſs'd;
That it may be to day read o'er in *Pauls.*
And, mark, how well the ſequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I've ſpent to write it over,
For yeſternight by *Catesby* was it ſent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing.
And yet within theſe five hours *Haſtings* liv'd
Untainted, unexamin'd, free at liberty.
Here's a good world the while;—— who is ſo groſs,
That cannot ſee this palpable device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſays, he ſees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealings muſt be ſeen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Baynard's *Caſtle.* (17)

Enter Glouceſter *and* Buckingham, *at ſeveral doors.*

Glo. HOW now, how now, what ſay the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, ſay not a word.
Glo. Touch'd you the baſtardy of *Edward*'s children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in *France*;
Th' unſatiate greedineſs of his deſires,
And his enforcement of the city-wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own baſtardy,

(17) *Baynard*'s Caſtle.] A Houſe, belonging to the Duke of *Glouceſter*, in *Thames*-ſtreet; ſo call'd from *William Baynard* Baron of *Dunmow*, the Builder of it.

As

As being got, your father then in *France*,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleneſs of mind:
Laid open all your victories in *Scotland*;
Your diſcipline in war, wiſdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpoſe
Untouch'd, or ſlightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my Oratory grew tow'rd end,
I bid them, that did love their Country's Good,
Cry, God ſave *Richard*, *England*'s royal King!

Glo. And did they ſo?

Buck. No, ſo God help me, they ſpake not a word;
But like dumb ſtatues, or unbreathing ſtones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence?
His Anſwer was, the people were not uſed
To be ſpoke to, except by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again:
Thus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke in warrant from himſelf.
When he had done, ſome Followers of mine own,
At lower end o'th' Hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And ſome ten voices cry'd, God ſave King *Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of thoſe few:
Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
This general applauſe and chearful ſhout
Argues your wiſdom, and your love to *Richard.*
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueleſs blocks were they, would they not ſpeak?
Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; intend ſome fear;
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mighty ſuit;
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And ſtand between two Churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll build a holy deſcant:

And

And be not eaſily won to our requeſts:
Play the maid's part, ſtill anſwer *nay*, and take it.
Glo. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay *nay* to thee, for myſelf;
No doubt, we'll bring it to a happy iſſue. [*Ex.* Glo.
Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome my lord. I dance attendance here;
I think, the Duke will not be ſpoke withal.

Enter Cateſby.

Buck. Catesby, what ſays your lord to my requeſt?
Cateſ. He doth intreat your Grace, my noble lord,
To viſit him to morrow, or next day;
He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldy ſuits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke;
Tell him, myſelf, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep deſigns, in matter of great moment,
No leſs importing than our gen'ral Good,
Are come to have ſome conf'rence with his Grace.
Cateſ. I'll ſignifie ſo much unto him ſtrait. [*Exit.*
Buck. Ah, ah! my lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*;
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtezans,
But meditating with two deep Divines:
Not ſleeping, to engroſs his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful ſoul.
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sov'raignty thereof;
But, ſure, I fear, we ſhall not win him to it.
Mayor. Marry, God ſhield, his Grace ſhould ſay us *nay!*
Buck. I fear he will; here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heav'n, we come to him in perfect love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace.

[*Exit* Catesby.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Gloucester *above, between two Bishops.* Catesby *returns.* c

Mayor. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two Clergymen.

Buck. Two props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanity:
And see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet!* most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buck. Ev'n That, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd Isle.

Glo. I do Suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the City's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Glo. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian Land?
Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you reſign
The ſupream Seat, the Throne majeſtical,
The ſcepter'd Office of your Anceſtors,
Your State of fortune, and your due of Birth,
The lineal Glory of your royal Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſh'd Stock:
While in the mildneſs of your ſleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Country's Good,
The noble Iſle doth want her proper limbs:
Her face defac'd with ſcars of infamy,
Her royal Stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almoſt ſhoulder'd in the ſwallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulneſs, and deep oblivion.
Which to re-cure, we heartily ſollicit
Your gracious ſelf to take on you the Charge
And kingly Government of this your Land.
Not as Protector, Steward, Subſtitute,
Or lowly Factor for another's gain;
But as ſucceſſively, from blood to blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empery, your own.
For this, conſorted with the Citizens,
Your very worſhipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt ſuit come I to move your Grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your reproof,
Beſt fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to anſwer, you might, haply, think,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoak of Sov'raignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me.
If to reprove you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other ſide, I check'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt,
And then, in ſpeaking, not incur the laſt,
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thanks; but my deſert,
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.

Firſt, if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the Crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of Birth;
Yet ſo much is my poverty of ſpirit,
So mighty and ſo many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneſs,
Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
Than in my Greatneſs covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory ſmother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no Need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there Need:
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majeſty;
And make us, doubtleſs, happy by his Reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy ſtars;
Which, God defend, that I ſhould wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that *Edward* is your brother's ſon;
So ſay we too, but not by *Edward*'s wife:
For firſt was he contract to lady *Lucy*,
Your mother lives a witneſs to that Vow;
And afterward by Subſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, ſiſter to the King of *France*.
Theſe both put off, a poor Petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining, and diſtreſſed Widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her beſt days,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To baſe declenſion and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that for reverence of ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my tongue.

Then, good my lord, take to your royal ſelf
This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
If not to bleſs Us and the Land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble Anceſtry
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived courſe.

Mayor. Do, good my lord, your Citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuſe not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cateſ. O make them joyful, grant their lawful ſuit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap theſe cares on me?
I am unfit for State and Majeſty.
I do beſeech you, take it not amiſs;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuſe it, as in love and zeal,
Loth to depoſe the Child, your brother's ſon,
(As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all eſtates)
Yet know, whe'r you accept our ſuit or no,
Your brother's ſon ſhall never reign our King;
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and downfall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leave you.
Come, Citizens, we will intreat no more. [*Exeunt.*

Cateſ. Call them again, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit:
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Glo. Will you inforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of ſtone, [*Exit* Catesby.
But penetrable to your kind entreaties;
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoul.

Re-enter Buckingham, *and the reſt.*

Couſin of *Buckingham*, and ſage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the load.
But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach

Attend

Attend the ſequel of your impoſition,
Your meer enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the deſire of this.

Mayor. God bleſs your Grace! we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.

Buck. Then I ſalute you with this royal Title,
Long live King *Richard*, *England*'s worthy King!

All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it pleaſe you to be crown'd?

Glo. Ev'n when you pleaſe, for you will have it ſo.

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And ſo moſt joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy Work again.
Farewel, my Couſin; farewel, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *before the* Tower.

Enter the Queen, Dutcheſs of York, *and Marqueſs of* Dorſet, *at one Door*; Anne, *Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter, *leading* Clarence's *young Daughter, at the other.*

DUTCHESS.

WHO meets us here? my Neice *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of *Glo'ſter?* (18)
Now, for my life, ſhe's wandring to the *Tower*,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

Queen. Siſter, well met; whither away ſo faſt?

(18) *Who meets us here? my Neice* Plantagenet,
Led in the Hand of her kind Aunt of Glo'ſter?] Here is a manifeſt Intimation, that the Dutcheſs of *Glo'ſter* leads in ſomebody in her hand; but there is no Direction, or Entrance mark'd in any of the Copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventur'd to gueſs, it muſt be *Clarence*'s young Daughter. The old Dutcheſs of *York* calls her *Neice*, i. e. Grand-daughter; as Grandchildren arefrequently call'd *Nephews*.——In like manner the *Latins* us'd their *Nepos* and *Neptis*: (as they did likewiſe *Nepotes* in a greater Latitude, to ſignify *Deſcendants* in general.

Sive neglectum Genus, & Nepotes,
Reſpicis Autor. Hor. *l.* i. *Ode.* 2.)

So, in *Othello*, *Iago* ſays to *Brabantio*, when his Daughter was run away with the *Moor*.

You'll have your Daughter cover'd with a Barbary *horſe*; *you'll have your* Nephews *neigh to you*, &c.

Anne. No farther than the *Tower*; and, as I gueſs,
Upon the like devotion as your ſelves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Queen. Kind ſiſter, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Maſter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Son of *York?*

Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them;
The King hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's That?

Lieu. I mean, the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly Title!
Hath he ſet bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who ſhall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will ſee them.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their ſights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieu. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it ſo:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit* Lieu.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll ſalute your Grace of *York* as mother
And rev'rend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you muſt ſtrait to *Weſtminſter*,
There to be crowned *Richard*'s royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace aſunder,
That my pent heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Deſpightful tidings, O unpleaſing news!

Dor. Be of good chear: Mother, how fares your Grace!

Queen. O *Dorſet*, ſpeak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dog thee at thy heels,
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outſtrip death, go croſs the Seas;

And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell.
Go, hye thee, hye thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou increaſe the number of the dead;
And make me die the Thrall of *Marg'ret*'s Curſe;
Nor mother, wife, nor *England*'s counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſel, Madam;
Take all the ſwift advantage of the time;
You ſhall have letters from me to my ſon
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwiſe delay.

Dutch. O Ill-diſperſing wind of miſery!
O my accurſed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the world,
Whoſe unavoided eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haſte was ſent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingneſs will go.
O, would to God, that the incluſive verge
Of golden metal, that muſt round my brow,
Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſave the Queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor ſoul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wiſh thy ſelf no harm.

Anne. No! why?——When he, that is my huſband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry*'s Coarſe;
When ſcarce the blood was well waſh'd from his hands,
Which iſſu'd from my other angel huſband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I ſay, I look'd on *Richard*'s face,
This was my wiſh; "Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
"For making me, ſo young, ſo old a widow!
"And when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed;
"And be thy wife, if any be ſo mad,
"More miſerable by the life of thee,
"Than thou haſt made me, by my dear lord's death!"
Lo, ere I can repeat this Curſe again,
Within ſo ſmall a time, my woman's heart
Groſsly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the ſubject of mine own ſoul's Curſe:

Which

Which ever ſince hath held mine eyes from Reſt.
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of ſleep,
But with his tim'rous dreams was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides, he hates me for my father *Warwick*;
And will, no doubt, ſhortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my ſoul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of Glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor ſoul, that tak'ſt thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good fortune guide thee! [*To* Dorſet.
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee! [*To* Anne.
Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſs thee! [*To the Queen.*
I to my Grave, where Peace and Reſt lye with me!
Eighty odd years of ſorrow have I ſeen, (19)
And each hour's Joy wrack'd with a week of Teen.

Queen. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the *Tower*.
Pity, you ancient ſtones, thoſe tender Babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough Cradle for ſuch little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurſe! old ſullen play-fellow,
For tender Princes; uſe my Babies well!
So fooliſh ſorrow bids your ſtones farewel. [*Exeunt.*

(19) *Eighty odd Years of Sorrow I have ſeen,*
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a Week of Anguiſh.] This, *Anguiſh*, is a Word of Mr. *Pope*'s Adoption; for all the Copies, that I have ſeen, read

——————*wreck'd with a Week of* Teen.

The Poet certainly intended, that the old Dutcheſs ſhould conclude with a Rhyme; and *Teen* is a Term which he chuſes to uſe elſewhere. So, in his *Tempeſt*.

——— *O, my Heart bleeds*
To think o'th' Teen *that I have turn'd you to,*
Which is from my Remembrance.

And in numberleſs other Paſſages.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Court.*

Flouriſh of trumpets. *Enter* Glouceſter *as King*, Buckingham, Cateſby.

K. *Rich.* STAND all apart—Couſin of *Buckingham*,—
Buck. My gracious Soveraign!
K. *Rich.* Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy aſſiſtance, is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall we wear theſe Glories for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them laſt!
K. *Rich.* Ah, *Buckingham*, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be currant gold, indeed: (20)
Young *Edward* lives——think now, what I would ſpeak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. *Rich.* Why, *Buckingham*, I ſay, I would be King.
Buck. Why ſo you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.
K. *Rich.* Ha! am I King? 'tis ſo——but *Edward* lives——
Buck. True, noble Prince.
K. *Rich.* O bitter conſequence!
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould live —— true noble Prince.
Couſin, thou wert not wont to be ſo dull.
Shall I be plain? I wiſh the baſtards dead;
And I would have it ſuddenly perform'd.
What ſay'ſt thou now? ſpeak ſuddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your Grace may do your pleaſure.
K. *Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindneſs freezes;
Say, have I thy conſent that they ſhall die?

(20) *Ah*! Buckingham, *now do I* play *the Touch.*] Mr. *Warburton* thinks, the technical Term is abſolutely requiſite here, and that the Poet wrote;

——*Now do I* 'ply *the Touch.*

i. e. apply the *Touchſtone*: for that is meant by what he calls *Touch*. So, again, in *Timon* of *Athens*, ſpeaking of Gold, he ſays;

——*O, thou* Touch *of Hearts*!

i. e. thou Trial, Touchſtone.

Buck.

Buck. Give me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe, dear lord,
Before I poſitively ſpeak in this:
I will reſolve your Grace immediately. [*Exit* Buck.

Cateſ. The King is angry; ſee, he gnaws his lip.

K. *Rich.* I will converſe with iron-witted fools,
And unreſpective boys; none are for me,
That look into me with conſid'rate eyes.
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumſpect.
Boy, ——

Page. My lord.

K. *Rich.* Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a cloſe exploit of death?

Page. I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty ſpirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. *Rich.* What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is *Tirrel.*

K. *Rich.* I partly know the man; go call him hither.
[*Exit Boy.*

The deep-revolving witty *Buckingham*
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſels.
Hath he ſo long held out with me untir'd,
And ſtops he now for breath? well, be it ſo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, lord *Stanley*, what's the news?

Stan. My lord,
The Marquiſs *Dorſet*, as I hear, is fled
To *Richmond*, in the Parts where he abides.

K. *Rich.* Come hither, *Catesby*; rumour it abroad,
That *Anne* my wife is ſick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Inquire me out ſome mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtrait to *Clarence'* daughter.——
(The Boy is fooliſh, and I fear not him.)
Look, how thou dream'ſt——I ſay again, give out,
That *Anne* my Queen is ſick, and like to die.
About it; for it ſtands me much upon
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may damage me.

I muſt be married to my Brother's Daughter,
Or elſe my Kingdom ſtands on brittle glaſs:
Murther her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel?*

Tir. James Tirrel, and your moſt obedient Subject.

K. *Rich.* Art thou, indeed? [*He takes him aſide.*

Tir. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. *Rich.* Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. Pleaſe you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. *Rich.* Why, then thou haſt it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my Reſt, and my ſweet ſleep's diſturbers,
Are they, that I would have thee deal upon;
Tirrel, I mean thoſe baſtards in the *Tower*.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And ſoon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. *Rich.* Thou ſing'ſt ſweet muſick. Hark, come hither, *Tirrel*;
Go, by this token——riſe, and lend thine ear——
[*Whiſpers.*
There is no more but ſo——ſay, it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will diſpatch it ſtrait. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have conſider'd in my mind
That late Demand, that you did ſound me in.

K. *Rich.* Well, let That reſt; *Dorſet* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. *Rich. Stanley*, he is your wife's ſon; well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honour, and your faith, is pawn'd;
Th' Earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables,
Which you have promiſed I ſhall poſſeſs.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* *Stanley*, look to your wife; if ſhe convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you ſhall anſwer it.
Buck. What ſays your Highneſs to my juſt requeſt?
K. *Rich.* I do remember me——*Henry* the Sixth
Did propheſie, that *Richmond* ſhould be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeviſh boy.
A King, perhaps——
Buck. My lord,——
K. *Rich.* How chance, the Prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promiſe for the Earldom——
K. *Rich.* *Richmond?* when I was laſt at *Exeter*,
The Mayor in curteſie ſhewed me the caſtle,
And call'd it *Rouge-mont*, at which name I ſtarted;
Becauſe a Bard of *Ireland* told me once,
I ſhould not live long after I ſaw *Richmond*.
Buck. My lord,——
K. *Rich.* Ay, what's o' clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. *Rich.* But what's o' clock?
Buck. Upon the ſtroke of ten.
K. *Rich.* Well, let it ſtrike.
Buck. Why let it ſtrike?
K. *Rich.* Becauſe, that, like a Jack, thou keep'ſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to day.
Buck. Why then reſolve me whe'r you will, or no.
K. *Rich.* Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vein. [*Exit.*
Buck. Is it ev'n ſo? repays he my deep ſervice
With ſuch contempt? made I him King for this?
O, let me think on *Haſtings* and be gone
To *Brecnock*, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The moſt arch Deed of piteous maſſacre,
That ever yet this Land was guilty of!
Dighton and *Forreſt*, whom I did ſuborn

To

To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' ſad ſtory:
O thus, (quoth *Dighton*,) lay the gentle babes;——
Thus, thus, (quoth *Forreſt*,) girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaſter arms:
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
And in their ſummer beauty kiſs'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, (quoth *Forreſt*,) almoſt chang'd my mind:
But, oh! the Devil——there the villain ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on——we ſmothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of Nature,
That from the prime Creation e'er ſhe framed.——
Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorſe;
They could not ſpeak, and ſo I left them both,
To bear theſe tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my ſovereign Lord!

K. *Rich.* Kind *Tirrel*——am I happy in thy news?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in Charge
Beget your happineſs, be happy then;
For it is done.

K. *Rich.* But didſt thou ſee them dead?

Tir. I did, my lord.

K. *Rich.* And buried, gentle *Tirrel?*

Tir. The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
But where, to ſay the truth, I do not know.

K. *Rich.* Come to me, *Tirrel*, ſoon, ſoon after ſupper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their death.
Mean time——but think, how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewel, till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* The ſon of *Clarence* have I pent up cloſe;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The Sons of *Edward* ſleep in *Abraham*'s boſom:
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.

Now,

Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth*, my brother's daughter;
And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown;
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cateſ. My lord,——

K. *Rich.* Good or bad news, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?

Cateſ. Bad news, my lord; *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*.
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardly *Welſhmen*,
Is in the field, and ſtill his Power encreaſeth.

K. *Rich.* *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his raſh-levied army.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd beggary.
Then fiery Expedition be my wing,
Jove's *Mercury*, and herald for a King.
Go muſter men; my Council is my Shield,
We muſt be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. *Mar.* So now Proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe Confines ſlily have I lurk'd
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witneſs to;
And will to *France*, hoping, the conſequence
Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched *Marg'ret!* who comes here?

Enter the Dutcheſs of York, *and Queen.*

Queen. Ah, my poor Princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing ſweets!
If yet your gentle ſouls fly in the air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. *Mar.*

h Q. *Mar.* Hover about her; ſay, that Right for Right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Dutch. So many miſeries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. *Mar.* *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying debt.
Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from ſuch gentle lambs,
And throw them in the intrails of the wolf?
d. †When did'ſt thou ſleep, when ſuch a deed was done?
Q. *Mar.* When holy *Henry* dy'd, and my ſweet ſon.
Dutch. Dead life, blind ſight, poor mortal living ghoſt,
Woe's ſcene, world's ſhame, grave's due, by life uſurp'd,
Brief abſtract and record of tedious days,
Reſt thy unreſt on *England*'s lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.
Queen. Ah, that thou would'ſt as ſoon afford a Grave,
As thou canſt yield a melancholy ſeat;
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here.
Ah, who hath any cauſe to mourn but we?
Q. *Mar.* If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverent,
Give mine the benefit of Signiory;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If ſorrow can admit ſociety,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'ſt kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.
Q. *Mar.* Thou had'ſt a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work
Thy womb let looſe, to chaſe us to our Graves.
O upright, juſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur

Preys

Preys on the iſſue of his mother's body;
And makes her Pue-fellow with others Moan!
Dutch. Oh, *Harry*'s wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. *Mar.* Bear with me: I am hungry for Revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward:*
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward:*
Young *York* he is but boot, becauſe Both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſs.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that ſtab'd my *Edward*;
And the beholders of this tragic Play,
Th' adulterate *Haſtings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, [7]
Untimely ſmother'd in their duſky Graves.
Richard yet lives, Hell's black intelligencer,
Only reſerv'd their factor to buy ſouls,
And ſend them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Inſues his piteous and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, ſaints pray for vengeance.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to ſay, the dog is dead!
Queen. Oh! thou did'ſt propheſie, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me curſe
That bottell'd ſpider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.
Q. *Mar.* I call'd thee then vain flouriſh of my fortune,
I call'd thee then poor ſhadow, painted Queen,
The preſentation of but what I was;
The flatt'ring index of a direful Pageant;
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous Shot;
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues and kneels, and ſays, God ſave the Queen?
Where be the bending Peers, that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops, that follow'd thee?

Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being ſu'd to, one that humbly ſues;
For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of juſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very Prey to Time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou did'ſt uſurp my Place, and doſt thou not
Uſurp the juſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoak;
From which, ev'n here I ſlip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewel, *York*'s wife, and Queen of ſad miſchance,
Theſe *Engliſh* woes ſhall make me ſmile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well-skill'd in Curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.

Q. *Mar.* Forbear to ſleep the night, and faſt the day:
Compare dead happineſs with living woe;
Think, that thy babes were ſweeter than they were,
And he, that ſlew them, fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loſs makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curſe.

Queen. My words are dull, O! quicken them with thine.

Q. *Mar.* Thy woes will make them ſharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit* Margaret.

Duch. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys to your client's woes,
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtate joys, (21)

(21) *Airy Succeeders of* inteſtine *joys,*] Thus the Generality of the Editions, from the oldeſt *Folio* Impreſſion. But I cannot underſtand this Reading. I have adopted another from the *Quarto* in 1597, which, I think, muſt be the true one:

Airy Succeeders of inteſtate *joys,*

i. e. Words, tun'd to Complaints, ſucceed Joys that are dead; and unbequeath'd to them, to whom they ſhould properly deſcend.

Poor breathing orators of miſeries!
Let them have ſcope, tho what they do impart
Help nothing elſe, yet they do eaſe the heart.
Dutch. If ſo, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's ſmother
My damned ſon, that thy two ſweet ſons ſmother'd.
[*Drum, within.*
I hear his Drum, be copious in Exclaims.

Enter King Richard, *and his Train.*

K. *Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Dutch. O, ſhe, that might have intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed womb,
From all the ſlaughters, wretch, that thou haſt done.
Queen. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden Crown,
Where ſhould be branded, if that Right were Right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crown,
And the dire death of my poor ſons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-ſlave, where are my children?
Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother *Clarence?*
And little *Ned Plantagenet*, his ſon?
Queen. Where is kind *Haſtings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray?*
K. *Rich.* A flouriſh, trumpets! ſtrike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear theſe tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I ſay.
[*Flouriſh. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Dutch. Art thou my ſon?
K. *Rich.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and your ſelf.
Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. *Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Dutch. I will be mild, and gentle in my words.
K. *Rich.* And brief, good Mother, for I am in haſte.
Dutch. Art thou ſo haſty? I have ſtaid for thee,
God knows, in anguiſh, pain and agony.
K. *Rich.* And came I not at laſt to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy ſchool-days frightful, deſp'rate, wild and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
Thy age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſly and bloody.
What comfortable hour canſt thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. *Rich.* Faith, none but *Humphry Hcure*, that call'd your Grace
To breakfaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.
Strike up the Drum.

Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me ſpeak.

K. *Rich.* You ſpeak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word:
For I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.

K. *Rich.* So,——

Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's juſt ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extream age ſhall periſh,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my moſt heavy Curſe;
Which, in the day of battel, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'ſt!
My prayers on the adverſe party fight,
And there the little ſouls of *Edward*'s children
Whiſper the Spirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſs and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame ſerves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen. Tho far more cauſe, yet much leſs ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her. [*Going.*

K. *Rich.* Stay, Madam, I muſt ſpeak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more Sons of the royal blood
For thee to ſlaughter; for my daughters, *Richard*,
They ſhall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Queen. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, ſtain her beauty,
Slander my ſelf as falſe to *Edward*'s bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs, ſhe was not *Edward*'s daughter.
K. *Rich.* Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royal blood.
Queen. To ſave her life, I'll ſay, ſhe is not ſo.
K. *Rich.* Her life is ſafeſt only in her birth.
Queen. And only in that ſafety dy'd her brothers.
K. *Rich.* No, at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K. *Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of deſtiny.
Queen. True; when avoided grace makes deſtiny.
My babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
K. *Rich.* You ſpeak, as if that I had ſlain my couſins?
Queen. Couſins, indeed; and by their Uncle couzen'd
Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life:
Whoſe hands ſoever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt, the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.
But that ſtill uſe of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of ſails and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to pieces on thy rocky boſom.
K. *Rich.* Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous ſucceſs of bloody wars;
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!
Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be diſcover'd, that can do me good?
K. *Rich.* Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Queen. Up to ſome ſcaffold, there to loſe their heads.
K. *Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Queen. Flatter my ſorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what ſtate, what dignity, what honour,
Canſt thou demiſe to any child of mine?
K. *Rich.* Ev'n all I have; ay, and my ſelf and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine:
So in the *Lethe* of thy angry ſoul
Thou drown the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs;
Which, thou ſuppoſeſt, I have done to thee.
Queen. Be brief, leſt that the proceſs of thy kindneſs
Laſt longer telling than thy kindneſs do.
K. *Rich.* Then know, that from my ſoul I love thy daughter.
Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her ſoul.
K. *Rich.* What do you think?
Queen. That thou doſt love my daughter, from thy ſoul.
So, from thy ſoul's love, didſt thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.
K. *Rich.* Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my ſoul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of *England.*
Queen. Say then, who doſt thou mean ſhall be her King?
K. *Rich.* Ev'n he that makes her Queen, who elſe ſhould be?
Queen. What, thou!
K. *Rich.* Even ſo; how think you of it?
Queen. How canſt thou woo her?
K. *Rich.* I would learn of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.
Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. *Rich.* With all my heart.
Queen. Send to her, by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and *York*; then, haply, will ſhe weep:
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Marg'ret*

Did

Did to thy father ſteept in *Rutland*'s blood,
A handkerchief, which, ſay to her, did drain
The purple tide from her ſweet brothers bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her uncle *Clarence*,
Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her ſake,
Mad'ſt quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.

K. *Rich.* You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way,
Unleſs thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

K. *Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Queen. Nay then, indeed, ſhe cannot chuſe but hate thee;
Having bought love with ſuch a bloody ſpoil.

K. *Rich.* Look, what is done, cannot be now amended;
Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
Which after-hours give leiſure to repent of.
If I did take the Kingdom from your ſons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter:
If I have kill'd the iſſue of your womb,
To quicken your encreaſe I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood, upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one ſtep below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood:
Of all one pain, ſave for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like ſorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine ſhall be a comfort to your age.
The loſs you have, is but a ſon being King;
And by that loſs your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſs as I can.
Dorſet, your ſon, that with a fearful ſoul
Leads diſcontented ſteps in foreign ſoil,

This fair alliance quickly ſhall call home
To high promotions, and great dignity.
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy *Dorſet* brother:
Again ſhall you be mother to a King;
And all the ruins of diſtreſsful times,
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to ſee.
The liquid drops of tears, that you have ſhed, (22)
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan with intereſt
Of ten times double gain of happineſs.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her baſhful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aſpiring flame
Of golden Sov'reignty; acquaint the Princeſs
With the ſweet ſilent hours of marriage-joys.
And when this arm of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a Conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my Conqueſt won,
And ſhe ſhall be ſole victreſs, *Cæſar*'s *Cæſar*.

Queen. What were I beſt to ſay, her father's brother
Would be her lord? or ſhall I ſay, her uncle?
Or he that ſlew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title ſhall I woo for thee,

(22) *The liquid Drops of Tears, that you have ſhed,*
Shall come again, transform'd to orient Pearl,
Advantaging their Love *with Intereſt,*
Oftentimes *double Gain of Happineſs.*] The great Improvement to the Senſe, which my eaſy Emendation makes here, will, I flatter my ſelf, convince every judicious Reader, of its being the genuine Reading. *Love* and *Lone* (which was the obſolete Manner of ſpelling *Loan*;) are made out of one another, only by a Letter turn'd upſide down. *Oftentimes* is a ſtupid Concretion of three Words, from the Indolence of the Editors, which ſtrangely flattens the Sentence. My Emendation gives this apt and eaſy Senſe. *The Tears, that you have* lent *to your Affictions, ſhall be turn'd into Gems; and requite you, by way of* Intereſt, *with Happineſs* twenty times *as great as your Sorrows have been.*

That

That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make ſeem pleaſing to her tender years?
K. *Rich.* Infer fair *England*'s peace by this alliance.
Queen. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill-laſting war.
K. *Rich.* Tell her, the King, that may command, intreats——
Queen. That at her hands, which the King's King forbids.
K. *Rich.* Say, ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queen—
Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
K. *Rich.* Say, I will love her everlaſtingly.
Queen. But how long ſhall that title, ever, laſt?
K. *Rich.* Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.
Queen. But how long, fairly, ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
K. *Rich.* As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.
Queen. As long as hell and *Richard* like of it.
K. *Rich.* Say, I, her Sov'raign, am her Subject now.
Queen. But ſhe, your Subject, loaths ſuch Sov'reignty.
K. *Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Queen. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.
K. *Rich.* Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Queen. Plain and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtile.
K. *Rich.* Your reaſons are too ſhallow, and too quick.
Queen. O no, my reaſons are too deep and dead;
Two deep and dead poor infants in their Grave;
Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.
K. *Rich.* Harp not on that ſtring, Madam; that is paſt.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown——
Queen. Profan'd, diſhonour'd, and the third uſurp'd.
K. *Rich.* I ſwear.
Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath:
The George, profan'd, hath loſt his holy honour;
The Garter, blemiſh'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The Crown, uſurp'd, diſgrac'd his kingly glory.
If ſomething thou would'ſt ſwear to be believ'd,
Swear then by ſomething, that thou haſt not wrong'd.
K. *Rich.* Now by the world——
Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. *Rich.* My father's death——
Queen. Thy life hath that diſhonour'd.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* Then by my ſelf.
Queen. Thy ſelf thy ſelf miſuſeſt.
K. *Rich.* Why then, by heav'n——
Queen. Heav'ns wrong is moſt of all:
If thou didſt fear to break an oath with heav'n,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadſt not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.
If thou hadſt fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here;
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
What canſt thou ſwear by now?
K. *Rich.* By time to come.
Queen. That thou haſt wronged in the time o'erpaſt:
For I my ſelf have many tears to waſh
Hereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whoſe fathers thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whoſe children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er paſt.
K. *Rich.* As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hoſtile arms! my ſelf, my ſelf confound;
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours;
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy reſt;
Be oppoſite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding; if with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely Daughter!
In her conſiſts my happineſs, and thine;
Without her, follows to my ſelf and thee,
Her ſelf, the Land, and many a chriſtian ſoul,
Death, deſolation, ruin, and decay.
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I muſt call you ſo,)

Be the attorney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerve:
Urge the neceſſity and ſtate of times;
And be not peeviſh found in great deſigns.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

K. *Rich.* Ay, if the Devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget my ſelf to be my ſelf?

K. *Rich.* Ay, if your ſelf's remembrance wrong your ſelf.

Queen. But thou didſt kill my children.

K. *Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them;
Where, in that neſt of ſpicery, they ſhall breed
Selves of themſelves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. *Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me ſhortly.

K. *Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiſs, and ſo farewel—
[*Exit Queen.*
Relenting fool, and ſhallow, changing, woman!

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Moſt mighty Soveraign, on the weſtern coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant Navy: to our ſhores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unreſolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them aſhore.

K. *Rich.* Some light-foot friend poſt to the Duke of *Norfolk*, [*Ratcliff*, thy ſelf, or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cateſ. Here, my good lord.

K. *Rich.* *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

Cateſ. I will, my lord, with all convenient haſte.

K. *Rich.* *Ratcliff*, come hither, poſt to *Salisbury*;
When thou com'ſt thither——dull unmindful villain,
[*To* Cateſ.
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the Duke?

Cateſ. Firſt, mighty Liege, tell me your Highneſs' [pleaſure,
What from your Grace I ſhall deliver to him.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* O true, good *Catesby*,—bid him levy ſtrait
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cateſ. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I do at *Salisbury*?

K. *Rich.* Why, what would'ſt thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your Highneſs told me, I ſhould poſt before.

K. *Rich.* My mind is chang'd——

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my Liege, to pleaſe you with the hearing;
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.

K. *Rich.* Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad:
Why doſt thou run ſo many miles about,
When thou may'ſt tell thy tale the neareſt way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the ſeas.

K. *Rich.* There let him ſink, and be the ſeas on him!
While-liver'd Runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sov'raign, but by gueſs.

K. *Rich.* Well, as you gueſs.

Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.

K. *Rich.* Is the Chair empty? is the Sword unſway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpoſſeſs'd?
What Heir of *York* is there alive, but We?
And who is *England*'s King, but great *York*'s heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the ſea?

Stan. Unleſs for that, my Liege, I cannot gueſs.

K. *Rich.* Unleſs for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſs wherefore the *Welſh-man* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.

K. *Rich.* Where is thy Power then to beat him back?
Where are thy Tenants, and thy Followers?
Are they not now upon the weſtern ſhore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their ſhips?

Stan.

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the North.
K. *Rich.* Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they ſhould ſerve their Sov'raign in the Weſt?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Pleaſe it your Majeſty to give me leave,
I'll muſter up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majeſty ſhall pleaſe.
K. *Rich.* Ay, thou would'ſt fain be gone, to join with *Richmond:*
But I'll not truſt thee.
Stan. Mighty Soveraign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be falſe.
K. *Rich.* Go then, and muſter men; but leave behind
Your ſon *George Stanley:* look, your heart be firm;
Or elſe his head's aſſurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you!
[*Exit* Stanley.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious Sov'raign, now in *Devonſhire,*
As I by friends am well advertiſed,
Sir *Edmond Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Biſhop of *Exeter* his elder brother,
With many more confed'rates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guildfords* are in arms,
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*—
K. *Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but Songs of death? [*He ſtrikes him.*
There, take thou That, till thou bring better news.
Meſ. The news I have to tell your Majeſty,
Is, that, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd;

And

And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. *Rich.* Oh! I cry thee mercy;
There is my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Meſ. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and lord Marquiſs *Dorſet*,
'Tis ſaid, my Liege, in *Yorkſhire* are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſs,
The *Bretagne* Navy is diſpers'd, by tempeſt.
Richmond in *Dorſetſhire* ſent out a boat
Unto the ſhore, to ask thoſe on the banks,
If they were his aſſiſtants, yea, or no;
Who anſwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his Party; he, miſtruſting them,
Hois'd ſail, and made his courſe again for *Bretagne*.

K. *Rich.* March on, march on, ſince we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cateſ. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the beſt news; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty Pow'r landed at *Milford*,
Is colder news, but yet it muſt be told.

K. *Rich.* Away tow'rds *Salisbury*; while we reaſon here,
A royal battel might be won and loſt:
Some one take order, *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*; the reſt march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Lord* Stanley's *Houſe.*

Enter Lord Stanley, *and Sir* Chriſtopher Urſwick.

Stan. SIR *Chriſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me; (23)
That in the Sty of this moſt bloody Boar,
My ſon *George Stanley* is frankt up in Hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George*'s head;
The fear of That holds off my preſent aid.
So, get thee gone; commend me to thy lord.
Say too, the Queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhould eſpouſe *Elizabeth* her daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford*-weſt in *Wales.*
Stan. What men of name reſort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned ſoldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards *London* do they bend their Power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord: I kiſs his hand,
My letter will reſolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

(23) *Sir* Chriſtopher, *tell* Richmond *this from me*;] The Perſon, who is call'd Sir *Chriſtopher* here, and who has been ſtyl'd ſo in the *Dramatis Perſonæ* of all the Impreſſions, I find by the Chronicles to have been *Chriſtopher Urſwick*, a Batchellor in Divinity, and Chaplain to the Counteſs of *Richmond*, who had intermarried with the Lord *Stanley*. This Prieſt, the Hiſtory tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unſuſpected, on Meſſages betwixt the Counteſs of *Richmond*, and her Husband, and the young Earl of *Richmond*, whilſt he was preparing to make his Deſcent on *England*.

ACT V.

SCENE, Salisbury.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, *with halberds, led to Execution.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King *Richard* let me ſpeak with him?

Sher. No, good my lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Haſtings, and *Edward*'s children, *Gray* and *Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair ſon *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miſcarried
By under-hand, corrupted, foul injuſtice!
If that your moody, diſcontented ſouls,
Do through the clouds behold this preſent hour,
Ev'n for Revenge mock my Deſtruction.
This is *All-Souls* day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why then *All-Souls* day is my body's Doomſday.
This is the day, which in King *Edward*'s time
I wiſht might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day, wherein I wiſht to fall
By the falſe faith of him whom moſt I truſted:
This, this *All-Souls* day to my fearful Soul
[28] Is the determin'd reſpite of my wrongs.
[157]. That high All-ſeer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earneſt, what I begg'd in jeſt.

Thus

Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their maſters' boſoms.
Thus *Marg'ret*'s Curſe falls heavy on my head:
When he, quoth ſhe, ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,
Remember, *Marg'ret* was a Propheteſs.
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of ſhame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham, *Sheriff and Officers.*

SCENE, *on the Borders of* Leiceſter *Shire. A Camp.*

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, *and others, with Drum and Colours.*

Richm. FEllows in arms, and my moſt loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoak of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the Land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father *Stanley*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody and uſurping Boar,
(That ſpoil'd your ſummer-fields, and fruitful vines,)
Swills your warm blood like waſh, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd boſoms; this foul ſwine
Lyes now e'en in the centre of this Iſle,
Near to the town of *Leiceſter*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither is but one day's March.
In God's name cheerly on, couragious friends,
To reap the harveſt of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody tryal of ſharp war.
Oxf. Ev'ry man's conſcience is a thouſand ſwords,
To fight againſt that bloody homicide.
Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will fly to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
Which in his deareſt Need will fly from him.

Rich. All for our vantage; then, in God's name, march;
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallow's wings;
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Bosworth *Field.*

Enter King Richard *in arms, with* Norfolk, Surrey, Ratcliff, Catesby, *and others.*

K. *Rich.* HERE pitch our Tents, even here in *Bosworth* field.
My lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad?
Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. *Rich.* My lord of *Norfolk*,——
Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.
K. *Rich. Norfolk*, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.
K. *Rich.* Up with my tent, here will I lye to night;
But where to morrow?——well, all's one for that.
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six, or sev'n, thousand is their utmost Power.
K. *Rich.* Why, our Battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent: come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to morrow is a busie day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another Part of* Boſworth *field.*

Enter Richmond, *Sir* William Brandon, Oxford, *and* Dorſet.

Richm. THE weary Sun hath made a golden Set,
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives ſignal of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall bear my ſtandard:
The Earl of *Pembroke* keep his regiment;
Good captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him;
And by the ſecond hour in the morning
Deſire the Earl to ſee me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt*, before thou goeſt;
Where is lord *Stanley* quarter'd, doſt thou know?
Blunt. Unleſs I have miſta'en his Colours much,
(Which, well I am aſſur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lyes half a mile at leaſt
South from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without peril it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good means to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me this moſt needful Note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.
Richm. Give me ſome ink and paper; in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battel,
Limit each leader to his ſeveral charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength.
Let us conſult upon to morrow's buſineſs;
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

SCENE *changes back to King* Richard's *Tent.*

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, *and* Catesby.

K. *Rich.* WHAT is't o' clock?
Cateſ. It's ſupper time, my lord;
It's nine a clock.

K. *Rich.* I will not ſup to night.
Give me ſome Ink and Paper.
What, is my beaver eaſier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cateſ. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readineſs.
K. *Rich.* Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy charge,
Uſe careful watch, chuſe truſty centinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. *Rich.* Stir with the lark to morrow, gentle *Norfolk.*
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. *Rich.* *Catesby*,——
Cateſ. My lord.
K. *Rich.* Send out a purſuivant at arms
To *Stanley*'s regiment; bid him bring his Power
Before Sun-riſing, leſt his ſon *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternal Night.
Fill me a bowl of wine——give me a watch——
[*To* Ratcliff.
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow:
Look, that my ſtaves be ſound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff——
Rat. My lord?
K. *Rich.* Saw'ſt thou the melancholy lord *Northumberland?*
Rat. *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey*, and himſelf,
Much about cock-ſhut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the ſoldiers.
K. *Rich.* I am ſatisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of ſpirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have——
There, ſet it down. Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. *Rich.* Bid my Guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now, I ſay.
[*Exit* Ratcliff.

SCENE

SCENE *changes back to* Richmond's *Tent.*

Enter Stanley *to* Richmond; *Lords*, &c.

Stan. FOrtune and Victory ſit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort, that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy perſon, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bleſs thee from thy mother;
Who prays continually for *Richmond*'s good:
So much for that——The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the Eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy battel early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortal ſtaring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of arms.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt (being ſeen) thy brother tender *George*
Be executed in his father's Sight.
Farewel; the leiſure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo-long-ſundred friends ſhould dwell upon.
God give us leiſure for theſe Rites of love!
Once more, adieu; be valiant, and ſpeed well.
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll ſtrive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Leſt leaden ſlumber poize me down to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Richmond.
O thou! whoſe Captain I account my ſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall

Th' uſurping helmets of our adverſaries.
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill! [*Sleeps.*

SCENE, *between the Tents of* Richard *and* Richmond: *They ſleeping.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, *Son to* Henry *the Sixth.*

Ghoſt. LET me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to morrow! [*To K.* Rich.
Think, how thou ſtab'd'ſt me in the prime of youth
At *Tewksbury*; therefore deſpair and die.
Be cheerful, *Richmond*; for the wronged ſouls [*To* Richm.
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry*'s iſſue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry *the Sixth.*

Ghoſt. When I was mortal, my anointed body [*To K.* Rich.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the *Tower*, and me; deſpair, and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee deſpair, and die.
Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror: [*To* Richm.
Harry, that propheſy'd thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleep; live thou and flouriſh:

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to morrow! [*To K.* Rich.
I, that was waſh'd to death in fulſom wine,
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battel think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; deſpair and die.
Thou off-ſpring of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*, [*To* Richm.

The

The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battel! live, and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Rivers, Gray, *and* Vaughan.

Riv. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to morrow!
[*To K.* Rich.
Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret:* deſpair, and die.

Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy ſoul deſpair.
[*To K.* Rich.

Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy launce! *Richard*, deſpair and die.
[*To K.* Rich.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in *Richard*'s boſom
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day. [*To* Richm.

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [*To K.* Rich.
And in a bloody battel end thy days:
Think on lord *Haſtings*; and deſpair and die.
Quiet, untroubled ſoul, awake, awake! [*To* Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England*'s ſake.

Enter the Ghoſts of the two young Princes.

Ghoſts. Dream on thy couſins ſmother'd in the *Tower:*
Let us be Lead within thy boſom, *Richard*, (24)
[*To K.* Rich.
And weigh thee down to ruin, ſhame, and death!
Thy Nephews ſouls bid thee deſpair and die.

(24) *Let us be* laid *within thy Boſom*, Richard,] This is a poor feeble Reading, which has obtain'd by Corruption, ever ſince the firſt Edition put out by the Players: and, indeed, up as high as the *Quarto* in 1602. But I have reſtor'd from the elder *Quarto*, publiſh'd in 1597, which Mr. *Pope* does not pretend to have ſeen;

Let us be Lead *within thy Boſom*, Richard,

This correſponds with what is ſaid in the Line immediately following,

And weigh *thee* down *to Ruin, Shame, and Death!*

And likewiſe with what the Generality of the Ghoſts ſay threateningly to *Richard*;

Let me ſit heavy *on thy Soul to morrow!*

Sleep, *Richmond*, ſleep in peace; and wake in joy.
[*To* Richm.
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings——
Edward's unhappy ſons do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Anne, *his wife.*

Ghoſt. Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee, [*To K.* Rich.
Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations:
To morrow in the battel think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword: deſpair and die.
Thou, quiet ſoul, ſleep thou a quiet ſleep: [*To* Richm.
Dream of ſucceſs and happy victory,
Thy adverſary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

Ghoſt. The firſt was I, that help'd thee to the Crown:
The laſt was I, that felt thy tyranny. [*To K.* Rich.
O, in the battel think on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſs.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, deſpair; deſpairing, yield thy breath.
I dy'd for Holpe, ere I could lend thee aid; (25)
[*To* Richm.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd:
God and good angels fight on *Richmond*'s ſide,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.
[*The Ghoſts vaniſh.*
[*K.* Richard *ſtarts out of his dream.*
K. *Rich.* Give me another horſe—bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, *Jeſu*——ſoft, I did but dream.
O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The lights burn blue——is it not dead midnight?

(25) *I dy'd for* Hope, *ere I could lend thee Aid,*] All the Editions concur in this Reading, to the abſolute Detriment of the Senſe. I reſtore, with the Addition of a ſingle Letter;

I dy'd for Holpe, *ere I could lend thee Aid*;

i. e. I periſh'd for that *Help*, which I had intended and was preparing to lend Thee; tho I could not eſſentially give Thee any Aſſiſtance.

Cold

Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What? do I fear my ſelf? there's none elſe by;
Richard loves *Richard*; that is, I am I.
Is there a murth'rer here? no; yes, I am.
Then fly—what, from my ſelf? great reaſon; why?
Leſt I revenge. What? my ſelf on my ſelf?
I love my ſelf. Wherefore? for any good,
That I my ſelf have done unto my ſelf?
O, no. Alas, I rather hate my ſelf,
For hateful deeds committed by my Self.
I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thy ſelf ſpeak well——Fool, do not flatter.
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſev'ral tongues,
And ev'ry tongue brings in a ſev'ral Tale,
And ev'ry Tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high'ſt degree,
Murther, ſtern murther in the dir'ſt degree,
All ſeveral ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying, guilty, guilty!
I ſhall deſpair: there is no creature loves me:
And if I die, no ſoul ſhall pity me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I my ſelf
Find in my ſelf no pity to my ſelf.
Methought, the ſouls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard.*

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord,——
K. *Rich.* Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my lord. The early village cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. *Rich. Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear——
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.
K. *Rich.* By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadows to night
Have ſtruck more terror to the ſoul of *Richard*,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſoldiers
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow *Richmond.*
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;

Under our tents, I'll play the eaves-dropper;
To hear, if any mean to ſhrink from me.
[*Exeunt K.* Richard *and* Ratcliff.

Enter the Lords to Richmond, *ſitting in his Tent.*

Lords. Good morrow, *Richmond.*

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy ſluggard here.

Lords. How have you ſlept, my lord?

Richm. The ſweeteſt ſleep and faireſt-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowſie head,
Have I ſince your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their ſouls, whoſe bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on Victory.
I promiſe you, my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of ſo fair a dream.
How far into the morning, is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the ſtroak of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.
More than I have ſaid, loving Countrymen,
The leiſure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good Cauſe fight upon our ſide,
The Pray'rs of holy Saints, and wronged ſouls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, ſtand before our faces.
Richard except, thoſe, whom we fight againſt,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he, they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One, that made means to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him.
A baſe foul ſtone, made precious by the foil
Of *England*'s Chair, where he is falſely ſet:
One, that hath ever been God's enemy;
Then if you fight againſt God's enemy,
God will in juſtice ward you as his ſoldiers.
If you do ſweat to put a tyrant down,
You ſleep in peace, the tyrant being ſlain:
If you do fight againſt your Country's foes,

Your

Your Country's Fat ſhall pay your pains the Hire.
If you do fight in ſafeguard of your wives,
Your wives ſhall welcome home the conquerors.
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all theſe rights,
Advance your ſtandards; draw your willing ſwords.
For me, the ranſom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face:
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, chearfully,
God, and Saint *George! Richmond*, and Victory!

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff *and* Cateſby.

K. *Rich.* What ſaid *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond?*

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. *Rich.* He ſaid the truth; and what ſaid *Surrey* then?

Rat. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.

K. *Rich.* He was i'th' right, and ſo, indeed, it is.
Tell the clock there—give me a Kalendar. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
Who ſaw the Sun to day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. *Rich.* Then he diſdains to ſhine; for, by the book,
He ſhould have brav'd the Eaſt an hour ago——
A black day it will be to ſome body, *Ratcliff.*

Rat. My lord?

K. *Rich.* The Sun will not be ſeen to day;
The ſky doth frown and lowre upon our army——
I would theſe dewy tears were from the ground——
Not ſhine to day? why, what is that to me
More than to *Richmond?* for the ſelf-ſame heav'n,
That frowns on me, looks ſadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

K. *Rich.* Come, buſtle, buſtle—capariſon my horſe.
Call up lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his Power;
I will lead forth my ſoldiers to the plain,

And

And thus my battel ſhall be ordered.
My Forward ſhall be drawn out all in length,
Conſiſting equally of horſe and foot:
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the midſt;
John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas* Earl of *Surrey*,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horſe.
They thus directed, we our ſelf will follow
In the main battel, which on either ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe:
This and St. *George* to boot!—— What think'ſt thou, *Norfolk?*

Nor. A good direction, warlike Soveraign.
This paper found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a ſcrowl.*

Jocky *of* Norfolk, *be not ſo bold,* [Reads.
For Dickon *thy maſter is bought and ſold.*

K. *Rich.* A thing deviſed by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen; go, each man to his Charge.
Let not our babling dreams affright our ſouls;
Conſcience is but a word that cowards uſe,
Devis'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe:
Our ſtrong arms be our conſcience, ſwords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,
If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.
What ſhall I ſay more than I have inferr'd?
Remember, whom you are to cope withal;
A Sort of vagabonds, of raſcals, run-aways,
A ſcum of *Britons*, and baſe lackey-peaſants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed Country vomits forth
To deſperate adventures and deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt:
You having lands, and bleſt with beauteous wives,
They would reſtrain the one, diſtain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow, (26)
Long kept in *Bretagne* at his mother's coſt?

A

(26) *And who doth lead them but a paltry Fellow,*
Long kept in Britaine *at* our *Mother's Coſt?*] This is ſpoken by *Richard*, of *Henry* Earl of *Richmond:* but they were far from having any *common* Mother, but *England:* and the Earl of *Richmond* was not ſubſiſted abroad at

distrain. W.

A milk-ſop, one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold, as over ſhooes in ſnow.
Let's whip theſe ſtragglers o'er the ſeas again,
Laſh hence theſe over-weening rags of *France*,
Theſe famiſh'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of Means, poor rats, had hang'd themſelves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not thoſe baſtard-*Britons*, whom our fathers
Have in their own Land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd;
And on record left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our lands? lye with our wives?
Raviſh our daughters?—hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of *England*; fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves!

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſays lord *Stanley*, will he bring his Power?
Meſ. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. *Rich.* Off with his ſon *George*'s head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy is paſt the marſh;
After the battel let *George Stanley* die.
K. *Rich.* A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom.
Advance our ſtandards, ſet upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. *George*,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them! Victory ſits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

at the Nation's publick Charge. He fled with the Earl of *Pembroke* into *Bretagny* in King *Edward* IVth's Reign: And many Artifices were tried both by that King firſt, and King *Richard* afterwards, to get him deliver'd up by the *French* King and Duke of *Bretagny*. But he happily eſcap'd all the Snares laid for him. During the greateſt part of his Reſidence abroad, he was watch'd and reſtrain'd almoſt like a Captive; and ſubſiſted by Supplies convey'd from the Counteſs of *Richmond*, his Mother. It ſeems probable therefore, that we muſt read;

Long kept in Bretagne *at* his *Mother's Coſt.*

I publiſh'd this Conjecture in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtored*; and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to adopt it in his laſt Edition of our Poet.

Alarum.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. Reſcue, my lord of *Norfolk*, reſcue, reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an oppoſite to every danger!
His horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death.
Reſcue, fair lord, or elſe the day is loſt.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. *Rich.* A horſe! a horſe! my Kingdom for a horſe!
Cateſ. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horſe.
K. *Rich.* Slave, I have ſet my life upon a Caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the Dye:
I think, there be ſix *Richmonds* in the field;
Five have I ſlain to day inſtead of him.
A horſe! a horſe! my Kingdom for a horſe! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King Richard *and* Richmond; *they fight,* Richard *is ſlain.*

Retreat and Flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Stanley *bearing the Crown, with divers other lords.*

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours! the bloody dog is dead. [friends,
Stan. Couragious *Richmond*, well haſt thou acquit thee:
Lo, here theſe long-uſurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, ſay, Amen, to all!
But tell me firſt, is young *George Stanley* living?
Stanl. He is, my lord, and ſafe in *Leiceſter* town;
Whither, if you ſo pleaſe, we may withdraw us.
Richm. What men of Name are ſlain on either ſide?
Stanl. John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Walter* the lord *Ferris*,
Sir *Robert Brakenbury*, Sir *William Brandon.*
Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the ſoldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us.

some copies read, use.

And then, as we have ta'en the Sacrament,
We will unite the White Roſe and the Red.
Smile heav'n upon this fair Conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and ſays not, Amen?
England hath long been mad, and ſcarr'd her ſelf;
The brother blindly ſhed the brother's blood,
The father raſhly ſlaughter'd his own ſon,
The ſons, compell'd, been butchers to the ſire:
All this divided *York* and *Lancaſter*,
Divided in their dire diviſion.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each royal Houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-fac'd peace,
With ſmiling plenty, and fair proſp'rous days.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!
That would reduce theſe bloody days again,
And make poor *England* weep in ſtreams of blood.
Let them not live to taſte this Land's encreaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this fair Land's peace:
Now civil wounds are ſtopp'd, Peace lives agen:
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay, Amen! [*Exeunt.*

The End of the FOURTH VOLUME.

ADDENDUM.

At the End of the 10*th Note upon* 1 Henry VI. *p.* 129.

A Learned and Reverend Gentleman having attempted to impeach Dr. *Bentley* of Error, for maintaining that there never was exiſtent any magnificent or ſpacious *Garden* of ADONIS; an Opinion, in which as it has been my Fortune to ſecond the *Doctor* upon this Head, I thought myſelf concern'd in ſome part to weigh thoſe Authorities, which are alledg'd by the *Objector*, for *Adonis* having any *real* Garden. *Pliny*, (in the xixth Book of his Natural Hiſtory, ch. iv.) has theſe Words: *Antiquitas nihil priùs mirata eſt quàm Heſperidum* Hortos, *ac Regum* Adonidis *& Alcinoi*. The Firſt and Third of theſe ſuppos'd *Gardens*, it muſt be granted, are merely fictitious and mythological; and depend only on the Teſtimony of poetic Imagination: And therefore there is very little reaſon to conclude, that the *Naturaliſt* meant any more by *Adonis*'s Gardens, than thoſe planted in honour of him, and carried about at his Feſtivals. The Scholiaſt on *Theocritus* tells us, It was a Cuſtom to ſow Wheat, Barley, and other Grain, in the Suburbs of their Towns; (where *Adonis* was worſhip'd;) and theſe planted Spots were call'd *Adonis*'s Gardens, and conſecrated to him: and the Fruits and Plants, which were produc'd there, were of thoſe that were carried about in the Ceremonies perform'd to his Worſhip. But it will not be pretended, I hope, that theſe were Gardens cultivated by him; but barely conſecrated to his Memory. The Learned *Huetius*, indeed, in his *Demonſtrat. Evangelic.* mentions, that the *Greeks* relate of *Adonis*, that he was exceedingly devoted to the Culture of Gardens: *Regem* Adonidem Hortorum *curæ impensè fuiſſe deditum narrantes*. But what does this imply more, than that he was an Admirer of rural Pleaſures; of Gardens, as well as Lawns and Chaſes? Not that there was any known or celebrated Garden, formed and cultivated by himſelf, and which therefore carried his Name. Nay, *Huetius* was ſo far from believing any ſuch Matter, that he thinks, the Original of the *portable Gardens* came from the Reſemblance of the Name *Adon* to that of *Eden:* and that *Gan-Eden*, or the Garden of Pleaſure, the Term which the *Phœnician* Women gave to theſe portable Gardens, in proceſs of Time was chang'd into *Gan-Adon*, the Gardens of *Adonis*. So *Gerard Croeſius*, in his *Homerus Hebræus*, gives it as his Opinion, that whatever the old Fables have ſaid of the *Heſperides*, and the Gardens of *Adonis*, as well as what *Homer* has ſaid of *Alcinous*'s Gardens, have all their Foundation from the *Moſaic* EDEN. And I'll add, that the *Elyſian Fields*, in many Reſpects, are a Copy from the ſame Picture.——*Marino*, indeed, the *Italian* Poet, has planted a fictitious Garden for *Adonis*; as our *Spenſer* has likewiſe done ſince, upon the other's Plan. But theſe are Poetic Deſcriptions, and founded on no Baſis of Truth or real Locality. When I wrote the Note, to which I make this a Supplement, I obſerv'd, that what Author our *Shakeſpeare* traded with for his Hint about *Adonis*'s Gardens, I could not pretend to ſay: but I am now convinc'd, that he copied the Thought of his *Simile* from the following Paſſage of *Spenſer*.

There is continual Spring, *and* Harveſt *there*
Continual, *Both* meeting at one Time;
For both the Boughs *do laughing* Bloſſoms *bear*,
And with freſh Colours deck the wanton Prime;
And eke at once the heavy Trees *they climb*,
Which ſeem to labour under their Fruit's Load, *&c.*

Fairy Queen, *Bo.* iii. *Can.* 6. *St.* 42.

K. Richard III

Dramatis Personæ

a 408. Thou wast the cause, and most accurst
effect.
This line is certainly flat nonsence
Richard was the cause of the death of
the persons mentioned, but in no sense
could he or any body else be called the
effect: we must undoubtedly read
Thou wast the cause of that most curst
effect.
or of that accurst ——
Richard replies upon her very words,
Thy beauty was the cause of that effect.

b 427 Are you call'd forth from out a world
of men ——
Perhaps it should be cull'd:

c 465. Enter Gloucester above between two
Bishops. But it should seem by p.
461 That they were Dr Shaw and Friar
Peuker [or Penker] Provincial of the
Augustine Friars.

d 480 When didst thou sleep, when such a
deed was done?
Why didst thou ——

e 500 —— give me a watch. candles,
watch-light.

f 510 Daring an opposite to my danger
f. and.

g 445. Wrigh it but with the grossness of this age

W. says the old Du: reads
the greatness of his age
from whence he corrects it to
the greenness of his age.

h 480. — right for right —
— wrong for wrong — W.